

The Times

CONCERT TONIGHT

SALE

Ice Cream Freezers, Etc.

White Mountaineers

Kid Gloves

Women's Hosiery

Linen Handkerchiefs

Stock

Way

And's

ing St.

and Shirts. See

CROWN

line Paracord

per cent discount

show and price

shock of latest styles

MOVEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—
SOUTH PASADENA OSTRICH FARM—
25 CENTS ROUND TRIP

BASEBALL—Fiesta Park—
TODAY 1:30 P.M. Two Games. Outday.

ANCHARD HALL—
Can be engaged for concerts, recitals, receptions.

THE ROUTES OF TRAVEL—
CAMP CORONADO FLYER—

THE SANTA FE
runs special trains daily for
CAMP CORONADO

Leave Los Angeles	7:05 a.m.
Leave Redlands	6:22 a.m.
Leave San Bernardino	6:42 a.m.
Leave Riverside	7:00 a.m.
Arrive San Diego	10:45 a.m.

RETURNING SPECIAL

Leave San Diego	5:10 p.m.
Arrive Los Angeles	8:50 p.m.
Arrive Riverside	8:51 p.m.
Arrive San Bernardino	9:10 p.m.
Arrive Redlands	9:33 p.m.

No passengers for San Diego or other places than Coronado will be carried on this special.

Redondo Beach.
New Pavilion
Now Open.
FINE ORCHESTRA, CONCERT AND DANCING
Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon
and Evening.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—
INCREASED STEAMER SERVICE FROM SAN PEDRO WHARVES
CONNECTING TRAINS leave Los Angeles as follows

THIRTY MINUTES—
To Ocean Park
VIA SANTA FE Trains leave 9:55 a.m. 5:47 p.m.
Returning trains to Ocean Park 7:15 a.m. 3:50 p.m.
10-ride Tickets \$1.50

CHICAGO AND RETURN—
\$72.50 Tickets on Sale
Aug. 21 and 22.

MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY—Special Excursions
SUNDAY, JULY 29.
LOWEST RATE EVER MADE FROM LOS ANGELES TO ALPINE AND RETURN (including all points on Mount Lowe Railway).

GRANDEST TRIP ON EARTH.
INTERNATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE OBSERVATORY IN THE EVENING.

REGATTA—
Sunday, July 29, TERMINAL ISLAND.

LOS ANGELES TERMINAL RAILWAY.
LOS ANGELES, 4:50 a.m. 10:25 a.m. 4:35 p.m. Return leave 4 p.m. 5 p.m. 6:35 p.m.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—
BARBONS—Every picture a work of art.
16—Medals—16.

YATICK HOUSE—
Popular Hotel, remodeled, 75 additional rooms, all newly furnished, every

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

TREKKED TO THE INTERIOR
China's Capital May Be on Wheels.

Peking Believed to Have Been Evacuated.

Foreign Ministers Possibly Held as Hostages.

Daring Coup to Thwart the Powers Has Perhaps Been Effected.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The law of the civilized world heard about it. China's capital was at Peking and the foreign ministers were there. Is it, and are they there now? Has China's capital been moved during the last five or six weeks to some interior point and are the foreign ministers at this new seat of government being held as hostages?

News Index to the Times This Morning

- Part I.
1. Trekking to the Interior.
 2. Primary Law Declared Illegal.
 3. Believes the Worst News.
 4. Minister Wu Discredited.
 5. Aguinaldo Dies Running.
 6. Rathbone in Havana Guardhouse.
 7. Raid on Southern Arizona.
 8. Big Clean-up at Dawson.
 9. Roberts Spurns Dewey's Proposal.
 10. The Usual Crop of Edicts.
 11. Slight Rift in the Clouds.
 12. Tragedy of the Legations.
 13. Further Plea for Time.
 14. Prince Albert Makes World's Record.
 15. California Fruit Goes Into Germany.
 16. New Orleans at Peace Again.
 17. English Liberal Party Disrupted.
 18. Southern California by Tows.
 19. Personal Mention: Men and Women.
 20. City in Brief: Paragraphed News.
 21. Home News and Local Business.
 22. Record of Marriages and Deaths.

- Part II.
1. More Light on Will-cat Oil Stocks.
 2. Liners: Classified Advertising.
- Part III.
1. Plays and Players: Music.
 2. Events in Society.
 3. Out of Town Society.
 4. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.
 5. All Along the Line: Coast Notes.
 6. Gossip of This Town.
 7. Military Topics Carefully Compiled.
 8. Stories of the Late Col. Williams.
 9. Better Oil Market Expected.

- Part IV.
1. The Public Service: Official Doings.
 2. Effort to Defeat Main-street Paving.
 3. Kernell and O'Brien's Defense.
 4. Use of the Bicycle in War.
 5. Brought Broken in Arizona.
 6. Our Daily Story.
 7. Financial and Commercial.
 8. Stocks on Eastern Exchanges.

CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY. New revelations about Old Glory Oil Company and kindred concerns. The Mayor's new knife. Complications over the rearing of Main street. Stories of "Bull" Williams. One on the Speaker's wooden leg. British seamen sent back to their ship. Belgian war in the Police Court. Royalty in the city. Gossip of the town. Chinese lottery raid. Kernell and O'Brien, alleged robbers, tell their stories in court. Golfers elect officers.

LOS ANGELES

ANOTHER CASE OF "NO TRANCE."

A certain man was desirous of shipping some limburger cheeses to a friend, but the railroad objected to carrying them on account of their "loud" odor.

LI HUNG CHANG'S CONFIDENCE IN HIS ABILITY TO DELIVER THE MINISTERS AT TIEN-TAI LEADS COLOR TO THIS THEORY.

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When it is remembered that only a few years ago Sir Robert Hart, who is now held a prisoner by the Chinese, unless he has been killed, was carried across through the interior of China in a cage and exhibited as a "foreign devil" after his toes had been pulled out and his tortures were inflicted upon him, this theory about what China may have done does not seem incredible.

SPORTS. Prince Albert breaks world's record for paced mile in hobbles.

THE PHILIPPINES. Details of the reported death of Aguinaldo.

GENERAL EASTERN. San Diego will surely get a cooling station.

FOREIGN. By cable. Break-up of Liberal party in England.

MINISTERS ALL WELL.

EARL LIT'S LATEST REPORT.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 28.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A dispatch has been received from Li Hung Chang, dated July 28, which says that the Chinese

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1900.

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FIVE CENTS

PRIMARY LAW IS ILLEGAL

The Supreme Court Upsets Plans.

Long-expected Decision a Big Surprise.

Measure is Unconstitutional on Two Grounds.

Small Sensation in San Francisco.

Opinions of Politicians.

LA. F. NIGHT REPORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—The State Supreme Court today rendered the long-expected decision in the primary law case.

THE COURT HOLDS THAT THE NEW LAW IS ILLEGAL, AND THAT CONSEQUENTLY UPSETS ALL OF THE PLANS MADE THROUGHOUT THE STATE FOR THE HOLDING OF PRIMARY ELECTIONS UNDER THE NEW LAW.

THE CASE DECIDED WAS THAT OF BRITTON VS. THE ELECTION COMMISSIONERS OF SAN FRANCISCO, ON APPEAL FROM THE SUPERIOR COURT, WHICH HAD DIRECTED THE COMMISSIONERS TO PROCEED WITH PREPARATIONS FOR THE PRIMARIES.

THE SUPREME COURT OVERRULES THE ACTION OF THE LOWER COURT. THE DECISION WAS WRITTEN BY JUSTICE DYKE AND CONCURRED IN BY JUSTICES SHAW AND McFARLAND. JUSTICE TEMPLE ALSO WROTE A CONCURRING OPINION.

CHIEF JUSTICE BEATTY AND JUSTICE GARRUTTE DISSENTED.

THE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE LAW IS AFFIRMED ON TWO GROUNDS, THE FIRST OF WHICH IS THAT THE LEGISLATURE EXCEEDED ITS JURISDICTION IN SEEKING TO ELIMINATE PARTIES THAT CAST LESS THAN 3 PER CENT. OF THE TOTAL VOTE AT A GENERAL ELECTION.

THE SECOND POINT ARGUED AGAINST THE CONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE MEASURE IS THAT THE LEGISLATURE CANNOT INTERFERE WITH THE INTERNAL REGULATION OF PRESENT PARTIES NOR DICTATE HOW DELEGATES TO CONVENTIONS SHALL BE ELECTED AND GOVERNING COMMITTEES CHOSEN.

IN THE MAIN OPINION DECLARING THE LAW UNCONSTITUTIONAL, JUSTICE HENSHAW GOES INTO THE HISTORY OF THE MEASURE AND REVIEWS THE ELECTION LAWS AT SOME LENGTH. THE OPINION SAYS:

"AT THE OUTSET THE LAW DECLARES THAT ALL DELEGATES TO CONVENTIONS OF POLITICAL PARTIES FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING NOMINATIONS OF CANDIDATES FOR PUBLIC OFFICE, SHALL BE ELECTED AT ELECTIONS CONDUCTED UNDER THE REGULATIONS IN THE ACT PROVIDED. THERE IS AT ONCE TO BE PERCEIVED AN EXPRESS LIMITATION UPON THE POWERS OF POLITICAL PARTIES, WHICH HERETOFORE HAVE FREELY EXERCISED, OF ADOPTING THEIR OWN MEANS FOR THE SELECTION OF THEIR REPRESENTATIVES. IT IS A PART OF THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF THIS STATE AND OF THE UNITED STATES, THAT SUCH POWERS, WHETHER RESTING IN RIGHT OR MERELY IN THE PERMISSIVE SILENCE OF THE LEGISLATURE, HAVE BEEN FREELY EXERCISED IN SOME INSTANCES POLITICAL PARTIES HAVE HAD RECOURSE TO PRIMARY ELECTIONS UNDER SUCH REGULATIONS AND TESTS AS THE EXECUTIVE MANAGERS OF THE PARTY PROVIDED. IN SOME INSTANCES OTHER RESORT WAS HAD TO THE ORGANIZATION OF PRECINCT DISTRICT POLITICAL CLUBS, WITH AN ENROLLED MEMBERSHIP, THE MEMBERS THUS DULY ENTERED HAVING ALONE THE RIGHT TO SELECT DELEGATES TO THE NOMINATING CONVENTIONS."

"WE THINK IT WILL BE FREELY CONCEDED BY PROTAGONISTS, AS WELL AS ANTAGONISTS OF THE LAW, THAT IF THE LEGISLATURE TAKES UNTO ITSELF THE REGULATION AND CONTROL OF THESE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF POLITICAL PARTIES, IT MUST DO SO WITHOUT DISCRIMINATION AND WITHOUT EQUAL CONSIDERATION AND BENEFIT TO ALL. WITH THE WISDOM OR POLICY OF THE LAW, THIS COURT, OF COURSE, CAN HAVE NOTHING TO DO; BUT IF THE LAW BE WISE AND BENEFICENT, EVERY ORGANIZED POLITICAL PARTY MUST COME UNDER ITS CLOAK. IF, UPON THE OTHER HAND, THE LAW BE UNWISE AND INEQUITY, NONE THE LESS EVERY POLITICAL PARTY MUST EQUALLY SUFFER THE BURDEN AND BEAR THE CONSEQUENCES."

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ON BANDITS.

**Authorities to
Outlawry.**

**Bands Are to Be
from Mountains.**

**'s Warning—Harder
near Potaluma.**

DAY REPORT.]

(S.) July 22.—The
country Arizona are com-
big raid on parties
crossed in that part of
is known that a num-
ber of Mexicans is hidden
in country and a band of
Americans has head-
quartered on the Rio
San Pedro River, while
the

tered through the
rangoes.
That various crimes
of the Arizona band
are generally traci-
dis, and determined
to stop the out-
Clark. Graham
to Globe to get ac-
counts officials, and
several of the coun-
try counties will be
and Indians will be
sensitive.

tion. One of the members
to guide them in
their desire for mar-
riage at he decided to
instructions, which
ctors in the classi-
fication:
There are two classes of
men designated as "first
quality." These men
will be received
less thoroughly
cracks, immature
or imperfect
delivered at the
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are fruit will be
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PETALUMA.

PORT.

S.— A report
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Los Angeles

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N. EAGLE.
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(A.)

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Caroline E.
The estate
\$60 in cash
that is in
\$130,000 rep-
Francisco. T
is in stocks
estate in San
A large por-
from \$500 to
pieces and in
May. "Cognac
well-known
bequest of

The State here today the State morning evening to Fair Club entertain- The club midway

RAID ON BANDITS.
Authorities to Stop Outlawry.
Various Bands Are to Be Hunted from Mountains.

Hotel Arcadia
 Santa Monica
 By-the-Sea.
Finest Summer Resort
 On the Pacific Coast
 Ocean, Beach, Golf Course
 Dining Room, Billiard Room
 Table Service and Appointments
 Unexcelled.
 W. E. ZANDER, Mgr.

COOL AT HOTEL REDONDA
 JOSEPH H. BOHON, Mgr.

SEVEN OAKS
 Mountain Resort
 Near Redondo, Cal.
 Absolutely Secure
 From forest fire—no smoke
 fire will be unable to
 reach. Seven Oaks. Five miles
 in and out.

Laguna Beach House
 The Laguna Beach House is a
 California. Good bathing and
 fishing. Beach. 1200 ft. high.
 Forest Home Hotel.
 Grand View Hotel.

Barbara
 new manager elevator
 May clean

San Diego
 August 3d
 33 days returning

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 August 3d
 33 days returning

San Diego
 August 3d
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COAST RECORD.
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SANTA CRUZ NOTES.
PRISONER TRIES TO ESCAPE.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SANTA CRUZ, July 28.—While J. Mendosa, a prisoner, was being taken to Watsonville today by Marshal Bridgewater, he plunged his head and shoulders through a car window at Aptos and tried to escape. Three men pulled him back and he was safely brought to his destination.

SALEMAN MEN ANXIOUS.
FEW FISH CAUGHT AS YET.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 FAIR HAVEN (Wash.), July 28.—The salmon canners on Puget Sound are growing anxious over the run of fish this year. At this time last season they had about half their catch, whereas they have caught practically nothing yet. The outlay of the companies in this vicinity in preparing for the season was heavy. The Pacific American Fisheries Company alone is said to have expended nearly \$500,000. Thousands of Chinamen under contract to the various canneries are idle and a great pay roll of white labor also goes on.

BUCHANAN TO BE TRIED.
OUT OF ASYLUM INTO JAIL.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—The Supreme Court this afternoon rendered an opinion in the case of Hugh Buchanan, who was sent to Napa Insane Asylum while on trial upon the charge of murder. He was ordered into the custody of the Sheriff of Yuba county for trial upon the murder charge.

WRECKERS' WORK DISCOVERED.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SACRAMENTO, July 28.—Last night the discovery was made that spikes had been withdrawn from the rails on the Placerville road, near Manlove station, in this county, with the evident intention of wrecking a train. It is believed that the train-wreckers intended to wreck the pay train, which was to have gone out last night, for the purpose of robbery.

ATTEMPT NOT REPORTED.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SACRAMENTO, July 28.—As to a reported attempt to derail the Southern Pacific pay car at Manlove station, a dispatch from here on the Police Railroad, neither Superintendent Wright nor any one in his office has any such information.

BISHOP SAVAGE JAILED.
A WIFE CHARGES POLYGAMY.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 PHOENIX (Ariz.), July 28.—A special dispatch to the Republican says that Eli M. Savage, bishop of the Mormon Church at Woodruff, Ariz., has been arrested at Holbrook by the United States Marshal on an indictment charging polygamy, brought by Mrs. Savage No. 1. Savage is a very prominent Mormon, about 40 years old, and has three wives and eleven children. He was taken to Prescott and released on \$1000 bail. This is the second arrest in Arizona in eight years under the Edmunds act, in which polygamy is made a crime, and it has excited great interest.

HUNTER KILLS FRIEND.
OFFICIALS ARE INVESTIGATING.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 MARTINEZ, July 28.—Lester Mitchell of Clayton yesterday afternoon shot and killed James W. McCune of Concord, near Deer Flat, which is the foot of Mt. Diablo. Mitchell admits killing McCune, but says it was an accident, as he was shooting at a deer, when unknown to him Mitchell stepped in range of his rifle. Mitchell and the friend he killed have been the best of friends. Notwithstanding this fact Sheriff Vasele accompanied Corral, Curry to the scene of the tragedy, and will assist that official in making an investigation.

RAILWAY SCHEME FAILS.
MRS. HEARD LEAVES ARIZONA.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 PHOENIX (Ariz.), July 28.—The project for building an American, Mexican and Pacific railway from Henderson to Phoenix, has been abandoned, and Mrs. J. Velasquez Beard, who has concessions from Mexico for part of the line, and who has been endeavoring to float bonds for the Arizona end, has gone to Chicago in an effort to secure backing. Part of the line from Henderson to Culiacan has been surveyed, and will probably be built by Mexican capital.

COGSWELL'S WILL FILED.
LARGE NUMBER OF BEQUESTS.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—The will of the late Henry D. Cogswell, the pioneer philanthropist, was filed today at the probate court. The estate consists of more than \$500,000 in cash in banks. About \$200,000 of that is on deposit in the East, and \$150,000 represents cash deposits in San Francisco. The remainder of the estate is in stocks and bonds, and some real estate in San Francisco.

REVENUE FROM AN EAGLE.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—In Mendocino a few days ago George Cogswell, a well-known marksman, killed a baby by planting a bullet in the head of a mother American eagle who was bearing it away. The shot up with the bird, and the baby was recovered unharmed.

REVENUE FROM AN EAGLE.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
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CHARITABLE AND PHILANTHROPE PURPOSES.
 TO A FEW EASTERN LIBRARIES.
ROBBERY AT OAKLAND.
DRUG CLEVERLY HELD UP.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 OAKLAND, July 28.—Shortly before 11 o'clock last night, two masked men walked into the drug store of Clayton E. Smith, at Eighth and Powell streets, and leveling their revolvers at the clerk, Patious, demanded to be shown where the money was kept. Patious promptly complied, and the robbers searched the till, taking about \$50 in cash and some postage stamps. They then ordered the clerk to throw up his hands, which they searched for clothing. Finding nothing they made good their escape.

ESTELLA ON ROCKS.
WILL PROBABLY BE FLOATED.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SEATTLE, July 28.—A special to the Times from East Clallam, Wash., says: "The steamer Estella, owned by San Francisco for Seattle, owned by Aberdeen parties, went on the rocks high and dry here last night at midnight in a dense fog. She was easy, and will probably float at the next high tide, but if a heavy swell sets she will be wrecked. She is afloat, but damaged."

WEST KISSING CRAZY.
TRAVELER'S SUDDEN MANIA.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SACRAMENTO, July 28.—J. E. Needs, a passenger on the Oregon express, bound for Portland, went insane last night and attempted to kiss all the women in the tourist car. When the women protested he became angry and left the train at Lima, Shasta county, and struck off into the woods. He has been given for mania to search for Needs.

ROGERS WILL BE GOOD.
STUBBORN LAWYER APOLOGIZES.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Attorney James T. Rogers, who yesterday refused to answer certain questions in the preliminary examination of John Chelien, accused of forgery in connection with the Sullivan estate, today apologized to Judge Canham in writing, and promised to answer in full all questions propounded to him in connection with the Chelien affairs. Rogers spent the night in jail, but in view of his action today was released.

POOLROOMS DOOMED.
JUDGE SHAW PARALYZES THEM.
 (A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Superior Judge Shaw of Los Angeles, who is sitting for Judge Murasky, today dismissed all orders restraining the police from interfering with the poolrooms. The police have now the right to arrest pool-keepers and the visitors to poolrooms, and to gather up the paraphernalia of these gambling trades, and to keep the places under constant surveillance.

BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES.
 Christians at Danford Park.
 SANTA CRUZ, July 28.—Rev. G. N. Freeman of Fresno presided at a service at Danford Park, being a P. M. service on "The Word of God" was preached by Rev. J. A. Cameron of Chico. This afternoon Rev. Hiram Van Kirk gave a "Life of Alexander Campbell" from here on the Police Railroad, neither Superintendent Wright nor any one in his office has any such information.

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Killed the Chinese Cook.
 CHICO, July 28.—This morning at the Chico ranch, four miles east of Chico, George Abernathy shot and instantly killed Louis King, a Chinese cook. They had trouble over the management of the stock. There were no eye-witnesses. Abernathy claims he shot in self-defense.

Chautauque Session Closed.
 PACIFIC GROVE, July 28.—The twenty-first annual assembly of the Pacific Coast Chautauque closed a two-weeks' session tonight with a grand concert by the Knickerbocker Concert Company of San Francisco.

Henry Voorman Critically Ill.
 SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Henry Voorman, the aged capitalist of this city and well-known island farmer of San Joaquin county, lies critically ill at his residence in the city, where he is being nursed by his wife.

Labourer Crushed to Death.
 RED BLUFF, July 28.—James Griffin, a laborer, while attempting to cross in front of a switch engine at the Red Bluff station, was crushed to death. He was a single man, and about 45 years old.

Slight Earthquake at San Jose.
 SAN JOSE, July 28.—There was a slight earthquake here at 12:25 o'clock this afternoon. It was felt in all parts of town. Two legal holidays.

SACRAMENTO, July 28.—Gov. Gage has issued a proclamation declaring the day of the late President McKinley a day of mourning.

[THE MINING FIELDS.]
BIG CLEAN UP AT DAWSON.
 Figured at Twenty Millions for the Season.

Steamer Catch Brings Down Treasure and Passengers from the Yukon.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
 VANCOUVER (B. C.), July 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The steamer Catch arrived today with a quarter of a million dollars worth of treasure in San Francisco. Two San Francisco men, having \$75,000 each, and the rest of the passengers, forty-seven in all, sharing the treasure.

The most important passenger was E. Senkler, who has charge of the government offices in Dawson. Senkler said he was on his way to Ottawa, the reason being chiefly to recommend to the government the reduction of the royalty. He thought it should be cut in half, and he would be better pleased still if it were reduced to 4 or even 3 per cent. Personal experience had convinced him that the exaction of 10 per cent. royalty was a great hardship to men working small claims.

Senkler said the clean-up on Gold River had been phenomenal, three or four million being taken out. Bonanza and El Dorado had been worked out, but many creeks did better than expected. He said he felt safe in stating that the clean-up in the San Francisco district was a great one, and was close to \$20,000,000, perhaps somewhat over.

Senkler said, also, there were but two cases of smallpox in Dawson, and they came from up the river, not from Nome, as reported.

[SOUTH AFRICA.]
DEWEY'S OFFER SPURNED.
 Roberts Wants Only Unconditional Surrender.

Dutch Commander Proposed Terms Broadwood Watching Him.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]
 LONDON, July 28.—[By Atlantic Cable.] A special dispatch from Cape Town says: "Gen. Christian Dewet has offered to surrender, on condition that his followers be permitted to return to their homes unmolested. Lord Roberts, however, declined anything except unconditional surrender."

A dispatch from Lord Roberts to the British War Office yesterday said: "Dewet is still watching Christian Dewet, who has taken up a position on high hills near Rietburg, about seven miles south of the Vaal. Dewet, a younger brother of Christian, surrendered at Koonstsdorp yesterday."

FLASHES FROM THE WIRES.
 A fire, due to careless handling of kerosene, is destroying the residence of Theodore Hackenberg at Austin, Tex., yesterday. Hackenberg has offered to surrender, on condition that his followers be permitted to return to their homes unmolested. Lord Roberts, however, declined anything except unconditional surrender.

JONES WANTS TO MAKE UP.
Mrs. Pulsifer not in the Mood to Marry Him.

Vanderbilt Star Now Willing to Wed His Stage Partner.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
 CHICAGO, July 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The old adage, "It's well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new," does not apply to Walter Jones, the comedian. He tried to be on with a new love before he was off with the old, and falling in the effort, promptly went back to the old. He came to Chicago some time ago to wed Mrs. Beatrice Elizabeth Pulsifer, the divorced wife of Frederick King Pulsifer, a former well-known Chicago man about town. But Mrs. Pulsifer was "not in the mood" for marrying, so he had to make up.

But Jones was not heart-broken over this unexpected ending to his suit. He had left Norma Whaley in California. Norma had been his partner in a vaudeville sketch and everybody supposed they would eventually marry. He had been in San Francisco, the attention of a millionaire, and Jones became jealous and quit. Now it is said he wants to make up.

WOOD BAILS FOR CUBA.
GOVERNOR-GENERAL TALKS OF ISLAND AFFAIRS.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]
 NEW YORK, July 28.—Gen. Leonard Wood, Military Governor of Cuba, who has been in the United States for a fortnight, sailed on the Mexico today for Havana. Gen. Wood is expected to discuss the military status in Cuba.

The withdrawal of United States troops from Cuba will end with the embarkation of the remaining battalions of the First and Fifth regiments. That will leave only about 6000 soldiers on the island, merely enough for garrison duty.

"Fears that yellow fever would interfere with the transfer of the First Infantry were removed this morning on receipt of a telegram which said that the surgeons reported that all signs of it had disappeared, and that the embarkation would proceed with all possible dispatch."

SURE THING NOW.
SAN DIEGO WILL GET THAT COALING STATION.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
 WASHINGTON, July 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Representative Needham of California got here today, after a trip through the East. He has been spending some time at Asbury Park, where his family will remain till the reassembling of Congress. Mr. Needham starts home tomorrow morning to enter upon the campaign. He will stop at Chicago and Minneapolis. Mr. Needham says

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
 LONDON, July 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Empress Frederick of Germany is mortally ill with an internal complaint. She is at the castle of Cronberg, near Hamburg. The Empress had arranged to pass the autumn at White Lodge, Richmond Park, London, which was given to her by Queen Victoria after the death of the Duke of Teck, but it is feared there would be family dissensions if she came to England while ill.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is also seriously ill with Bright's disease.

Ninth Cavalry on Route.
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For the Summer Sports of 1900
 We have anticipated the season by the preparation of a large number of designs.

PRIZES
 For Yachting, Golf, Lawn Tennis, Polo, Cricket, Athletic and other Sports.

Original, Beautiful and Fit.
MONTGOMERY BROS.
 Jewelers and Silversmiths,
 Douglas Bldg. Spring and Third Sts.

Cof-farin
 and live long.
 Your grocer will get it for you.
 Steep it like tea in the proportion of a dessert spoonful for each cup.

Screen
 Doors, 75c.; Windows, 35c.
 Adams Mfg. Co., 702 S. MAIN ST.,
 Tel. 1512.

THE OWL DRUG CO.
 320 So. Spring St.
 Cut Rate Druggists

DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES.
Another Thrust at the Trust.

Another dose of "Owl" price pills for 'em. It's about time you had another "meeting" gentlemen, if you're still figuring on running "The Owl" out of business. Again we thank the public for their liberal support in our fight against the price raising combination of seventy. The following

Prices Show Our Appreciation.

Special "Owl" Leather Prices.
 Men's or Women's Patent Folding Purse
 Convenient, safe, strong, red or black leather, 50c.

Men's Buckskin Safety Chain Purse
 Steel frame, strong clasp, with or without inside pocket, suspender chain secured to purse, 50c.

Men's or Women's Coin Purse
 Gold or Buckskin, or Embossed leather, steel frame, inside pocket, 50c.

Women's Combination Pocket Books
 Fine assortment of combined card cases and money purses, black or colors, 50c.

Women's Real Seal Pocket Books
 Strong frame, finely finished at the card cases, a big assortment, at 50c.

"Owl" Specials in Toilet Articles.
 Churchill's Moth and Freckle Lotion, 75c.
 Removes moth and liver spots, ridges the tone of freckles; regularly 80c.

Anita Cream, 40c.
 A newly advertised face cream; sells regularly at 50c.

Raymond's Complexion Cream, 35c.
 Enhances beauty and gives that adorable freshness to the complexion that men and women admire. You generally pay 50c.

The "Owl's" Extra Money Savers.
 LaBlache Face Powder, 50c size, 25c
 Pozzoni's Face Powder, 50c size, 25c
 Yvette Face Powder, 50c size, 35c
 Syrup of Figs, 50c size, 25c
 Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets, 50c size, 40c
 Abbey's Salts, 25c size, 15c
 Lyon's Tooth Powder, 25c size, 15c
 Lesley's Dental Cream, 25c size, 15c
 Sheffield's Dentifrice, 25c size, 15c
 Kent's Flea Driver, 35c size, 25c
 Hoff's Malt Extract, 35c size, 25c
 Karl Renner's Malt Extract, 25c size, 20c

Prescriptions. Get our prices before you get yours filled.

Only such items are mentioned here as are of the greatest good to the greatest number. You'll find thousands of others in the store at next-to-nothing prices, many of them never mentioned in print.

Don't Wait Until Others Pick the Plums---Come Early.

Historical facts can be

ate \$100 in

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THE WILD CATS.
Light on Methods of
Deckless Promoters.

Los Angeles gentleman of stand-

name can be given if need

be. The Times following

with regard to the

methods of the promoters of

the company.

THE TIMES, JULY 27.

THE TIMES, JULY 27.

WIDUPP'S NEW FIRST READER.



Oh, see the Wild Man! Is it not a

Wild Man?

Yes, my son, the man is both Wild

and a Hero!

Oh, see the Man run! Is the Man

try-ing to Catch a Train?

Oh, no! You are Way Off! The

Man is try-ing to escape from the

but he has never before learned not



to Monkey with a Buss Saw!

Poor man! How I hope he will

Let us now lay aside our books and

go out To Play in the Warm Sun.

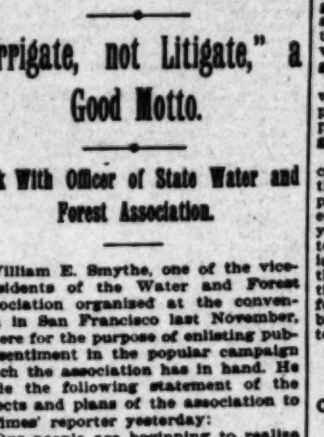
LESSON V.

Oh, see the Man run! Is the Man

try-ing to Catch a Train?

Oh, no! You are Way Off! The

CONTROLLING WATER.



"Irrigate, not Litigate," a

Good Motto.

Talk With Officer of State Water and

Forest Association.

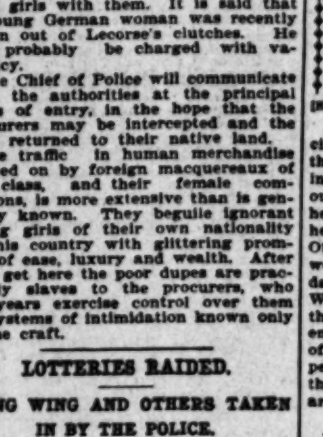
William E. Smythe, one of the vice-

presidents of the Water and Forest

Association organized at the conven-

tion in San Francisco last November,

to leave for Los Angeles, with his



female companion, and that they

will probably bring a number of young

Belgian girls with them. It is said

that a young German woman was

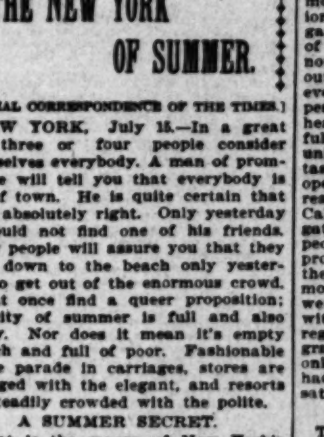
recently taken out of Lecore's clutch.

He will probably be charged with

violation of the law.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE will communicate

THE NEW YORK



OF SUMMER.

NEW YORK, July 28.—In a great

city three or four people consider

themselves everybody. A man of prom-

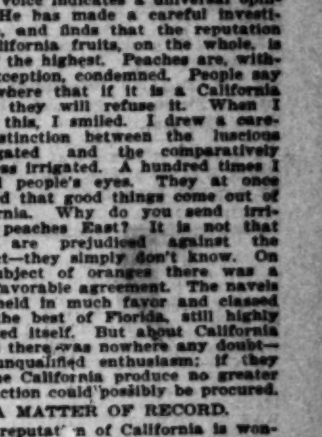
inence will tell you that everybody is

out of town. He is quite certain that

he is absolutely right. Only yesterday

he could not find one of his friends.

hearing widely-separated opinion all



over New York City and surrounding

places he is convinced that a unani-

mous voice indicates a universal opi-

on. He has made a careful investi-

gation, and finds that the reputation

of California fruits, on the whole, is

not of the highest. Peaches are, with-

out exception, poor. Some of the

LSO

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DAY, JULY 29, 1900

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chase.

STRANGER, TRY IT
for a more modern
to show cash cus-

I save money.
earnings a specialty.
specially.

ADY. © BYRON BIL
OF SIX-ROCK COF-
factors left, located north
of Jewell city, as, PART
of Jewell city. Address
1, box 25, Times

©

© CABLE, BANGSINS IN
OF COUNTRY AND
KORSH, 222 W. First.

MADE FOR CASH, A
too far out, or a mod-
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HOUSE AND LOT IN NORTH
north of east of Washington
can pay the cash, balance

[illegible]

THE BEST HOUSE AND LOT
cash will buy; state exact location
Address M. box

[illegible]

A. TIMES OFFICE.

LOTT LOT BOUNDING AND CROWNED OFFICE.	WANT know more about this one
CHAS. A. GOOD-RIED 21. Address 1828 E. Wagon road.	WANT know more about this one
22. HORSE AND SADDLERY parson, half good.	WANT know more about this one
23. LOT 67. CHAS. HALF TRUCK, new, cheap. Address 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
24. CHAS. AN OLD PUMP and a good ROVER.	WANT know more about this one
25. CHAS. A FINE ROLL- ing camp, cheap wanted. Ad- dress 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
26. LOT, CLOSE IN, HIGH to lot. Address N. box 10.	WANT know more about this one
27. ROOM COITAGE B'ns of Main. Address K. box 10.	WANT know more about this one
28. PIANO, FINE FULL size price. Address 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
29. CHAS. A BOWDING camp. Address M. box 10.	WANT know more about this one
30. FIVE FIRST-CLASS LOT for acreage property. Ad- dress 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
31. CHAS. LOT, G. lot. Address 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
32. HAND FERAL-PLOW and a good ROVER. Ad- dress 21 E. 1st.	WANT know more about this one
33. ROOM HOUSE FOR lot. Address L. box 10.	WANT know more about this one
34. HOUSE IN BRATTLE- BENOW & MCCLUNG, N. box 10.	WANT know more about this one

GAROLINE ENGINE FROM 8
must be in good condition. (94)

COTTAGE AND GOOD Address K. box 51. TIMES 29	the R Hill: ST.
MEMBER OR BUILDING M. box 13. TIMES OF 29	WORK made pamph YOUN or at M. b
ON LEASE: A BODA N. box 54. TIMES OF 29	WANT lawn WAY
EGGY AND HARNES corner Main and Fourth 30	DRESS ST. ST. WANT high
PICTURES SHOW Jews. 22 E. FOURTH ST. S. BARRELS OF ALL Wd. 22 S. Main st. 29	

Miners

BELGIAN HARE

[illegible][illegible]

Miners.

WANTED—THE PROTECTIVE
offers a limited amount of

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

ONAL-FREE-SUCCESS
be obtained through information
absolutely free a 50-page book
the secrets of hypnosis, psycho-
sism and magnetic healing,
diseases and had healed
and hold the form of
body can lose a few
success. Write today
RK INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
Rochester, N. Y.

ONAL-DRINK MANY
satisfactory secret
simple: stubborn cases
in each. J. & MURPHY

any business for Pacific
box 6, TIMES OFFICE.
29

NEWSCOTT, TEACHER
Attention given to con-
L. A. T. T. Phone Nora 424.
GIVING PRIVATE LES-
sing: all grades. 604 E.
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DRIVEN BY ASPHALT
for 50c an hour. 112 E.
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AGUACASA.

[BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.]

conditions will result in fanatical outbursts. They have in other times and places, one who has been called the crucifixion of Christianity's Founder.

(4) Political. Until the advent on the Chinese scene of the Communists, the nations the supremacy of China among all nations with whom she was in touch was unquestioned. With true aristocratic self-complicity she was accustomed to regard herself as the dominant easterner of surrounding peoples. And she was, for the Turkistan and Tibet and other less known, semi-independent divisions sent her tribute and she sent her emissaries bearing caravans to the court of the Son of Heaven, peace reigned. The emperor, in his robes of state, robes and, basking in the benign favor of the heaven-appointed ruler of

of the revenue that was contributed to the underlings and strikers from the groaning and weeping of the Chinese of all callings. I wish I could take space enough to set forth the magnitude and details of methods of oppression and extortion that their ends were gained. It would excite the envy of Tammany and the "boss" system of New York.

Thus, when the Anglo-Saxon and the Frank, the Teuton and the Slav were brought into contact with the Chinese with scant ceremony and no obsequiousness, and proceeded to investigate the cause of the trouble, they were paying no tribute nor in any sense acknowledging the official supremacy, the right of the Chinese to the throne covered breast.

It is an eradicable blot upon the honor of the British and American articles of merchandise which was concerned in the dispute eventuating in the Chinese boycott, that the Chinese were opium. But we must be accurate and understand that the issue was not opium. The Chinese were not at that time raising the poppy and producing their own opium; but they were raising the demand for a series of conflicts, armed and diplomatic, which finally forced the Chinese to pay tribute to the British and Americans for the right of their nations on the earth whose rulers were not to pay tribute to no acknowledge the supremacy of China. Decades passed before this contention was cleared. Years after the great official and the Chinese ruler were dead, and dead, by dead, and dead.

representatives of the powers as to lower them in the eyes of the Chinese. The Chinese representatives were tribute-bearing vassals. The mass of the people not only did not share the illustriousness from their minds.

We need not seek to justify each dealing with China. That is aside from our present end. Duplicity, insincerity and treachery have been the hallmarks which characterized Chinese diplomacy; trust and treachery have shown of the foreigners. Foreigners have met this with treachery. They have not been able to be rude businessness; with force; what would be violation of international law. They have been forced to deal on terms with forbearance which was taken by China as weakness. But of late years the Chinese have been more ready to use the explosion point. Insolent insolence in the western devil has forced from them the recognition of their weakness. After another, until the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City and the Imperial Palace were closed to the Chinese in the presence of the unwelcome foreigners. Japan exposed the very rails under the sacred altars. Germany, Russia and Great Britain have been playing with by oriental diplomacy, which is made up of lying and bluff. They have taken no firm or less decided steps in taking or demanding territory from which reparation was to be exacted. They have not come on China's flank as an unexpected apparition. Worse than all, a man like Sun Yat-sen, who has known Hsu himself, favored an acknowledgment of China's true position and a change in her policy. The change in the shaping of her affairs to meet the conditions. Blind fury took possession of the Chinese mind. The change in the preponderance was involved in the maintenance of old ideas and policies. The change meant the bringing of new ideas and the change with the change of the corrupt systems upon

THOMAS W. HOUSTON.

The big multiple cylinder aluminum evaporator at the condensing plant is nearing completion; the house and the wiring connections will be in place in about a week. The house was shipped and returned today from San Francisco, where he had been looking after the installation of some specially-designed silver-plated pump for the condensing plant. Growers are submitting offers of grapes every day.

NORTH ONTARIO BREVIETES.

Some of the Veterans camp will be organized here soon. Thirty young men are expressing a willingness to join. The boys are from the United States and Ontario are spending their summer vacation here and may conclude to locate in Ontario.

Dr. J. M. Villa, recently burned, will probably be rebuilt.

Mr. J. M. Villa and his children are leaving Long Beach.

Lorch and family have gone to
 Salina for the winter.

ONTARIO NOTES.

S. ANTONIO, July 28.—[Regular Correspondence.] A big crew is again at
 work in Deer Cañon tunneling the
 mountain for water, in the interest of
 Hermosa Water Co.
 Mrs. Pool and daughter of Riverside
 are here, and are prospecting this creek.
 Mr. Sam Hirst and son departed to-
 day for an extended outing at Long
 Beach.
 The San Antonio Water Co. has in-
 stalled new machinery in its Twenty-
 -street well and is pumping forty
 tons of water daily.
 Euoloph and wife have returned
 from Pontiac, Mich., after a pleasant so-
 journ in this colony.

**SICK?
GET WELL.**

Dr. De Ford will give free treatment to all sufferers for one week, with his great improved **Homoeopathic Remedies**. There is no excuse to be sick when you can receive diagnosis and medicine, absolutely without price, for one week.

Dr. De Ford's

Homeopathic Remedies

Are not weakening, injurious and uncertain in effect; no cures for incurable diseases — not "cure alls"—a separate cure for each disease; a different remedy for a different disease; mostly the vital—all drugless.

DR. DeFORD

Master of Medicine.
175 North Spring Street.

Stylish \$1F.50



Suits

Dressy Suits \$20
Pants \$4.50

My \$25.00 Suits are the best in America.

25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by

JOE POHEIM

THE TAILOR

143 So. Spring St.,
Los Angeles.

Samuel Seal
From...

charge more emphatically than I make it now.

Our lawyers are our legislators. If they make laws to suit themselves and their own pockets, perhaps they do no more or worse than I do. I am good many of the rest of us; but whether they do or not, if they will not reform and make decent the probate laws, it might be well to elect woodchoppers, grape-pickers or somebody else in their place. It is pretty certain that they would do no worse, at any rate—how could they?

WANTED THEM FOR DRY

WEATHER.

summer girl went to a gay young clerk.

As summer girls ever will do, will do. I would buy some hose," she said with a smirk.

And, of course, he knew that she meant just two.

"I would buy some hose," she said, "a pair, please."

"To wear when I go to the sounding sea."

"Where the bathers bathe and the girls teehee."

So he handed her down a few.

"Then hose," he said, in his clerkly way.

And his clerkly grammar, of course,

you see—
Then those won't shrink, I am safe
to say.
They is sold with the maker's guar-
anteee."
When the summer girl tossed her flaxen
head,
"I really don't matter," at once she
said;
"They won't be wet; they'll be worn
instead
With my bathing suit," said she.
A. J. WATERHOUSE,
San Francisco, July 20.

L. Farrow and Carrie Gardner, lot 8.
Tait and Bonnie E Baldwin, lot M, Gardner
Farrow tract, \$10.
A. J. Farrow and Emily M Shost,
Joseph F Clary, lots 9 and B, block A,
Brown, Brown, Brown, Haley & Messing-
ham, lot 10.
M T Myler to S H Dett, lots 15 and H,
block B, Fitzgerald tract, \$10.
Estate of John Richardson, deceased, gave
contribution to Margaret Richardson, all ac-
res.
Margaret Crouley, formerly Margaret Rich-
ardson, lot 16, Bears, lot 22, block M,
Northern Railway Homeless Association,
\$50.
Pacific Land Company to Charles Wason,
lot B, block 10, Northern Railway home-
less Charles M B Ennis, lot 1, block C,
Drett Villa, \$115.
C. J. Owens, C. Owens and Mary H Torrance
and J. H. Torrance, lot 1.

division Derry & Elliott tract, 218.
 gna B Bailey to Alfred Ottaway, part
 10.
 Alfred Ottaway and Mary N Ottaway to
 gna B Bailey, lots 2 & 4. Fulmar's
 tract, 10.
 H Ryan to Anna M Townsend, lots 1 and
 block 37, Long Beach, 228.
 Oliver Anderson and Anna C Anderson to
 division Derry, lots 1 & 11, block 50, Long
 ch, 10109.
 re petition of Southern California and
 California to order to sell.
 John (Giovanni) Cavalieri, part block 109,
 evidence rancho lands.
 to the State of California, Arizona Holmes
 (association, in corporation,) to John (Giovanni)
 Cavalieri, part block 109, Providencia
 ch, 10110.
 H P. Flanagan, trustee, to Mrs H F Bacon, lot
 block 17, Garvanza, 220.
 George H Pack, Jr, and Olive M Pack to
 Chas H Pack, 10.

[illegible][illegible]

1. **Swartz, R. H.** Mount and C D
 2. **Swartz, R. H.** Colley, interest in Al-
 3. **Mining Company, It.**
 4. **Douglas and Phoebe A Douglas** to
 5. **Souther, lot It, block 1, Covina, 200.**
 6. **W. J. Widen to Julia S. Wildey, lots**
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SO A LITTLE GLAM

Stiff, \$3.00
Stiff, \$2.00
Stiff, \$1.50
WEAR at

Neckwear
75c and 50c
25c each.
Soft and S
Broken lines
kinds for \$

all best companies given away
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SMON

E. H. Hazen, M. D.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MUSCULAR DIFFICULTIES


Strabismus has been recognized for many years. This is a difficulty in which the position of the eyes is abnormal, as each eye is so well marked that most any one can see the defect. This difficulty shows in infancy and it may continue through adult life.

Without operation. Of late years it has been held that these muscles that move the eyes are not adjusted so that both eyes bring the eye balls into parallel lines, but that they turn away from each other, or

er has a tendency to look higher than others, and this is not so great as to be really seen and exists in different degrees. The extra effort of the muscles to keep the head in parallel lines. These muscles grow very strong and the head is tilted back. The Muscular Asthenia. The symptoms are as nearly like to those of the error of the position of the head as difficult to differentiate and many attribute the pains to wrong adjustment of the muscles. The muscular asthenia is a condition that will increase the muscular stiffness. The recognition and treatment of these conditions is the advance investigation of the error of the position of the head. Dr. Hanna has worked six years in perfecting an apparatus which he uses in the treatment of the muscular asthenia. He tested the method with thousands and it cures is permanent in its character. Many

Look for Article No. 4.
DR. E. H. HARRIS,
2 S. Broadway, Suite 212, N.Y.

MUNYON'S INHALER
CURES
CATARRH

 Colds, Coughs,
Hay Fever, Bron-
chitis, Asthma
and all Diseases
of the Throat and

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Lungs.

Clouds of Medicated Vapor are inhaled through the mouth and emitted from the nostrils, thus penetrating all the inflamed and diseased parts which cannot be reached by saline taken into the stomach.

It reaches the sore spots—It heals the raw ones—It cures the most obstinate of all diseases—It cures all the coughs and hoarseness of the throat—It cures all the asthma and all the bronchitis.

Write for a free copy of the Circular and get the full particulars and send by mail. \$1.00 each (in advance).

**Mrs. Gervaise Graham's
Quick Hair Restorer**

Restores gray hair to its original color in a few days. Clear as water and as harmless: contains no lead, arsenic or other dangerous poisons.

DR. SOMERS

vigorous prods were needed to get it at proper distance. Leaving the colt the section men led fully on the hand car and pulled selves back to the section house a mile distant. Suddenly they covered the distance, their heads with vigilant eyes and their feet with the tread of a soldier's comrade. He watched them put colt into the little yard inclosed by regulation white-painted fence. His caution kept him a quarter of a mile from the habitation of the men. He waited a minute of the day, a considerable night cast her dark mantle over the scene and then stealthily stole into the yard and found his

section men often see him slink about their lonesome home, but as excellence of his intentions is so self-evident they have refrained from molesting him in any way and sometimes feed him pork, bacon or other food finds his way into the yard toward daylight. A remarkable affection displayed by the colt and the wolf for each other continues unabated and sometimes they can be seen frolicking together in the moonlight.

WITH MUSIC BY
A NEW BILL! A G
WHITE-S
Action in the "Vai

STONE,
Hills.
FULLER,
Hills.
HEW.
QUARTETTE,
Box seats, 50c. Mat.
BURBANK T
TONIGHT'S THE F
R. JAMME
AND THE BROS.

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a glorious comedy with
AMERICAN
y Machine only. Get y
Next Week—**AFST**
BOXERS.

Unique
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Mr. J. E. Parish, buyer for

to the store, they will receive prompt, careful attention.

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fine goods and
every-day wear

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30 in. fine dimity

quality and finish as well as designs and coloring show this to be the equivalent of the more expensive imported fabric of like character.

15

29 in. dotted Swiss muslin

white grounds with neat stripes and floral designs, a warm weather fabric that is always stylish and dressy as well as durable.

15

28 and 32 in. concert cloth

a weighty, twilled fabric of cotton
in woven mixtures and stripes. In
mensurals and beach.

12 1/2 and 16 2-3/4

FRUIT CO.

Watermelons.

icy, crisp fresh from
r times a day. We're
amount of them be
ast money will buy.
nsack, Montreal and

213-215 W. Second Street.

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beauty, of grace, of
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urniture. The win-
shows some won-
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n tables, chairs and
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outh Broadway.

Stimulative Tablets

FOR INDIGESTION.

See Success
Liver.

"There is another use of Johnson's Tablets, that, though not physiological, will still be of value to man nature continues as vigorous as in present. Men will attend lodge parties, etc., where all serious foods are taken. The Food in Tablets appears especially powerful and resistant of just such food. Cravings, game, are powerfully acted upon. Especially in this case."

any form is digested with remarkable rapidity. Even when lobster and milk are taken together, and the result is a compact mass of casein, these tablets disintegrate it in a very short time. To show an indulgence in their favorite food to the rest pocket before setting out soon they finish eating.

—Extract from *Medical Journal*.

richly find these way to our stores
we built up our business by handling
to come to us as for the complete

MATTHEWS, Mott Market

Dye Works,

richly and her assistant in business

Express Orders.
 of cleaning summer dresses, or
 1000 Workers—212-612 W. 2nd St. Tel. W. 12
 ing new in music. The celebrated "Hear
 and violins are the best for tone, work
 and finish.
Music Co., 327 S. Spring S

S & GRINDERS

ANOS Used in the mill homes
 the city.
 Established 1881.
Williamson Bros., 327 S. Spring

Light Fixtures.
 See our new combination between
KELEB, 334 S. Spring Street.

Compiled for The Times by a Veteran Officer.

THE Navy Department has issued a circular defining the chief char-

[illegible]

(Washington Times:) The swift, accurate and dangerous torpedo boat has

THE GALLANT NINTH IN CHINA.
Philadelphia North American:] The
Ninth Regiment, which has fought so
valiantly in China, simply maintains its
traditions after all.
Capt. E. R. Robertson of the present

Philadelphia North American:] The

Johnson Carville Hall, an aristocrat of Maryland. It was the dis-
cussion of the day. "If I were
couldn't lead his regiment into ac-
cessory. That honor first fell to
the young Lord. The life of the
commanded the regiment in the hot
with the British troops around
the city. The British were the
Learner was succeeded by
Freeman B. Ransom, a fire-eater
and a leader. He was a man of
suching him went the paraphrase
more celebrated description.
The British were the leader
men in that last charge, which for
entry has but few peers—the at-
tack of the British. The British
Chapultepec. The Ninth lost
a gallant soul on that day, and
the British were the leader. The
day, afterward of Confederate fame,
and sixteen officers and eleven en-
sailed. The British were the leader
that in length is without parallel
a single regiment, and a single
of the British were the leader.
ation saw other severe fighting at
San Antonio, Churubusco, and Molino

London Express:] When the Ger-
heard of the recent enormous

...ly list on the fatal Aldershot day, about which official inquiry was held, there was much self-lacerating head-wagging and many things were said regarding the and marching capacity of the Atkins.

...a matter of fact, any body of under identical conditions would had an equal casualty list; but Germans do not realize these consequences in their maneuvers

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or sacker. The company cooking pots

g-out, which weighs, with rifle bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, seventy-two pounds.

[illegible]

for the trip. If the officials should
the supplies to San Francisco and

over the Pacific to the Philippines
China, the time would be two
to the Coast and a month from
Golden Gate to their destination,
a slight saving in days, and, as
been said before, a great increase
expense.

Our ships are now being loaded in
Shanghai with stores for troops in the
East. These steamers belong to pri-
vate firms, for all the transports to
be employed are on the Pacific. The
steamers loading in the East River are

PARAGRAPHS.

Popular Prices. Orders Guaranteed.

THE HUB,

Do your trading in the morning. On Thursday a during August we close at noon on that day.

Woodenrod Sheldon & Co
 135 S. Spring
 211 W. Second

To clear to raise, and bring

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt

Perfect Satisfaction
 Is what we guarantee

TURKISH RUGS,
carpets, etc., will be sold at auction prices
this week, before they are shipped
out. See BOYER'S BROADWAY.

Beach Suits
At less than Manufacturers' cost.
New York Skirt Co.,
341 South Spring St.

Chalmers
In 541 and 550, Chalmers, 550

**We are Headquarters on
Blue Serge Suits.**

MRS. METZ
DEPARTMENT
40-42 SEAY ST.

10, Hartford and - former
 President of SC and Ill.
S. Broadway *1914*

[illegible]

About Remnants.

All the remnants of dress goods, silks, white goods, linens and everything else sold by the yard will be closed out now at almost unbelievable prices.

A. Hamburger & Sons
SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

Remember This Sale.

We want you to remember our First Anniversary Sale for a year. When we advertise our Second Anniversary we want to still have fresh in your minds the extraordinary values we have been giving this month.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY SALE

A grand ending of a great sale. The closing days of the Anniversary Sale will be most remarkable for the mensity of the values offered. The following 40 lines simply reflect the hundreds of bargains offered for the next two days, the last of the month and of this sale. All short lines of goods are to be closed out. Many are small to last more than an hour or two at the ridiculous prices we have placed upon them. But there are plenty of each of the following for at least 2 days. Every article mentioned is seasonable, desirable and up to date in style.

- Silk Remnants**—All kinds, staples and fancies, 1 to 14 yds, at exactly half price.
- Black Grenadines**—75c and \$1 wool grenadines, handsome patterns, closed at 35c.
- Golf Suitings**—\$2 and \$2.50 plaid back golf suitings, all wool, 19 pieces for \$1.
- Dress Skirts**—Linen and pique in blue, worth up to \$5, plain or trimmed, \$1.
- Silk Waists**—\$5 to \$7 grades, no two alike, beautiful styles, all colors, \$1.
- Shirt Waists**—Percales, lawns, etc., latest styles, worth 75c to 89c, choice 45c.
- Tailored Suits**—Mixed homespun suits, 3 shades, latest styles, cut from \$17 to \$8.
- Men's Suits**—\$10 and \$12 sack suits for business wear, now going for \$8.
- Men's Crash Suits**—Double-breasted coats, swell style, worth \$5, cut to \$1.
- Men's Duck Pants**—White linen duck, extra long for turn up, \$2 grade for \$1.
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IRISH REBELLION

CORK AGITATORS THINK THE TIME IS RIFE.

LA. P. NIGHT REPORT.
CORK, July 29.—(By Atlantic Cable.) At the national demonstration held here today, John E. Redmond made a vigorous appeal for unity to break the solidarity of the United

Los Angeles Sunday Times

JULY 29, 1900.

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CHINA IS TRYING TO BUNCO THE POWERS.



Uncle Sam: "This shell-game business must stop."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established source. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; Son by Son; the Development of the Ship; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Twenty Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Sketches; and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects (even human interest).

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Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the subjects discussed at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association at Charleston, S. C., none was of greater interest than that which related to the present opportunities for a commercial education offered in the United States. The School of Commerce, established two years since at our State university; the commercial course of Columbia University; the schools of commerce of the universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, and special courses in commercial subjects lately founded at other of our educational institutions, are both significant products of our past development and important factors of our present intellectual evolution.

There are many who see in the introduction of this new element into our higher educational institutions a sign of the increasing dominance of a commercial and grossly material spirit. These "bread-and-butter" courses, say they, subject intellectual development to the service of mere money-getting. They make material ends the chief ends of existence, increasing a tendency to which mankind is already too prone and which the older university life combated. In days gone by, a college devoted its attention chiefly to the "humanities." It trained a man in head and heart by contact with the best in philosophy and literature, and left to later life the selection of the practical objects on which the mind thus disciplined was to be brought to bear. For the time being it took the youth of the land away from the atmosphere of common life and gave them a daily association with the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds in all ages. The strong originality and sterling manhood of our earlier statesmen and leaders in active life, as well as in the life of books, were the result.

These objectors to the new trend of education overlook the fact that the interest of the general public in those things for which the old education was supposed to implant a love is at the present time greater than ever before. The most noticeable feature of national development in this country is the growing interest of the whole people in literature, art and science, and their increasing eagerness for a theoretical knowledge that was limited in the past to the few. Our daily newspapers, the best gauge of the intellectual status of the public, are full of articles of a nature that in the past would have found publication only in the technical magazines; and the technical magazines, in their turn, have a circulation in proportion to population immensely greater than at any previous period.

Nor have the humanities been in any sense banished from our colleges and universities. They still exist there, side by side with the newer studies and are taught with an insight and thoroughness, an appreciation of sociological causes and conditions of which the older generations knew nothing. Perhaps not quite so much stress is laid on the mechanical features of instruction, but more is laid on the inner spirit of things. Not quite so much attention is devoted to certain small details, but more is given to the larger forces that underlie the life of nations and individuals, and of which their art and genius are a product.

The newer movement in education is rather the result of a general intellectual development directly the opposite of that so often regarded as its source. It is the outcome and evidence of an increasing desire for scientific knowledge and the skill that is its offspring, in all branches of work. The farmer who planted his crops according to the phases of the moon and trusted to Providence to bring them to fruition; who classed all animal pests as "bugs" and was helpless before vegetable ones; whose only books were the family Bible and the almanac, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Farming is growing to be a scientific vocation, based on a knowledge of the chemistry of soils, the mechanics of irrigation and the biology of plant and animal life. The demand is therefore, naturally, for opportunities of instruction in the latest results of technical investiga-

tion in these fields. The like is true of other trades and callings. The ignorant, hit-or-miss method no longer satisfies the people. Skilled labor is slowly but surely coming to supersede unskilled labor in every department. Competition necessitates it. The growing intelligence of the masses demands it.

We need not, then, permit ourselves to be disturbed by the cry of increasing materialism raised by the conservatives in educational method. Never before was there so great and general an appreciation of purely intellectual pleasures for their own sake; never before so keen an interest in problems that have no direct connection with any question of dollars and cents. Merely life is becoming more competent in all its different phases and education therefore more diversified, to keep pace with it.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW SURGERY.

THE Chicago Medical Journal devotes a long article to the new method of painless surgery practically introduced into this country by the French Hospital of San Francisco. The chief feature of the method is the numbing of the body below the neck by the injection of cocaine into the spinal canal at this point. The advantage of the treatment lies in both its mental and its physical effects. The brain of the patient is left clear and he is able to watch the progress of an operation upon his own body without experiencing any sensation of pain in connection with it. The terror produced by the provision of helplessness under chloroform and the natural shrinking of the mind before the gulf of unconsciousness itself, are thus obviated. On the physical side the advantage of the new form of anesthetizing is even greater. To aged people and to younger persons with weak hearts or with some other form of disease, it is dangerous to administer the usual anesthetics, and deaths have frequently occurred under chloroform where the presence of such disease had not been recognized in advance.

It is a number of years since experiments were first made in Europe, in this new form of surgery, but little has been done with it until recently, when a German surgeon began its use in his clinic, and Tuffier of Paris took it up. A considerable number of operations have been performed by its aid, at the French Hospital in San Francisco, and in all with apparently the greatest success.

Hardly more than half a century has passed since the use of chloroform as an anesthetic in surgery was suggested to Sir J. Y. Simpson of Edinburgh by a Liverpool chemist, and the former gave the idea to the world at large. The discovery has been one of the greatest blessings of the age, but it bids fair to be eclipsed by this new one, if this is proved, on longer trial, generally practical. Physicians have not hitherto been wholly friendly to cocaine in local anesthetizing, but in its more central application some of the difficulties of its use may perhaps be obviated. It is to be hoped that this may be the case. It appears probable, at least, judging from the reports of actual operations performed by its aid, that it will come to be regarded, as an alternative of chloroform, where the use of the latter is attended with danger.

The decision of the Humane Officer of this city to see that the laws relating to the sale of liquor and cigars to children and the frequenting of saloons by minors are enforced, was made some time ago. These laws are unquestionably good. The protection of the children of today and of the society of the future demands that they be enforced to the letter.

A more pitiful story than that of the young man from Los Angeles who starved to death in Alaska, leaving a diary of his last days, is seldom read. It was the hunger for gold which led to physical starvation. One would think such warnings would be heeded, but other men will follow, and run similar risks. Experience proves that such warnings are of little effect.

It is safe to say that the people of the United States are learning more about the geography of the Orient nowadays than they ever knew before.

The mothers have had their "day" at the Long Beach Chautauqua Assembly. Isn't it about time to be agitating the subject of a Daddy's day?

THE PAST.

O space unbounded, O unmeasured deep,
Where countless stars outnumbering all the grains
Of the white sands that in the sunlight sleep
On all old ocean's shores and all the plains
Of this fair earth where Time doth hold his sway,
O tell me where the footsteps of the dead years tend,
How pass they through the silence of thy shining way?

Creep they unto the realm of nothingness to lie
Among the things that were but are not ever more;
Lost to all sight save that of God's own eye.
Dark, silent, shapeless, a disembodied shore
Of dead nothings, of spirit left not e'en
Enough for ghostliness, a void, a blank,
All shadowless as earth without the sun's bright beam!

Ah, no! In all the shining Future sits the Past,
A king, a teacher, all unseen, but still
Distilling wisdom, e'en as night in space so vast
Drops stars and dew. There's nothing dies though God
Doth will.
That all things change, but with its yesterdays of time,
The Past helps build the greatness of Today,
The path of Progress aids to make sublime.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

July 25, 1900.

LIGHTS AND FLASHES.

Today is only yesterday's tomorrow night. If we fulfill faithfully all the little duties that we may feel confident that our lives will be noble trait in his character, and if you can do and forgive the wrong in him, not less for you than for him.

Do not worry about tomorrow, for when it comes it will be only another today. Look up and you will be given you to endure whatever it may bring. I intended that we should carry tomorrow's burden today.

Human selfishness was pretty fully illustrated in the story of a little boy I read of the other day. He was upon the lunch table, and the mother, Willie and his sister Elsie. Willie looked at his hungry eyes and then at his mother's face. "Mamma," he said, feelingly, "I can't eat when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."

There is nothing like keeping a quiet head. In times of rage and storms, we shall always be at peace.

It is never all darkness, for when the night comes we have the stars. And so in life, if we will, the clouds of disappointment and trial, we shall see the stars of hope and promise shining still, and the night will not always last.

There's a rain from the pepper boughs as I go to shade.

But 'tis golden as sunset and sweet as the bloom. The blossoms are falling where the light has played.

And the bright world is as glad as if it were new.

O how sweet is the song of the bird in the tree. And the butterfly's wings are as gay as the sun. Say good-by to care and come hither with me. Where peace broods in the sunshine and the hour.

Some writer has very truthfully said that we are able to do almost anything we wish to do, if we are frequently attaining in life. The conclusion has often seemed to have about it almost omnipotence.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

[Memphis Commercial-Appeal:] The American who slung the inoffensive Ah Sin and Wang country deserve to be taken out and lynched.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] It is easy to believe that Minister Wu was mightily pleased to see assurance that Minister Conger was alive on his way home.

[New York Tribune:] The old dispute between the United States and China is again in full blast at the ing beaches, with indecency a trifle ahead of the news.

[Denver Post:] Our hardened campaigner, drooping feathers and feel like three times the news is flashed to us by our special correspondent field in China.

[Chicago Record:] When one country covers its rival with humiliation several times over, the county-seat fair in the night was worse than the Paris Exposition.

[Kansas Journal:] This is the season when every person is not taught in children swimming. How many lives are lost each year might be saved were swimming the universal sport which it ought to be.

[Baltimore American:] Prosperity, after a doubtful blessing. Kansas, it is said, places this year than she ever had before, and to assume that the great majority of these rag-time melodies on schedule time.

[Boston Globe:] All honor to the world's equal honor to its wonderful merchant marine. There is no question but that in time, when proved guns and high explosives, ships like the will furnish all that is required for national defense, making unnecessary the present crushing need.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph:] Gen. Wood astonished to learn that after so short a time the occupation of Cuba there is a balance of \$1,000,000 in the Cuban treasury. It was Gen. Wood as expressed in his proclamations, that the the Yankees was the robbery of the Cuban.

[Philadelphia Press:] The Ninth Infantry at Tien-Tsin the valor it showed at Chapultepec. Juan Hill. No man fell in its ranks, from down, but was doing his share to advance the average the defenseless and teach the world that its troops are never far distant when we are sweeps away American citizens.

[Detroit Free Press:] Apologists for China, wanting, and they are not without a certain amount of anger or nervous uncertainty these holding fire is without claim to mercy may consider pleaded mitigating circumstances in behalf of the as timid, ultra-conservative or entirely too much it must be kept in mind that no worthy movement can be reached until the world knows what happened at Peking.

A LOVE OF EXCITEMENT.

[Washington Evening Star:] "You don't see anybody trying to introduce imperialism in the do you?" asked the apprehensive citizen.

"Well," answered Farmer Cornsmeal, "I don't say I enjoy excitement. If anybody was to work off any imperialism around here I don't what the neighbors would do with him. It's mighty interestin' sight."

"Little Mary Ann." By Robert J. Burdette.

A Little Sermonette on "Being Good."

"Little Mary Ann was Good—
Always did the Best She Could;
Let us be like Mary Ann—
Always do the Best we Can."

Away down in Connecticut, in the age-old town of Thompson, of which you have, or have not heard—it is in the country of Putnam's boyhood, and the wolf den still remains in the same old place to prove it—driving about "Primrose Farm" one day—the beautiful summer home of J. W. Deane, somebody in the carriage—I think, indeed, it was Mrs. O. S. A. Sprague of Pasadena, chanted the little psalm with which this parable opens.

It happened to be one of the things that "stick," like a pellet of clay shot from the willow wand of a reckless boy against the panel of a newly-painted door—his favorite target. There were certain charms about the quatrain, something fascinating to brain and soul. Its easy rhythm sang itself into the receptive mind, and graved the lines upon the mind abstracted or repellent. The plain and simple rhymes with the natural scansion, fastened the words and words of the song. And the simplicity of the lines and morality of the text interpreted it to the fullest understanding. The humble, willing soul that honestly received "Little Mary Ann" and her works would be on its way toward regeneration. Would that the world were people with Little Mary Anns of both sexes! For of a family there are also many he-Mary Anns in the earth.

Observe, that "Little Mary Ann was Good." We are not apt to give truly good people the credit they certainly deserve for simply being good. We complacently accept their goodness as one of their natural qualities, like their hair and eyes. If he is cross-eyed, with straggling locks of curly hair, we say, "Oh, well, that isn't his fault;" and if she has beautiful sunny-brown hair, that curls like the tendrils of a wild vine, and violet eyes, we say, "Oh, well, she deserves no credit for that; she was born that way." One evening, sitting in a wayside inn over in Pennsylvania, I listened to two gentlemen who had horses to sell or trade, discussing the sons of one of their neighbors. They agreed that they were good young men, but one of them exclaimed, rather deprecatingly, "Oh, well! Them boys had ought to be good; they ain't never had anything to make 'em on-good!" And his friend agreed to the statement, while the rest of the company said "Amen." I am afraid that at the time, being somewhat younger than I was some twenty years later, that I myself assented to the idea that two young men, born to wealth, sent to college, introduced into good society—"The Best?" No, my son, I said "Good;"—and established in a business already on a paying basis, ought to be good as wheat, and would have to try hard to be anything else.

Not So Easy.

Ah, my boy, I forgot that in a history called the New Testament we read of a young ruler who "was very rich" and had every material assistance toward righteousness, found it so hard as to be well nigh impossible to be as good as "Little Mary Ann," and the only thing under the heavens that hindered him was the wealth that you and I, my boy, sometimes wish we had. We would do so much good with it, for other people, after we had used the most of it, all that we could, upon ourselves. Ah, son, it isn't a bit easy to be good, all the way. There are lions on the road, and until we know they are chained, they frighten us just as fearfully as though they were loose and rampant. It's hard to be "good" when all the rest of the crowd, fellows of your own age and social class as being the jolliest kind of bad; seeing it all; looking at the "seamy side," just to see how the world is made; whooping it up with rollicking choruses, watching things mix themselves aright and helping to mix them; ordering champagne as common men might call up beer; creating eternal friendships that don't outlast the sparkles in the glass; piling the chips up till the stack reaches the ceiling, and just as hilariously happy to lose as to win—every fellow for himself, luck for us all, and the devil take the hindmost—my boy, when you set out to be just plain, quiet, ordinary, "good" against such a maelstrom current of good fellowship—which is another sort of good—good humor, good spirit, good heart, and good companionship—and it is all that, my boy, in its way; the best hearts on earth get into it—ah, when you set out to be "good" against all that, you have such a task cut out for you as Dewey met in Manila Bay. The "Little Mary Ann" kind of goodness is usually rated as a weak, effeminate, milk-and-water sort of morality. Well, you try it some time when the current sets the other way. And the next time some fellow who has learned a few swimming tricks shows you what he can do in the way of fancy diving and paddling in a steam-heated natatorium, your lip will curl at his puerile prowess as you remember the time you swam against Hell-gate current with the tide setting dead against you and running like a millrace. Try it, son, just once; and you'll glory in it so long as you live. And you'll know then, what it cost "Little Mary Ann" to be "good." And you will appreciate Riley's little hymn, "Just to be good." 'Tisn't easy to be good, son. But it's glorious. And it's worth all it costs.

"Always."

That appears to have been the secret of "Little Mary Ann's" successful goodness; she "always did the best she could." She seems to have "kept everlastingly at it," which is as good and as necessary in morals as it is in the advertising business. There are very few people who do

that, son. You find plenty of people who sometimes do the best they can, and they are tolerably good; not plain, every day, Quaker good, but only tolerably good. And you know you can't trust a "tolerably" good man out of your sight. His "goodness" is like the politics of a certain class of self-styled "independent" newspapers; they have their Democratic days and their Republican days, but they don't alternate regularly, and you are never sure, as you unfold the paper, whether you are going to shout "Glory!" or "Booh!" So that, by and bye, it grows to be that when somebody asks you if you have seen what the "Weakly Janus" said about the government, you just say, "Oh, the Janus!" and laugh. And the other man laughs also. A man who is merely tolerably good, who is only good once in awhile, and that a very irregularly-recurring while, can't be trusted, because you don't know when his good day is on. You might be able to make some approximately correct allowance for the man who is steadily and consistently bad; as you allow for the drift of a boat with the current in crossing a river; you might possibly head him so much farther upstream than you want him to land that he'll bump ashore just where you want the load delivered. If a man is habitually and hopelessly perverse and obstinate, you can make him age ahead by pulling him back, although this is no end of trouble and requires very fine figuring. But the man who is occasionally bad and semi-occasionally good is a weariness to the flesh and vexation of the spirit. You can never adjust hind-sight, fore-sight or wind-gauge so as to be sure of making a bulls-eye with him. He's too much like Josh Billings's mule, which "would be good for six weeks in order to get a good chance to kick somebody." The glory of Little Mary Ann's goodness was its steadfast continuance—its "always."

"The Best She Could."

Now, there is a great heap of philosophy in that, my son. I don't suppose for a moment that "Little Mary Ann" was always right. I know she wasn't. I know that she made mistakes—more than a few. I once knew a man who hadn't—no, who told me he hadn't made a mistake in seven years. Shortly after that declaration they sent him to the penitentiary for precisely that perfect number of years, because at intervals during his term of infallibility he had been mistaking another man's bank account and signature for his own. Now, it is human to err; but it is not right or excusable to make mistakes intentionally. One great difference between the man who never admitted a mistake until he got caught at it and "Little Mary Ann" was that she always did "the best she could," and he did the very worst he could. There is a very current standard of religious life and conduct and belief among men which is broadly stated in this form, "That if a Man will Do the Best He Can, he is All Right." I am not sure but that is correct. And of this I am very positive, son, that very few men do the best they can all the time. But you say, "A man can't strike twelve every time." Well, no. If he did, he'd be wrong eleven times a day. But he wants to strike the hour clearly and distinctly, at just the right time. I have known men to strike twelve when it was only one, and all the rest of their lives they were jumbled and uncertain.

Doing the Worst.

Very often the man who is trying to do well says, "This isn't the best I can do, but I'll make it do for this time." And he is the man who goes off on a spree right in the middle of the training days, and loses the game for his team or the race for his crew just because heart or lungs or nerves fail at the critical time when the day of judgment comes in the diamond or on the gridiron or the river. A man who doesn't do the Best He Can all the time finds, at a time and a place where it is impossible to mend things, that the times when he gave the present duty "a lick and a promise" fatally mar the supreme time when nothing but the very best will do. "Little Mary Ann" made sad patchwork of her best intentions sometimes; once in awhile she made some fearful blunders. But, you see? The mistakes she made are not remembered against her. All that is known of record of this most excellent and praiseworthy daughter of Eve is that she always did "the best she could." And history says that of very few people, women or men. It is not written of Napoleon, or Alexander, nor yet of Adam, or Noah, or David. Sometimes these great—and some of them good men—did the very worst they could. But "Little Mary Ann" always did her level best; without knowing how to phrase it, she gave Gerald Stanley Lee's "eternal touch to the timely thing." That was "Little Mary Ann's" "holt." And lo, for that alone is she embalmed in history. Rather, she lives in history.

Keep Up with the Colors.

Now, my boy, I don't want to set before you a standard of life so dazzlingly high that it will discourage you. But I think it is safe to assume that any boy or man on earth feels capable of easily surprising any girl that ever took a degree at Bryn Mawr or Wellesley or Vassar. I won't ask you to do that, but I would like to inspire you to keep up with this old-fashioned New England girl who lived before Bryn Mawr or Vassar were, and helped to make girls' colleges possible. Keep up with "Little Mary Ann," and in the course of years your college, your shop, and your family will be proud of you, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if your country should be making inquiries for you. For there are millions of men who do the worst they know how; there are perhaps twice as many—oh, yes, five or six times as many—who do their best once in awhile until their powers of superlative effort atrophy, and in every generation there is a saving remnant of men: that has grown steadily larger since the days when the census showed the faithful 7000 that had not bent the knee to Baal, who follow in the shining wake of "Little Mary

Ann," and always do the best they can. And, my boy, the Best—the Very Best that a man can do—comes very near to being God-like. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A CONVICT NEWSPAPER.

EVERYTHING FROM TYPESETTING TO EDITING DONE BY PRISONERS.

[Hutchins Hapgood in Ainslee's:] The Star of Hope, the convict newspaper at Sing Sing, may do more to make known to the whole world the character and needs of the men of the smaller and more unfortunate world than any number of visits to the prison. Remarkable articles have been written in this paper, written by remarkable men, after the day's work is over, in their damp and unhealthy cells—cells as bad as any, and strongly condemned by the present superintendent. Their ideas about society, about the courts, the causes and character of crime, ideas on prison reform, the "local color" of the prison, the characteristic language of crooks; more universally, their sentimentalities, their humorous attributes, their humanity in general; the strange fact that they are like anybody else, with a difference due to their environment in and out of prison, are made manifest in these articles. The result is, indeed, a human document, and it would be hard to say too much in praise of the liberal-policy which allows such a free paper to be published. The convicts are thereby immensely benefited, and society may be helped to understand those who have sinned against it, and to progress in its method of treating them.

The editor, the contributors, the typesetters, the copy readers, all concerned with the editorial or mechanical aspect of the Star of Hope, wear the prison stripes, and the paper is circulated only within the walls of the State prisons of New York at Sing Sing, Clinton and Auburn, although it occasionally finds its way outside.

The original idea was conceived by Sing Sing, No. 1500 (the editor-in-chief,) and heartily indorsed by the Superintendent of the State Prisons, the Hon. Cornelius V. Collins. No. 1500 and the superintendent were alike filled with the conviction that a paper published by the convicts would have a great educational value within the prison, and would exercise the minds of the inmates, and thus fill a portion of the lonely hours which every convict must pass in his narrow cell. The sympathy between these two men, one an inmate of the prison, serving a seven-years' sentence, and the other a prominent official, has given the Star of Hope a breadth and representative value which it otherwise could not have attained. Both men are very intelligently interested, not only in the point of view of society, but also in the welfare and ways of thought and feeling of the inmates. That accounts for the fact that many of the articles in the paper express quite fearlessly the criminal's point of view. Never, or, at least, very seldom, does anything appear which allies itself with essential wrong against essential right; the editor is very careful to suppress merely wild, general onslaughts on the existing order of things, on particular judges, officials, etc. But there are very frank and often very intelligent criticisms of the machinery of law and of society's methods in restraining crime and treating criminals. The editor and the superintendent are reformers; consequently, the superintendent seems to allow the editor practically his own way. He desires a free outlet for the activity which has been curtailed by the law made in the interest of free labor, preventing goods made in prison from being sold outside State institutions. As a matter of form, the chaplain of the prison is constituted censor. He looks over the proofs, but very seldom, indeed, uses the blue pencil. Lately, however, there has been a change of chaplains, and it may be that the new man may act so that the paper will become somewhat less sincerely the inmates' organ than it has been; that it may tend to be limited more and more by a narrow and conventional censorship. This fear is given point by an editorial in the anniversary number, April 21, which contains the warning: "Articles criticising or indirectly reflecting upon society, the courts, or any public official, cannot be published in our paper." But as this warning had already appeared in earlier numbers, and as articles had continued to appear which, while essentially always on the side of society, yet found things to criticise in some of the practical workings of its machinery, it is probable that it was only intended to explain to the more violent and unreasonable contributors that mere abuse of existing conditions was not acceptable.

A NEW VARIABLE STAR.

[Philadelphia Record:] Mme. Ceraski, at the Moscow Observatory, has found a new variable star from examination of photographs taken by M. Blajko. The star is in the constellation Cepheus, about 10 deg. distant from the Pole Star. It varies from between the eighth and ninth magnitudes to about the twelfth magnitude. This is the third variable discovered by Mme. Ceraski, who does for the Blajko photographs the same work done for the Harvard photographs by Mrs. Fleming, who also has discovered a number of variable stars.

The chief interest attached to these discoveries for the general public is because of their illustration of the persistent and thorough watch which is now kept upon the heavens with the aid of photography. Thus, when in 1899 the announcement reached the Harvard College Observatory that Mme. Ceraski had discovered a new variable—her first—in Cygnus, an examination was made by the Draper Memorial photographs and 195 plates were found which covered the region in which the star lay. On the most of these plates, which extended over a period of nine years, the star was at its normal brightness; on a few, below its normal brightness. From a comparison of the plates the star was found to be a variable of the Algol type—that is, a star attended by a satellite, which periodically passes between it and us—having a period of four days thirteen hours forty-five minutes two seconds. It is doubtful if without the aid of photography, thus continually employed to chart and re-chart the heavens, the variability of this faint star would ever have been detected.

National Festival and Feast Days of China.

SOME STRANGE CUSTOMS.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AS WELL AS SPORTS HAVE PART IN THE OBSERVANCES.

By a Special Contributor.

NATIONAL festivals and feast days in China are generally associated with some periodic change in the great government of the universe. The revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the changes of the seasons, the gathering of the harvest, the advent of the new year, are all periods when the people rejoice and are glad.

The Chinese year contains either twelve or thirteen months, according as it has or has not an intercalary month or moon. A Chinese month has twenty-nine or thirty days, and is intended to represent exactly the time it takes the moon to make one complete revolution around the earth. Generally in about every five consecutive years there are two intercalary months, therefore the festival days do not occur upon the same day each year, but occur upon the first day of the first moon, or the second day of the second moon, and so on. The Chinese divide the year into four seasons, and each season has two *ch'ieh* or "joins" (like a bamboo rod) and four *khè* or "breaths." The "joins" have reference to the changes of the seasons, while the *khè* is explained by them to mean the breath of an animal, air, vapor or atmosphere, and is a term applied to the sixteen minor changes in the weather. It is called a "breath." The Chinese sympathize with us in the matter of our not having "joins" and "breaths," and wonder how we reckon time.

The ordinary Chinese laborer plods stoically along, week by week, never taking nor expecting a rest day until some national holiday revolves around to his relief, and then all make an effort to enjoy the festivities. The first day for national celebration occurs in the month of January or February, according to our calendar, and sometimes in the twelfth Chinese month. It is a festival called "Meeting the Spring," and as it may occur before the celebration of the Chinese new year, it is for this reason considered the first holiday.

Receiving the Spring.

The ceremony of meeting or receiving the spring is not merely a local custom, but it is commanded by the Emperor, and forms a part of the Chinese religion. Processions are formed in which many of the government officials take part, but no soldier or military officer is allowed to join. The ceremony differs in different parts of the kingdom, but the main features are prescribed by law, and are therefore universal. The festivities continue for ten days, each day distinguished by the particular object worshipped upon that day. Two of the ten days are held in greater reverence than the rest, namely, the festival of "man" and the festival of the "buffalo." The other objects are the fowl, dog, pig, sheep, horse, grain, hemp and the pea. The prefect is master of ceremonies or priest of the spring, and his reign is supreme within his district for the period of the ten days. The greatest rejoicing occurs on "Buffalo day," when a grand procession forms, headed by the officials, ranking beneath the prefect, dressed in their official robes, in furs and court caps, attended by their servants carrying tablets and huge bouquets of artificial flowers, with bands of music and the state umbrella. They are followed by mummies, all decorated in ribbons and garlands, bearing banners and lanterns, representations of pineapples and huge fruits and cereals. Boys, dressed in grotesque and fantastic costumes, seated on rustic alters or perched in the branches of trees, are borne along in litters, while little girls are dressed to represent the camellia, as figurative of the tea plant, and carried along in beautifully decorated ones. But above all rises a huge buffalo, or water-ox, made of clay, over a bamboo framework, and pasted all over with five different colors of paper—red, black, white, green and yellow, representing the five elements of nature, metal, wood, water, fire and earth. Some say that the pasting is done by a blind man and at random; others that the buffalo has been made according to the decision of the fortune-teller, after due examination of his books. The predominating color is looked upon as an omen in regard to the weather or crops expected for the ensuing year. Should red predominate, the Chinese would expect great conflagrations during the year; if yellow, they anticipate wind, etc.

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An Oration on Spring.

The procession takes its way to some temple, where the prefect, in gorgeous attire, shaded by his umbrella of state, delivers a discourse to the assembled multitude, sounding the praises of spring, and strenuously recommending agriculture and husbandry. At the conclusion of

content with donning one new article, and thus saved to squander upon the following day. Begin with a Sacrifice.

The established festivities connected with the New Year's begin early in the morning with a sacrifice offered to heaven and earth. A table is set in the reception-hall, upon which is set a boiled rice, with five kinds of dried fruit above it; five or ten bowls of different kinds of tea, but no meats; ten cups of tea, ten cups of wine, ten red candles and three sticks of common incense, and a stick of fragrant incense. The rice bucket is adorned with two branches of cedar, or, when rare flowers, and ten pairs of chopsticks stand on the rice. On top of the chopsticks are placed



SACRIFICE TO THE HARVEST MOON.

his speech he strikes the gaudy buffalo three times with a whip, as a signal that the labors of the plow have begun. It is also the signal for a united uproar. The mob stones the buffalo, and, as it tumbles to pieces, little images fall out. There is a general scramble for these idols, as it is considered good luck to possess one; good crops, good weather, good everything accompanies a spring buffalo idol.

The ceremony observed on "Man day" is identical in all respects, except that the image of a man is carried about in triumph. This festival of receiving spring resembles the ancient Egyptian festival of Apis. When the festival occurs in the twelfth Chinese month the next holiday observed is New Year's day, or the first day of the first moon in the new year. The festivities upon this occasion resemble greatly the Yule-tide rejoicing in our country. "Rounding the year" occurs upon the last night of the old year. Incense is burned before the household gods, presents are distributed, and the children indulge in firecrackers and other amusements. Salt is thrown into the fire as an omen of good luck for the year. Some observe the ancient custom of changing their old clothes at midnight for an entire suit of new ones, but many are

sheets of mock-money; one to represent gold, silver, and again, on top of this, is another sheet of mock-money. This mock-money is only used on New Year's day. Tied to the handle of one chopstick by a red string, almanac for the current year. A large plate of food completes the feast.

A salute of firecrackers before the open door marks the commencement of the ceremony. The family stick of lighted incense and kneels before the table to the ground three times, and then offers up a prayer to heaven and earth for past benefits and protection. The incense is again exploded, and the common incense is burned. However, the rice and fruits are not consumed. This ceremony of offering to heaven and earth is followed by "worshipping the idols belonging to the family," then "worshipping the ancestors," followed by "prostration to parents and grandparents."

There is very little difference in these customs, worshipping the gods and idols incense, rice, tea, tables, wine, vermicelli and tea are sometimes offered to them, also before the ancestral tablets. The younger members of the family merely kneel and bow to the ground three times. On New Year's day the Chinese gentlemen amuse themselves by giving New Year's calls upon their friends.

This continues for several days, as very little work is done for ten or fifteen days after the advent of the new year. Merry-making of all kinds ensues, which are called "letting off of steam," and indulged in, while strolling minstrels, jugglers and other amusements of all sorts are employed by the wealthy for amusement for their friends.

The Feast of Lanterns.

On the fifteenth of this moon the Feast of Lanterns is celebrated. Upon this occasion the whole country is illuminated, every elevated point is decorated with lanterns, house-tops, hill-tops, temples, arches, poles, and balconies are adorned with this unique national festival. They appear in all designs, materials and shapes, from the most trivial birds and beasts, and fishes of silk, paper and shells; all combine to make a charming and decorative lantern, to be brought forth upon the holiday and do honor to the nation. While this is the Egyptian "Feast of Lights," the real Chinese lantern festival is lost.

The Chinese feast and festival days are so numerous that it would be impossible even to enumerate them. The "Feast of the filial porridge" and the "festival of the moon" are two ceremonies closely connected with agriculture, which is a marked part of the religion of the Chinese and is therefore more a religious ceremony than the Feast of Lanterns or the Festival of the Moon, which closely succeed them. The former is observed principally by the rich, while the latter is one of the universal holidays for all classes of people living in the bordering on water. Peking and Canton make a special feature of this festival. Raceboats, built for the



KITE FLYING AT HIE-KWAM.

the dragon, gulls, individuals and villages, in the form of the dragon, with huge bulging eyes and glittering scales, and matched on the river and raced for prizes. Formerly the idea was to frighten away the "hiding dragon" who concealed himself under shelving rocks and in narrow passages of streams, waiting to pounce upon the mariner whenever and sink his craft. Now, the festival is one of general merriment and gain, unattended to a great extent by the superstitions of ages ago. Presents of roast pig, wine, fans and rice are made to the boatmen. They are also entertained with grand feasts by the owners of the boats, in the evening after the races. As an amusement for the common people, the dragon-boat festival compares alone with the kite-flying.

A holiday is set aside on the ninth day of the ninth moon, when the people repair to the top of the highest hill in the town or adjacent country and indulge in flying magnificent kites.

Kite Flying.

Kite flying is an ancient custom, the origin of which was that a Chinaman who pretended to know the future predicted that a calamity would befall his family upon a certain day. To avert this evil he repaired to the hilltop and spent the day, together with his family, in flying kites and otherwise entertaining themselves. Upon returning home at nightfall he found all of his domestic animals dead. In imitation of his example all who can go to the hilltop upon the ninth day do so, and thus avoid any domestic calamity. Grand and expensive kites are manufactured for the occasion; eagles, owls, and the whole feathered tribe do duty as designs for them. Many are twenty to thirty feet in length, with bulging, rolling eyes and rolling tongues, that move in the breeze. Near the end of the day the participants in the fun endeavor to bring their kites into collision, and break each other's strings by entwining them. Many, who do not succeed in breaking others' strings and who do not have expensive kites themselves, let them loose at the close of the day, to fly away on the breeze. A pretty kite is formed by straining numerous cords across apertures in a paper bag, made on a bamboo frame. The wind plays on the bag after the manner of an aeolian harp, producing a sweet, musical sound, and when many of the harp kites are flown together the sound is both loud and agreeable.

The Harvest Moon Festival.

One of the greatest of the Chinese festivals is the sacrifice to the harvest moon. Sacrifices and oblations form an distinctive feature in the Chinese religion that they are divided into three classes—great (ta), medium (chung) and lesser (sean). Among the second kind are those made upon the gathering of the harvest.

When the day of the harvest moon arrives every Chinaman makes his oblation to the god of grain or of land. In every cross-road in every city, and at many homes, is found a god of Ceres. Generally these gods are rude stone images, intended to represent the human form, and called gods of agriculture, horticulture, the sun, moon, clouds, wind or any object or influence that might exert a power over the harvest. Sailors at sea never fail to do honor to the harvest moon. Their favorite images are brought on deck and are suspended over three cups of tea and two bunches of sandal-wood, the captain and the crew kneeling before them performing the kotow repeatedly. This ceremony ended, the captain takes a lighted torch and walks five times around the bow of his ship and expels all evil spirits in the name of his guardian idol.

HARRY FORBER.

SOME TRUTHS IN HOMESPIN.

Be wise and envy not the man
Attired however spick and span,
True greatness empty fripperies but scorn,
Silk hats may serve alone to dress
A noddle full of emptiness,
And patent leathers hide a wealth of corns.

No garments, fine they be, yet can
Make lady or make gentleman;
No garb, how poor it be, can ever hide
The mark of true nobility,
Nor velvet cloak, but we may see
The bow, once its rich folds are dropped aside.

No lady yet was made with lace
Or silk, for Nature leaves a trace
That every artifice is vain to hide.
The lady is, in calico,
Not less the gentlewoman, though
She had no mark of gentleness beside.

The practiced-off deception thin
By acres in a lion's skin,
Is some unthinking bray with ease we read,
A vulture, he be decked and dressed
With plumes from any eagle's crest
Betrays, in cooking carrier, his breed.

Count no man your superior,
Whatever his exterior,
Appearance of true worth is not a rule,
The jester's cap and jingling bells
Full many a gem of wisdom tell,
And wisdom's mortarboard may deck a fool.

A king, by right and nature grown,
Is king without a crown or throne,
Simplicity but marks his kingliness,
No crown or throne or signet ring,
Can make a knave seem more a king,
The purple only makes him seem the less.

The boot, of any style or ilk,
Is but the greater boot in silk.
The garb but marks the more his boorishness
No person ever yet that rose
Above himself by help of clothes,
The manner makes the man, and not the dress.

—J. W. Foley, Jr., in *Hismarck Tribune*.

A NOTABLE CHINAMAN.

DR. YOUNG WING AND THE STUDENTS
HE BROUGHT TO AMERICA.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the graduates of Yale College in the class of 1854 was a bright, young Chinaman, Young Wing by name, the first of his nation to receive a degree from an American institution. As a boy he was brought to this country by a returning missionary, a Rev. Dr. Brown, whose home was in Connecticut, and in this home the lad grew up and was prepared for college. Though a general favorite among the students, he did not allow his popularity to interfere with his work, and he graduated with high academical honors.

Shortly after completing his course of studies he returned to China and engaged in business. He had been so long absent that he had entirely forgotten his native language. The Chinese have a great reverence for those who are educated, so it was but natural that Mr. Wing should be favored with the friendship of those high in authority, and among others he became intimate with the present powerful Li Hung Chang.

Young Wing made several trips to this country in connection with his business in the following years, thereby keeping in sympathy with his old college friends and with



DR. YOUNG WING.

American institutions. His business proved a success, and he amassed a considerable fortune, which, by the way, was sadly decimated some years later by reason of a gold-bribe scheme meanly played upon him by an ex-Governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. Wing, with the cooperation of Li Hung Chang, persuaded the Chinese government to undertake a plan, whereby 130 of the brightest Chinese boys that could be found should be sent by installments to the United States to learn our language, customs and arts, the entire expense being met by the Chinese government. Wing was appointed commissioner in charge, with headquarters in Hartford, Ct., where he built a commodious mission school for the boys and a beautiful home for himself.

The boys were selected from the better class, many of them from the official families, and ranged in age from 10 to 15 years. They were chosen to represent, so far as was possible, the various business centers of the empire. Some preliminary instruction was given them before they came to this country, to discover, if possible, their capabilities. Their subsequent work bore witness to the wise selection, for the boys were universally bright, and stood equal if not above the average of their fellow-students.

Mr. Wing had received a Christian training, and it was therefore most natural that he should desire to so place the boys that they might learn the best phases of our American home life. Moreover, his reputation was such that he found no difficulty in providing the best of homes for the boys. They were bright, well-behaved, responsive little fellows, and were always great favorites. In those surroundings they soon learned our language and the more elementary branches; when this was accomplished they were placed in several of the best boys' schools to prepare for college. It was at one of these institutions that the writer learned to know many of the boys, and, through them, Mr. Wing.

That the boys should not forget their mother tongue as he had done, Wing required that they should spend at least three months each year at the Hartford mission school in the study of the Chinese language.

In 1875 Mr. Wing married an American lady of very superior intelligence and refinement, a lovely Christian woman. Their Hartford home was a center of cultured influence, and their close friendship with Mark Twain and Dr. Joseph H. Twichell is simply mentioned to show the estimation in which they were held.

About this time, Yale University, in recognition of the remarkable work he was doing for humanity, as well also of his sterling ability and worth, honored him with the degree of LL.D., in acknowledgment of which, Dr. Wing

presented the college with a large and very valuable collection of Chinese literature.

The work was moving smoothly along, the larger part of the boys had already been sent over, and those here were making most satisfactory progress, when a new Chinese Minister was sent to this country, Chia Lan Pin, and Young Wing was appointed first assistant. This necessitated his removal to Washington and the appointment of a new school commissioner to care for the boys. This latter was named Wu, and whether or not he is the same who is now Minister at Washington, the writer is unable to state.

This new commissioner immediately proceeded to raise a row. He sent back word that the boys were studying "dead languages," and not our arts and sciences. This was true in a measure, for some of the boys were taking the classical course of study, preparatory to making the so-called "learned professions" their vocations. A good proportion, however, were taking the scientific and technical studies. But Wu did not look with favor upon the work, especially upon the classical instruction, doubtless considering China's antique literature "dead" enough.

He complained because the boys were adopting American manners and to a large degree American dress, and he looked with displeasure upon the boys' evident appreciation and admiration of American girls. But the fact that some of the boys were absorbing our religious ideas was his chief complaint. But here, in justice to Mr. Wing, it should be stated that he had firmly insisted that no pressure should be brought upon the boys, but that they should be allowed to follow their own inclinations in all matters of religion.

In spite of the efforts of Dr. Wing, and we have reason to believe of Li Hung Chang himself, the boys were recalled. A few had already finished their full course, but the larger part were just about entering college. Some of the boys refused to return, and have since become American citizens.

This recall occurred early in the eighties, and when the boys departed they left a host of friends and well-wishers. They had given us an entirely new idea of Chinese possibilities, and shown the power of Christian civilization to transform the narrow, bigoted, treacherous relic of the dark ages, into a modern man, broad-minded, generous, conscientious, high principled.

Connected now with the legation at Washington is a young Chinese, Mun Yu Chung, of the class of 1883 at Yale, and for two years coxswain of the university crew, and he was as bright as he was popular.

Dr. Wing's influence with the home government was greatly lessened by the failure of the educational project, though whether it should be considered a failure remains to be seen. He soon lost his official position, and again became engrossed in his own affairs. Mrs. Wing died in 1884, leaving two boys. The older, "Morrison," named after the first Protestant missionary in China, passed through Yale Scientific School, and has just graduated from the Columbia School of Mines. The younger son enters Yale this coming year.

After the close of the Japanese war, Dr. Wing was recalled by the Chinese government, or rather was invited back, for he has long been an American citizen, as his advice was desired in matters of reform and progress. The changes he has suggested, especially along the line of finance and internal improvement, have not been largely accepted, but have, to a large degree, been blocked by the cupidity of the Russian government. As evidence of this, Wing, after securing a valuable railroad concession, and after having secured English capital to carry out the project, had his plans completely defeated by machinery which the Russians set to work to keep out the English capital. A writer in the *July Cosmopolitan* states that "Russian influence is now so far paramount at Peking that all concessions given out seem to find their way eventually into the custody of the Russo-Chinese bank."

Dr. Wing is at present in the south of China, but his many friends are deeply concerned for his safety, because of his sympathy with the reform party, though, being an American citizen, he will enjoy the full protection which this country can give.

And now as to the hundred boys who were here, what has become of them? News does not readily flow out of China, and the policy of the government has been to absolutely drop all reference to that educational movement. We therefore know but little of the history of the majority of the boys. We have heard, however, that during the trouble with France, a short time preceding the Japanese war, some of the boys distinguished themselves in the military service. Again, in the war with Japan, both on sea and land, the boys nobly acquitted themselves and held many responsible positions.

Unfortunately, most of these boys came from Southern China, hence have had less chance to exert their helpful influence upon the government, but the Americans who knew them as boys are confident that from that body of many students will some day arise men who will greatly assist in building a new and a better China out of the ruins of the present empire; or, if the impending national disaster be averted, then these men will be the power which shall gradually lead China out of her 4000 years of darkness into the light of a glorious future. And when this shall have been accomplished, the credit in a large measure will be due to Dr. Young Wing, one of the first products of American missionary effort.

CHARLES E. RICHARDS.

THE FIRST AMERICAN VISITOR.

[Baltimore Herald:] At the dinner of Oriel College, Oxford, after the commencement exercises, the toastmaster, in speaking of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, one of the guests, referred to the first visitor from America to England, a cocoanut washed up on the Irish coast long before America was discovered. The nut was then richly mounted in silver, and has ever since, every year for centuries, stood on the table at the Oriel dinner before the provost of the college.

SITUATION IN CHINA.

REVIEW OF THE MILITARY CONDITIONS NOW EXISTING.

BY BRIG.-GEN. H. C. CORDIN, U.S.A.
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AS EVENTS now occurring in China are engrossing the attention of the civilized world, some account of the Chinese army, of the forces the powers can bring against them, and of the operations likely to take place will be of interest. Telegraphic reports from China have been so meager and so confusing that, before proceeding further, it will not, perhaps, be out of place to give a brief synopsis of what has occurred up to date.

The Beginning of the Trouble.

On May 31 there were at Taku seven Russian, one French, two British and one Italian warships, all of which landed detachments of sailors and marines; other ships afterward arrived, and, on June 9, the number of ships had been increased to twenty-three, two of which were American. Meanwhile, detachments of various nationalities had been sent into Peking to guard the legations. The troops, when landed, proceeded to take possession of and repair the railroad. June 10 a force of about two thousand men, under Admiral Seymour, left Tien-Tsin for Peking. Arriving about forty miles from the capital, it was found that the railroad had been destroyed, and that further progress would have to be made by marching. For some time nothing was heard from this column. On June 19 the Taku forts, at the mouth of the Pei Ho River, were attacked and captured. On June 21 an attack on Tien-Tsin began, and it was necessary to send a force to its relief. The first detachment, consisting of about four hundred Russians and 130 American marines, under Maj. Waller, met with serious resistance and were in great danger until reinforced by about one thousand British troops. The rest of the relieving force arriving, an entrance into Tien-Tsin, which had been held by about three thousand men, principally Russians, was effected, on June 23. It was then learned that Seymour's column not only had been unable to do anything for the relief of Peking, but, after hard fighting against greatly superior forces, had been compelled to withdraw and had intrenched near Tien-Tsin. June 25, soon after the arrival of Seymour's relief, the arsenal at Tien-Tsin was destroyed, and the whole force returned to Tien-Tsin. In the early part of the troubles the Boxers had been opposed by Chinese troops, but afterward the latter joined the Boxers, and in the recent fighting their forces have been combined. Prince Tuan, thoroughly opposed to all foreigners, is reported to have poisoned the Emperor, to have put himself at the head of the anti-foreign movement, and to be actively directing the troops. While the news of the assassination of the German Minister and of the massacre of all foreigners in Peking is agitating the civilized world, the combined forces of the powers are at present at Tien-Tsin and Taku, and unable with their present strength to make a forward movement. The steps taken by the powers to increase their strength in China will be referred to hereafter.

The Chinese Army.

The total strength of the Chinese army cannot be accurately given, and if it could, the statement would have but little value, as many of the men who are carried on the rolls are neither armed nor equipped, and a large number are following civil vocations and performing no military duty whatever.

These troops are organized into eight banners of from ten to twelve army corps each. The Banners K'i are distinguished by the colors designated here, and are further divided into two classes as follows:

- | | | |
|-----|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| No. | Banner. | |
| 1. | Yellow with red border | The Three Superior Banners. |
| 2. | Plain yellow | |
| 3. | Plain white | |

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| 4. | White with red border | The Five Inferior Banners. |
| 5. | Plain red | |
| 6. | Red with blue border | |
| 7. | Plain blue | |
| 8. | Blue with red border | |

These eight banners nominally contain about three hundred thousand men, but the number maintained on a war footing is very much less, men being taken from the banners to form other corps. The nationalities comprising the banner force are three in number, viz., Manchu, Mongolian and Chinese, the latter being descendants of those natives of Northern China who joined the Manchu invaders during the period of their contest with the Ming dynasty, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The soldiers are distributed under each color according to their nationality. Thus, there being three nationalities, each banner is subdivided into three parts (Ku-sai.) There are, therefore, twenty-four Ku-sai—three in each K'i. The Ku-sai are more administrative than tactical units.

Under one or other of these divisions all living Manchus, and all descendants of the Mongolian and Chinese soldiery of the conquest are enrolled. The banners constitute, in



HENRY C. CORDIN.

fact, the population of Peking, with detachments in various provincial garrisons, and a certain number of the adult males of the force receive pay as members of one or the other military corps into which they have, from time to time, been organized, in addition to the pittance they receive as soldiers of the banner.

The various corps are divided into companies (Lyannu,) numbering 300 men each in the infantry and 150 in the cavalry.

According to the latest reliable authorities about all the organized and drilled Chinese troops to be counted upon in the present operations are as follows:

	Approximate Strength.
Gen. Sung's corps	10,000
Soon Ching's corps	7,000
Tung Fu Siang's corps (now operating near Peking)	10,000
Gen. Niah's corps (now operating near Tien-Tsin)	12,000
Hu Sheng's corps	5,000
Peking field force	10,000
Division of Guards	10,000

The last three corps of these troops are drawn from the Manchu bannermen. There are other troops more or less well organized and drilled in distant provinces, but they need not be considered as a factor in the present operations. The Governor of Shangtung is said to have a corps of about fifteen thousand troops, drilled according to German methods. The value of the Boxers, as a fighting force against organized European troops, is an unknown quantity, but it is not thought to be great.

Forces of the Powers.

When the troubles in China began, the forces of the powers available were composed of the ships, the marines who could be landed from the ships, and the troops who were near at hand, while others were in various parts of the Orient, but within a few days a large number of warships of all classes in the service of the powers were ordered to the coast of China, as follows:

Great Britain
Russia
United States
France
Germany
Japan

Italy had one ship at Taku, and Austria had one on the coast, so her navy must be represented by two nations as omitted in the foregoing list. Russia had, besides the men on shipboard, about 1,000 men at Kia-Chow. Russia had, perhaps, 1,000 men at Port Arthur and a large number of troops in Siberia. She has also a large force on the coast of China, but it is at a great distance from Peking and cannot be considered available. A large number of troops available, and can be sent to Peking as many as may be needed. Late

the powers have all agreed to utilize their strength, and give her their mandate to bring order to chaos. The powers, however, not depending on that, are preparing to send troops from home. China has sent about one thousand from Hongkong, 4,000 and 5,000 men were to leave Calcutta. Mr. Roberts was asked if he could spare any troops from Africa, but he answered in the negative. France for China, June 23, three warships and ports carrying two battalions of infantry and a battery of artillery. There are said to be, also, 1,000 French troops at Saigon ready to be sent. Many had already made preparations to go to the force in China, but the news of the assassination of the German Minister makes it certain that she will send China as many of her troops as she deems necessary. The United States has sent a battalion of marines and a regiment of infantry from the Philippines. The present about six thousand troops on the coast of China to the Philippines. As they go via Hongkong can be sent from there to Taku instead of to Peking. It is reported that Italy and Austria will send troops.

Because of unavoidable delays, and the number of days required to reach Taku from the starting points, it is apparent that all the troops ordered for China cannot arrive there until after the middle of August. There will be constant accessions, however, and there will perhaps be enough troops on the coast to take the offensive much earlier. There certainly is no objection to a war in which Japan is to be paid may prove a great necessity for prompt action may, however, be overruled.

In regard to the use of the navies of the powers, effectiveness depends upon two things—the ships and their capacity to furnish men for operations. Active operations will be entirely on land, and light draught will be useful in river work, on the Pei Ho, but near treaty ports in other parts of the coast protection may be needed. The larger ships, the battleships, will be useless except to the parties. The United States navy has now action five gunboats whose draught will enable them of service in navigable inland waters.

The Theater of Operations.

It is not certain within what limits active operations will be confined. China is not a homogeneous country. As a rule, the people of one province know little for what is occurring in a distant



JAPANESE OFFICER.

AMERICAN MARINE.

CHINESE INFANTRYMAN.

BRITISH REGULAR.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

TYPES OF NATIVE AND INTERNATIONAL SOLDIERY IN CHINA.

is governed by a Viceroy or Governor, who, though appointed by the central government, is almost entirely independent of it, and is practically a king within his own dominions. He raises and maintains an army of the kind and of the size he wishes and that he is able to pay for. This is illustrated by the dispatches from China, which report the comings at the treaty ports as negotiating disputes with the viceroys in regard to the safety of foreigners. Li Hung Chang at Canton has disregarded orders to proceed to Peking, and remains in his province to maintain order there. Up to the present time the troubles have been confined to the province of Chi-Li, in which Peking and Tien-Tsin are situated, and the province of Shantung. The latter embraces the peninsula of the same name, on the coast of which are situated the British port Wei-Hai-Wei, the German port Kiaochow, and the treaty port Che Foo. If the troubles continue to be confined to these provinces, the theater of operations will be much restricted. Tien-Tsin will probably be the base of operations and Peking the objective. Any opposing armed forces lying between the two cities must be disposed of and Peking taken. With Peking in the hands of the powers, the rest of the work will be a matter for diplomats. It is considered by well-informed people that a force of 20,000 or 30,000 men will be ample. The number required will vary with the composition of the force. A compact, homogeneous body, of one nationality, would be much more efficient than a composite force of the same strength, made up of the contingents furnished by the powers, no matter how good the quality of each contingent might be. History teaches that in the operations of allies, friction, jealousy and diversity of purpose obtain. If the relief force is to be a composite army, under a single head, the details of command and staff should be agreed upon at once by agreement of representatives of the powers, otherwise there will inevitably be friction and delays when the time comes to begin active operations. From a purely military standpoint, leaving political considerations aside, it would be by all odds most advisable to intrust the work to a Japanese army, as Japan, by reason of her proximity, can be in the field, better than any other nation, the necessary number of troops, and a thorough previous understanding of the combined European powers with Japan as to payment for her services should prevent any possibility of political complications.

A Hard Campaign Ahead.

The question of the organization and composition of the army being settled, the only remaining question is the character of the operations and the difficulties to be overcome. This is the worst time of the year for military operations in that region. The rainy season is about beginning. The country is low and flat, and has no metalled roads. The Pei Ho River, with its branches, is shallow and tortuous. In the rainy season it overflows its banks, and, as there is nothing to indicate the channel, its value for transportation of troops and supplies is small. The principal difficulties to be overcome are, therefore, those connected with transportation and supply. As the columns advance, detachments must be left to keep open communications and hold the places taken. On arriving before Peking a siege might be necessary. The city is surrounded by a wall forty feet thick, faced inside and out with brick and stone from one to two feet thick, and this in turn by a moat fifty feet wide. A flat space, about one hundred feet wide, lies between the wall and moat. Peking is dependent for its supplies from the outside. It has immense granaries, but these are outside the walls, and could be captured. If the Chinese contemplate determined resistance and their operations are conducted with ability, the capture of the city would be no easy matter, as the time before an investment could be made could be employed in provisioning the walled city.

A late telegram from India gives the force to be sent to China as follows: 250 British officers, 250 British warrant and non-commissioned officers and men, 500 native officers and men, 175 followers, 1200 horses and ponies, 250 mules, 4 guns and 21 machines. Two entire corps of 150 each will also proceed to China.

MOSQUITOES AND MOSQUITOES.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH ANOPHELES FROM CULEX PIPPIENS.

[New York Tribune:] At one of the section meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last month, Dr. L. O. Howard, arch bugologist of the Agricultural Department, read a paper on the differences which he has observed between the genus mosquito (Anopheles) which has a share in the dissemination of malaria, and the kind (Culex pipiens) which merely bites you and sings. Some of the distinctions pointed out relate to the eggs, larvae and pupae. But there are four which may be detected readily by a comparison of the full-grown insects.

The anopheles has patches, or spots, on its wings, for which reason it adds "maculata," or "quadrimaculata" to its name. The culex lacks any marking of this sort. The palpi, or feelers, of the anopheles are much longer than those of the culex. While in a position of repose on the walls of a room, the malarial mosquito's body stands out at almost a right angle therewith, this peculiarity being more marked on the ceiling than on the side walls. The culex keeps its body parallel with the wall. Finally the musical pitch of one insect's hum is about four full tones lower than the other's. The culex has a soprano voice, and the anopheles an alto. Dr. Howard made no reference, corroborative or otherwise, to the alleged preference of the anopheles for attacking its victim only at night. It will be remembered that the two English doctors who are now experimenting with mosquitoes and malaria on the Roman Campagna, ramble around freely during the day, but place themselves under netting as evening comes on.

FELT VS. VELVET HATS FOR WINTER.

[Millinery Trade Review:] For a time at least plain, soft felts are likely to have the advantage, but later on it is possible different sorts of hair- and rough felts may take the fancy of the Parisian public. Velvet will be used so much for a foundation as a trimming. In its latter application it will have as rivals soft satin and panne—a material which is not to be put aside yet awhile, as seemed rather probable at the close of last season.

PRICKLY PEARS.

THE FRUIT OF WHICH PETER PIPER
PICKED THREE PECKS.

By a Special Contributor.

CACTI or cactuses, you may make your choice, and be equally elegant in diction. They are a queer part of the plant world, these spiny, prickly, grotesquely-formed cacti.

There is a certain fascination about them to most plant lovers. At various periods in the past two centuries there have been times of crazy rivalry, when the fad for collecting cacti has gone to extreme limits.



CEREUS SPACHIANUS, "A HOUSEHOLD PET."
[Photo by A. V. Cappa, San Diego, Cal.]

For the last fifteen or twenty years what may be termed a legitimate trade has sprung up in cacti, and many a wandering collector has materially added to his purse, as well as his reputation for careful work, by discovering some new species, or unusually fine specimen, or even some curious malformation, of these plants.

The contrast between the usual haunt of the cactus, a rocky side hill, or sandy plain, and the home amid cultivation, such as is shown in the accompanying illustration, is very strong. This little bit of the Riverside park shows to what a decided advantage an artistic landscape gardener may use the cacti. Probably "Shaw's Garden," at St. Louis, as the Missouri Botanical Gardens were formerly known, has one of the most complete collections in the world, numbering many hundred varieties. European growers create a considerable demand for fine single specimens, and one or two firms in this country deal almost exclusively in plants collected in our Western States, and exported. The collector must often make fruitless journeys. Sometimes a field, which he has noted on some previous journey will have been ravaged by fire. Sometimes extreme drought will have killed the best specimens. Sometimes another collector will have reaped the harvest. They learn to be very secretive, these collectors about localities and the windings of their travels, and as to the identity of their customers.

Sometimes a whole wagonload of fine plants will be but

a jelly-like mass by the time it reaches the nearest railroad station, because of bad roadways.

They require careful handling for more reasons than one, these spiny creations! I have handled thousands of them, without protection to my hands, with never a scratch, and yet should one chance to stroke a downy specimen the wrong way, their sensations may be most uncomfortable.

A little carelessness in handling, or packing, a very slight bruise, and your fine cactus, for which you are hoping for a round sum from some fancier, is gone, and yet many varieties cannot be killed out and will bear all manner of abuse. Southern California has many beautiful native species. A side hill covered with Mammillaria goodrichii in fruitage is indeed a pretty sight. A low, round-headed plant, with its bright-colored, hooked spines, set in a bank of soft wool, crowned with an aureole of pretty blossoms, or brilliant red fruit is attractive to the eye. The fruit is pleasantly acid, and as for the value of the plant, I know one young woman who made a neat little sum out of what her neighbors would have classed and destroyed as weeds, by carefully selecting and packing for exportation several hundred plants that would have otherwise been consigned to the brush fires in clearing her land for orchards.

Most of the old missions rejoice in prickly pear hedges of the white tuna variety. Well-nigh impregnable, they must have added much to the strength of defence in times of trouble with marauding Indian bands. Were it not for the difficulty of keeping small animals from nesting among the roots, they would form a far more picturesque and effectual hedge for orchards than the interminable barb-wire, and at far less cost. The fruit of all these pear varieties either cultivated or wild, makes a most excellent jelly, and is much used by our Mexican friends. A primitive though effectual method of removing the infinitesimal spines with which the fruit is studded, is by covering them with water, and a slight sprinkling of sand, in a pail, when by rapidly agitating them, with a wooden paddle, the spines are removed and you may handle and peel the tuna with impunity.

The most beautiful blossoms are found among the Cereus family. Some plants of the night-blooming varieties, require tender care, but delight all beholders with the wondrous delicacy of their fragile blossoms, while others show extreme vigor of life and growth, climbing to the top of a dwelling-house, or high trellis and bearing often thousands of blossoms in the course of a year of California sunshine.

At Encinitas, on the line of the Southern California Railroad, are the Buell Cactus Gardens. Mr. Buell, who has been an enthusiastic collector for years, has by means of exchange and purchase, succeeded in acquiring a collection of several thousand plants. They are inclosed by a lath house, which Mr. Buell considers sufficient protection for even the most delicate of his plants in the mild climate of this seacoast town. Visitors to the village are always shown the garden by its owner, who takes a justifiable pride in what has taken years to secure, and the commercial value of which means a small fortune. Many private collections in San Diego are of considerable cash value, and much rivalry exists between collectors of rare varieties, in the little city that prides itself upon "uniqueness," even in those things undertaken by its citizens. The fame of the gigantic Cereus at the home of Mrs. Theodosia Shepherd of Ventura has spread abroad, while even as far north as San Francisco one may see in many fine gardens the cacti used in landscape effects. One point of lovely Belvedere will some day attract much attention with the growth of Opuntias planted by a far-seeing and philanthropic citizen. Plants not related, but which combine well with cacti in effective grouping, are the agaves, yuccas, gasterias and aloes, while the native echeverias and mesembryanthemums make an excellent groundwork.

These echeverias have a habit of rapidly multiplying from root branches, and make a decidedly interesting growth, with a few weeks of care. Apropos, a wee, little Jap, full of floricultural zeal, but with lack of English to make expression, rejoiced in the beauty of a boundary line of Echeveria metallica, which doubtless recalled the waxy growths of his own native land, and then, as if in deep meditation, ejaculated, "Just like this world. Little ones always underneath." Poor Jap, he probably felt the insignificance of his people and his flora in the face of our western magnificence. **BELLE SUMNER ANGLIER.**



A BIT OF THE RIVERSIDE PARK.
[Photo by A. V. Cappa, San Diego, Cal.]

CEMETERY REFORM.

PROGRESS IN THE IMPROVEMENT OF
"GOD'S ACRE."

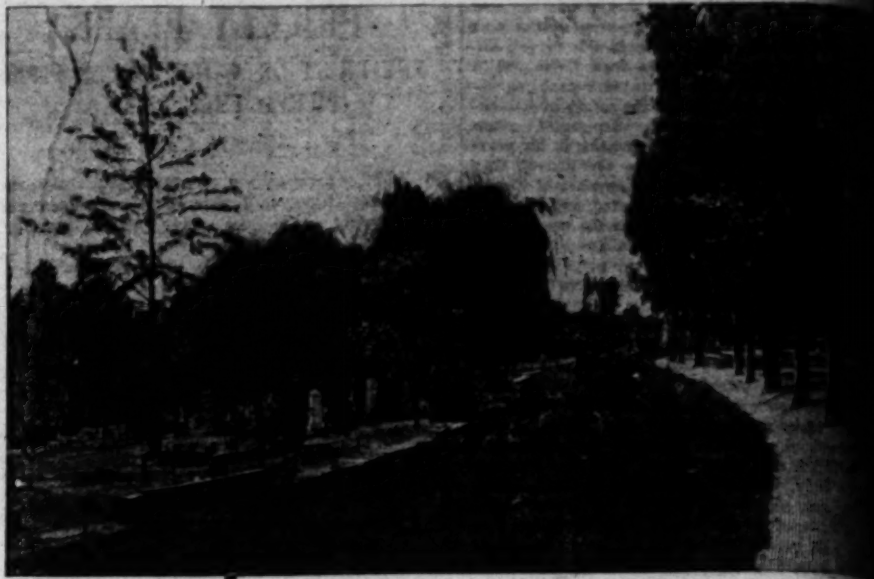
By a Special Contributor.

ACCORDING to the Koran, "No man knows when he shall die," and no true believer, therefore, is rash enough to oppose the words of the prophet and announce where his final resting place shall be, while it would be equally as presumptuous for those who sail the seas to say where they may be buried.

But in these days, the last resting place of those who shuffle off this mortal coil, on this vast continent, may be regulated almost with certainty, provided there be only some expressed wish on the subject.

Mankind, even to the present day, as in those days when Abraham purchased the field of Ephron and the cave of Machpelah, love so to honor and make provisions for their dead. And how often in far-off climes, "touched by remembrance, the magnet of the soul" trembles and turns with affection to that one spot, that little plot of ground on this whole wide earth, endeared and made sacred to us by the memory of those who have gone before us, and who, one by one, have crept silently there to rest.

The old churchyard of the earlier period of the nation's history, where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," with its acre or two of land at most, nestled close to the parish or the village church—surrounded by ivied wall, or iron fence, the weather-stained monuments, with their mass and tangled weeds growing over them, were practically left to take care of themselves. The young trees planted beside the grave, no doubt, by some loving hand, grew up without care, and in due time, over the graves of those who planted them. And with what interest we stumble across, nowadays, one of those neglected spots, where, under the shade of those now old trees, one can sit and meditate while striving to decipher some old familiar name, on



GRAVES OF MODERATE COST, SHOWING LAWN PLAN.

these lawn-plan cemeteries, with the provision that is now made for their perpetual care and up-keep, by the associations incorporated with that object, they cannot fail to become in time attractive spots for the coming generation, as well as fitting memorials to those who have preceded us.

Strolling through one of our cemeteries the other day, started in the early seventies, I was struck by some of the vistas which opened up before me, and the pleasing variety of foliage that met the eye in every direction, showing what might be done in the beautifying of the

verted into the well-kept lawn of the future, the cemetery should form a pleasing addition to the landscape where those, so inclined, may saunter in the shade along the peaceful avenues of the silent city.

Yet some of the vistas are singularly beautiful, others, with their statuary of recording angels, the lines of the sweet singer of Persian song—

"Would but some winged angel, ere he
Arrest the unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the Stern Recorder, either
Registrar, or quite obliterate."

Others, with their mausoleums and obelisks, and Roman crosses, of stone and marble, towering by palm and vine, fig and cypress, sycamores and umbrella trees, eucalyptus and aloe, with roses scattering their fragrant petals all around, might be achieved in this land of perennial sunshine. The line of making our cemeteries artistically beautiful, lawn-plan system were more generally applied.

In one quiet spot there lay a grave on which a grapevine, covering with its green leaves and tendrils the little mound of earth, perhaps the place of some lover of old Omar Khayyam, was—

"That even my buried ashes such a share
Of vintage shall fling up into the air
As not a true believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware."

A day or two afterward, however, on revisiting to make a sketch of such an apt illustration, I found that the industrious and zealous committee had trimmed the vine within due metres and bones, the most fastidious unbeliever might safely pass out any danger of being enmeshed by the tendrils. While from another a beautiful aloe or cactus, to bloom but once and then forever die, reared its shaft above the surrounding foliage.

One reads the names of those who have vaults and lots there. Alas! many occupying themselves, who lived and moved among us, and on hearth and in h-e-l-l, whose memories are in our midst, and to whom this City of our Angels owes so much, for their energy and help to make it what it is today. Names as household words, and many eminent professions in those days.

Good friends, a moment's halt, and our journey's end, from the nothing we set out on you have but reached before us. And in return ask no more than a good old California welcome.
H. J. [unclear]

GINSENG TAKES A DROP.

[Wheeling Correspondence New York Evening Post] War in China is having a far more serious effect on the inhabitants of the mountainous districts of Virginia than upon people living in the centers of commercial activity. The Celestial Kingdom has suspended the demand for ginseng.

In the Alleghenies are thousands of persons who live by digging out ginseng roots from the woods and obscure nooks and corners of the dense forest. For several years past, the price of the root hovered around the \$4 mark, but within the last year it has dropped to \$1.75 a pound, and there is no longer any demand for it.

The entire production of the State goes to China, and it was hard enough to locate ginseng in the mountains, but since the beginning of trouble in China demand for "sang" has dropped to zero. Dealers have lowered the diggers more than 25 cents a pound and scraped.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

A burst of sunshine through the dark clouds of war. Upon two roses budding on a stem. Gay in each other's beauty, they became forgetful of the sunbeams (which to them, were as sweet music in a young girl's dream). And did not blossom as was Nature's scheme. So when the storm clouds crowned the sun, each hung her head, and thought the world was dead. While other flowers caught the sun in play. And more attentive came into full bloom. And thus escaped Obscurity's sad doom.



A HANDSOME MONUMENT.

the dilapidated headstone, sadly out of plumb, and battered by time and exposure to the elements.

But the old churchyard is now one of the things of the past. In its place we have more extensive tracts of land for the accommodation of the larger populations of our towns and cities. Selected with care for their natural attractions, and laid out and beautified by the skill of the experienced landscape gardener, with choice trees and shrubs, where marble vault and "storied urn," erected with taste and skill, are in pleasing harmony with the varied leafage and bloom by which they are surrounded.

And when the allotted space has become exhausted in

surroundings of those we loved and honored and esteemed in life.

I made a few sketches of some of the most striking features of the landscape, but to which the perpetual system of care and the lawn plan is, to a certain extent only, now being applied, where, by an additional payment of 33 1-3 per cent. on the cost of the lot, the owners are relieved of further anxiety and expense attending the care of them, and guaranteed their up-keep by trustees appointed to deal with the fund so created for that purpose. So that the unsightly mounds of the past shall be con-



A PLEASING VISTA.

July 29, 1900.]

THE CRECHE EXHIBIT.

HOW POOR CHILDREN ARE CARED FOR
IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

From a Special Correspondent.

PARIS, July 26.—Two men, one a Parisian and the other an American, were strolling through the exhibition the other morning. The man from the United States had devoted three solid days to an inspection of the great show, and had seen it pretty thoroughly. As they were passing a mammoth steam engine in Machinery Hall, the American looked at it for a minute and then turned toward his companion.

"Well, you are wonders, you French," he said. "I used to have an idea that all you cared about was to amuse yourselves, and that the only trades in which you are experts were the making of gim racks—painting, sculpture, women's clothes, feathers, ribbons, etc., fancy things that the world could get along just as well without. This exhibition has been a revelation to me. It shows me that you Frenchmen are the equals of any nation in the practical things of life. Look at that engine, for instance. There's no country in the world that could produce its superior. And over there in the Champs de Mars is the Eiffel Tower, the biggest thing ever made by man."



DISPENSARY FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"Thank you," replied the Frenchman, modestly. "I am sorry you had such a poor notion of us before, but I am glad you have changed your view. I hope lots of your people will come to understand that we can do big things as well as small."

From the mass of colossal machinery on the ground floor, the men proceeded by a wide stairway to a gallery overhead. "Now," said the Frenchman, "you are going to see the antipodes of what we have been looking at down there. Everything on the floor below tells of the practical purposes of life, the mechanical inventions that enrich the world. Here the whole aspect is the reverse. This is the department where sentiment dominates—the sentiment of charity."

The Creche.

It was the part of the exposition reserved for the exhibit of the Ministry of the Interior, in the particular department known as "Public Help." A large portion of the section was devoted to the display of the famous French institution known as the "Creche." It was to this part that the Parisian led his American friend. "Look around here," he said, "and you will find that the French are not always thinking exclusively of amusing themselves."

He was right. The exhibit displayed a line of charity that originated in France and has been imitated generally throughout the world, but nowhere else has attained the perfection that characterizes its development in France.

The Creche was founded in 1845, its originator being Firmin Marbeau, an eminent French publicist and philanthropist, who, as the result of long years of study of social problems, concluded that there was urgent need in the community of improved facilities for the rearing of the children of the poor. He was convinced that the abandonment of infants by their mothers, an evil that was shown by statistics to be alarmingly general throughout the country, was the direct consequence of the fact that the working classes were usually unable to give the required attention to their offspring. The crime of infanticide was also believed to be largely traceable to the absence of public provision for the care of the children of the poor. What was needed, he felt, was an institution to supplant, in a way, the overcrowded foundling asylums; one that would relieve the poor mother from the necessity of surrendering the custody and rearing of her child to strangers.

When M. Marbeau organized such an institution he styled it a "creche," in reverent commemoration of the manger in which the Infant Jesus was placed after his birth. The purpose of the new charity was to provide a place where poor women could leave their children with perfect security when their daily employment made it impossible to give their infants the constant care necessary.

How It Was Introduced.

The first of these homes was opened in a small house in the poorer section of Paris. When its objects became known in the neighborhood, first one or two, then several poor women entered and inspected its arrangements critically, if not unamiably, perhaps suspecting it was a snare to entrap their babies. The gentle-faced, soft-voiced Sisters of Charity soon made it understood that a good man had equipped the house with no thought beyond helping the poor in their struggle for life, and assuring to France future generations of stronger, better and better educated citizens. Within a month or so the place was too small to accommodate all the children brought there every morning; and many a poor woman of the quarter who had previously re-

fused employment of any sort because she could not leave her babies alone, confided her little one to the Creche, and went out regularly to her daily work.

It was not long before the city authorities, and public-spirited citizens generally, came to realize the vast benefits accruing to the community from the new institution. Similar houses were established all over Paris and throughout France, and found ardent imitators in all the countries of the world. In this year of grace, therefore, the Creche must be regarded as one of the most useful and important forms of charity known in civilized lands.

The exhibit shown at the exposition, under the auspices of the Ministry of the Interior, tells the whole history and general lesson of the Creche in a most interesting fashion. If you want to learn the entire system you are not obliged to ask any one for information. All you have to do is to look around. You will find a number of the best organized Creches in the world in miniature models. They illustrate the procedure from beginning to end. You see a neat-looking building, such as is to be found in many a Paris street, with its name indicated by a big plaque on the facade. You see a woman "of the people" approaching, carrying a baby in her arms. You see her enter the vestibule, hand the little sample of humanity to a white-bonneted sister, and get a number in return. You see the happy young mother turn and hurry away from the building to the employment that calls her, while the sister, fondling the infant lovingly in her arms, carries it to the dormitory, where it is placed in a crib—numbered to correspond to the ticket given the mother.

Further on you see the little ones at play, with toys and more of other things to amuse them than would ever fall to their infant lot in the homes from which they have been brought. Another scene shows the children enjoying a repast of hot soup or gruel, and still another depicts a tiny tot in the infirmary department receiving the care of a physician and the nurses, and watched over with as much solicitude as if it were a king's heir instead of a poor working woman's baby.

You pursue your inspection of the object lesson, and next behold the mother, at the end of her day's work, returning for her child, finding the little one happy and healthy, and starting home with the infant clasped in her arms, a picture of maternal love, gentleness and happiness.

A Comprehensive Exhibit.

These are some of the things, but not all, illustrated by the Creche exhibit. As a whole, it is extremely interesting from the varied phases it shows of universal infancy, past and present. It gives the visitor a peep at babyhood in the remotest corners of the civilized and barbaric world. It shows how the future man is hampered or helped by the conditions that surround the first months of existence in different lands. It tells a pathetic story of infant deprivations among the very poor of various countries, and then lets the visitor draw his own deductions of the benefits conferred on humanity by the Creche.

This comparison is accentuated by two lifelike figures in the exhibit. They represent two mothers of the same humble social scale. One refuses to let her half-starved infant leave her for an instant, but clutches the baby in her thin arms as she stands shivering in a snowstorm, begging with an outstretched palm of passers-by. The other figure represents the working woman returning to her comfortable home with her laughing-faced baby that has been cared for at the Creche while she was at work.

Satisfied of the advantages of this great charity, the visitor makes inquiries and ascertains the simple conditions governing the beneficiaries of the Creche. The rules are as follows:

No woman not obliged to work for her living can put her



THE CRECHE.

child in the Creche; this work must necessitate the woman's leaving her home for certain hours every day; she must be respectable and honest; the child must not be under 15 months, nor over 3 years; the child must have no contagious disease, and must either be vaccinated before entering or while in the institute; the mother must bring and take away the child herself, and must visit the Creche twice a day to suckle the infant until it is weaned; the child must be clean and neatly dressed; and the parent must pay a small daily sum for its care.

That is all. If these conditions are complied with, any working mother, for only a mite, can provide her infant with care and maintenance that physiologists declare has already worked wonders toward the physical and moral improvement of the race since Creches have been in existence.

A Reminder of the Past.

How different it must have been with the poor before Firmin Marbeau devised this great charity! That is a thought that comes to every one who visits the exhibit. The answer to the conjecture is right there before one's eyes. It is a significant, pathetic picture. You are carried vividly back to the olden times by a stage-setting repre-

senting some phases of poverty three or four centuries ago. Right before you stands the facade of a twelfth century church. It is the night-time, and the big doors of the church are shut. Beside the closed doors, on the steps of the church, is a stone crib, and in the crib is a sleeping baby. The infant had been carried there in the shadow of the darkness by some unhappy mother, who, realizing herself too poor to care for it, had kissed the child a final good-by, then placed it in the foundling cradle, to be cared for by charity, to be brought up by the parish and to be a stranger to her ever after.

You fill out the other pitiful details for yourself, beginning with the heart-broken mother hurrying back to her desolate home. But since your imagination cannot supply all details, the history of another phase of the foundling's life is outlined in an adjoining tableau, which represents the interior of a hospital of those days, showing how the poor of all ages were treated in the same comfortless ward. In one big bed you see three women; one suffering from no illness beyond poverty and old age; another, a middle-aged woman, with impending death from consumption written indelibly on her emaciated face; and the third, scarcely more than a girl, lying in the same bed under treatment for a broken arm. Nearby is another big bed, and in it are half a dozen foundlings, all huddled together, breathing the air of the unhealthy room, and to be still further crowded the next day, when another abandoned waif is found in the stone crib on the steps of the old church.

Thus it was with Quasimodo, whose sorrowful story Victor Hugo told so touchingly in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

The clever Frenchwoman who was authorized by the Ministry of the Interior to arrange the historical exposition of the development of charitable enterprises in France says that fiction has in no way exaggerated the deplorable conditions that used to exist throughout Europe in the matter of the homes of the poor, and the scant care provided for foundlings. She knows that the poor are vastly happier these days and that humanity in general has benefited, thanks to the organization of the Creche.

"And," she adds, "the good that has been done by this French institution of charity is not by any means confined to France, for you find the Creches today in every part of the world; and it is a matter of record that one of the most complete and model Creches in the world is to be found in Buffalo, N. Y."

VALERIAN GRIBAYEDOFF.

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FOR A ROUND-UP IN DENVER.

[Denver Republican:] The cowboys of Colorado, and possibly of the whole West, will be invited to hold a round-up near Denver. The round-up is to have all the features of the genuine one of twenty years ago. In the evening, after the day's labors are over, a cowboy dance will be given. To this event the "cattle wranglers" are expected to appear in high-heeled boots, chapparajos, pistol belt and the other accessories that made the real bulls so picturesque and so uncertain as to the ending. The termination might be a love feast or a young battle.

The round-up is to be one of the entertainments that will accompany a reunion of the old cowboys of the range. In the years since they rode the range and kept a bright eye out for mavericks many of these riders have become prominent citizens of their towns.

All old-time cowboys of Colorado are requested to meet and each county in the State is invited to send representatives to a meeting to be held at the Chamber of Commerce building, Denver Colo., on the 23d day of July, 1900, at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of perfecting arrangements and appointing the necessary committees for the preliminary work in preparation for a reunion of the cowboys of Colorado. At this meeting a date will be fixed for holding the reunion and everything pertaining to its conduct and success will be discussed.

We believe that the old boys who participated in the round-up when Colorado was known as the "Plains State," should effect an organization that will preserve the ups and downs of the pioneer days in history.

HE FOUND HIS LONG-LOST PENNY.

[New York World:] Jabez Alvord of Winsted, Ct., hunted for a penny for sixty-three years. He found it yesterday, just where he hid it. It is of the vintage—or mintage—of 1838.

It is the first penny Jabez ever earned. He was 70 years old. The copper, the foundation of the fortune he dreamed of, looked very big, indeed, to him. He hid it in a crack in the floor, near the hearthstone of the house of his father, Deacon James Alvord. Weeks passed and the thrifty young Jabez went to get his hidden treasure. He could not find it. His father, mother, sisters and brothers all truly declared they had not seen the penny.

"I'll find it if it takes me the rest of my life!" cried the earnest Jabez.

The old Alvord homestead is being demolished. Jabez, now aged, but still thrifty, has been on hand looking for his penny. Yesterday the floor was removed from around the hearthstone.

There, imbedded in dust, was the penny.

Amateur mathematicians are amusing themselves by calculating how often the penny would have multiplied in sixty-three years at 6 per cent. compound interest. It would amount to 43 cents and 4 mills.

THE GLORY OF THE HOUSEBOAT HAS DEPARTED.

[London Letter:] There was a very poor show of houseboats at Henley regatta this year. The official list of positions on the course, issued by the Thames conservancy shows that only twelve houseboats and fifteen launches were given places. The number of applications was a long way below that of any previous year. Evidently the craze for houseboats is over. Three years ago some 120 houseboats and launches received places and other applications had to be refused for want of space.

By a Special Contributor.

We stood upon the bank and eyed the clear, springy water moodily. A little, green, corn-flower bird fluttered nimbly down to the margin and began to bathe—flirting his glossy wings and cocking his eye at us from time to

Wretched in body and mind, we wandered back to the avel pit and lingered near our entombed bicycle clothes the unquiet spirits haunting their earthly remains.

The subject grows too painful

THE COLLIE AND THE PUG.

By a Special Contributor.

"I THINK she's going mad," confessed the pug.
"Dear me!" said the collie.

He would have felt it beneath his dignity to say more. When one is of the upper ten of aristocracy and can trace unbroken lineage back to Stromachlachar and the moors of Argyle, mere emotion must be subservient to pedigree. Moreover, he had known pugs and pug peculiarities. This one was fair, sly and a gossip—a little judgment indifference, and the contents of her feather brain would be at his disposal. So he dropped one ear and looked hard.

They were two very demure and well-behaved dogs—the pug and the collie. To look at them one would never have suspected them of such indiscretions as thoughts and sentiments, or the recklessness of gossip.

They were sitting side by side on a time-worn bench, on the extreme edge of the extreme end of the wharf at Terminal Island. It was about the middle of the morning, not many people were about, and they held undisputed possession of their perch. It had cost one of them a small struggle to attain this position, as the pug's short legs made hard work of it, and, not being so young as she had been, she whooped and scrambled ungracefully. With the politeness of good society, the collie looked anywhere but at the pug until the top was safely reached, and the blue waves with their scattered boats stretched solemnly below them. Safely aloft, they turned their faces backward, preferring, as self-respecting dogs should, the moving panorama of man and things to the doubtful charms of a great deal of very wet water and a greater deal of glaring, gull-flecked sky.

The pug seemed to have forgotten her late startling remark, and gazed with pensive interest at a passing man and maid—he all devotion and a new straw hat, she all demure and frockies.

"Never an afternoon until a month ago," observed the pug, gravely withdrawing her gaze, "but I and my mistress and he walked out together, he holding her parasol (she could have done it much more effectively herself,) I trotting behind. Up and down this pier would we stroll. Very hot and exhausting I found it, and listening to their conversation was an intellectual strain. But we never go now. I wonder why?"

A faint disgust was visible in the collie's gaze. Really, the pug was irascible. Why couldn't she keep to the topic which promised to be interesting?

"Just a moment ago you were saying—" he reminded her blandly.

"Oh, yes," said the pug, "that she's going mad. Well, do I. Look at her." She, the pug's mistress, who was sitting on the bench near by, also gazing pensively at the man and the maid, showed no striking symptoms of insanity. If the pug had meant that she was a "raving beauty" the statement might not have been so absurd, for she was very, very charming. She did seem abstracted, and there was a pathetic-droop to the corners of her mouth as she tapped her little boot with the end of the pug's leg chain. Out of the corners of her brown eyes she stole occasional glances toward the next bench but one.

On the next bench but one sat the collie's master, a broad-shouldered, young athlete, a "good fellow" among men and "nice" to all his girl friends. Just now he was peevish with vicious pokes of his cane some innocent maid that had adventured out thus far for a bit of fish and chips, and his expression of face was gloomy. He looked not to the left of him, which didn't matter, nor to the right of him, where sat the pug's mistress—and that was a pity.

"Yes," the pug resumed. "If you had my opportunities for observation and my powers of analytical deduction"—the collie gazed, careened backward and recovered himself—"you would know, as I do, that she is losing her mental balance. For a month it has been going from bad to worse. On the last occasion when she went out with that precious master of yours I was not well. I was left at home. Consequently, I shall never know what happened, but she came in with her chin up and the look she has when she punishes me. She sat down on the floor beside me, and said very quietly, 'Oh, Toto, I've done it—and I'm as good as dead!'—which seemed strange, for she immediately began to cry in the most irrational way. She said until dinner time—and refused dinner. Now that," said the pug, anxiously, "is something she has done frequently since, and it makes me believe in her madness more than almost anything else. And then, the flowers. Every day, before these unhappy symptoms set in, a box of white carnations would come for her, and she took much better care of them than of the violets and other florists' stuff—I hate the things, don't you?—which came at other times."

"But after that fateful Sunday—the next day—I was with her when the maid brought up the familiar flat box. She flung up at the sight of it, and said, 'How dared he!' in a tone which made me crawl under the sofa. But I wouldn't let her and saw her take off the string and lift the cover. She hesitated for just a moment, and then some emotion made her set her teeth. She emptied the box on the floor, and deliberately set her foot on one after another. My mistress's little foot has weight on reason, as I might testify. Then she gathered the scattered things together and replaced them in the box. 'Now this suit,' she said to the servant who answered her, 'is to—and she gave your master's address. Now don't that be a peculiar thing to do?'"

"I think my master thought so," replied the collie, medi-

tatively. "He used language, and then he sat down at the table with his face in his hands. Then he looked at me, as I sat with my head on one side looking at him. 'Hang it all, Rob,' he groaned, 'let's go out and forget her. I wish I was a dog. Come on, old man!' And we went out and did a great many things which would have caused me to forget her in no time at all—if his face had not reminded me."

"How anxious they are to forget," said the pug, pensively. "That is another of the incomprehensible things about it. When my mistress sent back that package—was it letters?"

"Yes," said the collie, "and a picture, and things."

"She said to me, 'Why, Toto, I shall have forgotten this whole affair in a week. I am the happiest girl, Toto!' But it was more than a week later when she came in from a ball at the Gordon, very late, and woke me up. 'Oh, puggy dear, I must have some sympathy. I am so wretched.' She said it so mournfully that I whined and jumped up and tried to touch her face, and a great, damp tear that would have filled a teaspoon fell on my forehead and made me blink."

"Then only the other day she found a little dried-up yellow rose that had been tucked away and forgotten. I could see nothing whatever interesting about it, but, as I told you, her mind is not what it was. She was busy with her handkerchief, and then with a bit of pencil and paper, for two mortal hours, with the crumpled bit of yellow rubbish before her on the table. Then she called me. 'Toto, I want you to sit there and listen,' she said. 'I am going to put these verses away with this yellow rose, and after a long, long while I may take them out and burn them both—when I don't care any more.' These are the verses—I listened carefully—"

Lie here to tell a merry maid,
Thou little, withering, yellow heart,
She laughing lost who laughing played;
And when her darling dreams depart
May laugh again to hide the smart.

Lie here to tell her tearful eyes
It is not worth her littlest sigh—
Whether the moon for which she cries,
Or such like things as you and I—
They'll set her laughing, by and by.

Lie here to tell a maid—a fool,
That never so foolish though she be,
Not yet for her the dunce's stool,
If she can only laugh and see,
The world's most funny thing—is she!

"It really is funny, Toto, if you look at it in the right light," she said, when she laid the verses down. "I am funny—everything is funny. The only thing is, to make yourself believe it. . . . Oh, Puggins, Puggins!"

"Well," said the collie, "one thing is certain. That miserable girl's behavior is not funny, and, if any one goes mad, I think my master will. Look at him over there—isn't he a changed man already? And at home there is no living with him. I come in for more abuse than my true-blue collie Mood should endure in a lifetime; yet, such is my sympathy that I place myself in his way when he paces the room, solely to give him the comfort of kicking me. Your mistress is a heartless hussy!"

"You Scotch slanderer!" cried the enraged Toto. "Your master is a villain!"

"You fat, asthmatic old maid!" barked the collie, furiously. "Ah! would you?"—for the pug, whose teeth were in good working order, had made a lunge at his beautiful foreleg. "No, you don't!" he quailed. One dexterous jerk, and the pug, with a squeal, was flying over the edge of the wharf, bound straight for the pleased waves which gurgled through the piles and chuckled wickedly to embrace her.

The collie, who really hadn't contemplated pug-slaughter, stood petrified. The pug's mistress, with a wild shriek, started to the edge, but the collie's master was there before her.

"Stand back, Irene!" he said, imperatively. Perhaps one swift thought of his immaculate white flannels flashed through his mind—also the recollection of two small sore spots on his ankle—hallmarks of the strenuous Toto. But the brown eyes of the pug's mistress, whose glances for him in the past miserable month had been stilettes, were upturned and piteous and full of tears. Toto, kicking frantically, but borne down by the weight of the light chain, was drifting under the wharf. A swift flash of white, a splash, and the collie's master, slickering up through green depths, struck out spluttering between the piles for the vanishing pug.

They were both under the wharf now, and quite invisible to the pug's mistress. Five—six seconds passed, and the terrified Irene shrieked with all her lungs. Wharf idlers came running from all directions. Placid fishers started up and followed. One man's line came with him, bobbing along with a surprised little mackerel on the end of it.

"Oh, save him!" Irene screamed. "Get a boat, somebody! Oh-h-h-h! He may be drowned now!" And there ensued such wild excitement that it really was a painful anti-climax when the collie's master, dripping from every pore, came walking up the gangway from the fleet, with sozzling shoes and the limp, but surviving, Toto.

He grinned dumpy at the astonished throng. "Swam around under the wharf," he remarked calmly. "Nobody's drowned. Pug's O. K. Say, disperse, won't you, please?"

As the last stragglers reluctantly departed he turned to Irene, who had collapsed on a bench, in two minds whether to faint or not. "Here's Toto," he said, a little gruffly. "Glad I could get her. Suppose you would rather have had her drown than be indebted to me for her rescue?"

"It was a perfectly splendid thing to do," she cried, with shining eyes. "How can I thank you—Dick?"

He was a moist and melancholy object, was Dick, and the water from his wet hair was oozing down his face, but the dawn of rapturous hope in that face made it glorious. "I'll have to get out of this beastly mess, now," he said,

hurriedly, "but may I not come around this evening to the cottage and see—Toto?"

"Yes," she answered, softly, "but—but don't bring that dreadful collie, Dick, will you?"

That evening the Collie mused, locked in disgrace in Dick's empty room at the Gordon.

"He has spoiled six ties and put on his tightest patent-leathers," the gloomy canine's meditations ran. "That means she again. I effected the reconciliation—I alone am responsible for the whole thing—does any one thank me? There are drawbacks—undoubted drawbacks—in being a dog!"

NORA MAY FRENCH.

GEN. ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

HE IS COOL AND FEARLESS AND HAS THE
GREATEST CONFIDENCE OF HIS MEN.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] In the whole United States army there is no officer who possesses to a greater degree the confidence and respect of the men that have served under him than Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, now on his way to China to take command of the American forces there. It is not alone his coolness, judgment and absolute fearlessness in action that endeared him to his men, for these qualities are so nearly universal among the officers of the American army that they are taken for granted, but also his constant thoughtfulness and care for his men and his tact in handling them. After he returned from service in Cuba the men of his division told of an incident showing his spirit toward them and his possession of that quality so rare among soldiers who are themselves without fear, sympathy with a victim of panic.

It was at El Caney. Several companies were detailed to dig trenches and the Spanish sharpshooters were potting at them from treetops and clumps of bushes on the hill-sides. Presently the firing became so severe that the men were ordered to drop their tools and return it. About this time Gen. Chaffee came along on foot looking over the situation. In the bottom of one of the trenches he saw a soldier lying flat on his face, while the man next to him kicked him in the intervals of firing. As the general walked over he heard the kicker address the prostrate soldier in a savage whisper:

"Get up, you blundered fool! Here comes old Chaffee. If he sees you you're done for."

"What's the matter with that man?" asked Gen. Chaffee of the speaker. "Is he wounded?"

"No, sir," said the soldier, saluting. The prostrate man made no motion.

"Sun, then?" asked the general, for there were many cases of collapse from heat under the bitter glare of the Cuban afternoons.

"I don't know, sir," replied the soldier in embarrassment.

All this time the bullets were whistling around, and the soldier, who had risen from his crouching posture, was standing at salute.

"Don't stand there and expose yourself, my man," said Gen. Chaffee kindly, although he himself had been standing in full range all the time. Now he walked over to the groveling soldier, took him by the collar and hauled him to a sitting posture.

"What do you mean by lying there?" he said sternly. "Get up and fight with your company."

"No, I can't," whined the fellow.

"Can't," said the general. "Well, you're a fine soldier! What business have you got here? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm afraid; that's what's the matter with me," said the soldier doggedly, trying to wrest his collar from the grasp of the other and trying in vain, for Gen. Chaffee has muscles of steel.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man's neighbor, saluting again, "I think the kid's been sick, sir."

"That's a charitable thought," said the general grimly. He twisted his captive about to get a good look at him, and his face, which had grown set and angry, softened at what he saw.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Seventeen," said the frightened soldier.

"Why, you're nothing but a child," cried Gen. Chaffee. "I'd like to get hold of the fellow that enlisted you."

He stood thinking for a moment while the boy sniffled. A Spanish bullet sent a little spurt of dirt up from the intrenchment not two feet from where he stood.

"Beg pardon, sir; they're getting your range," said the other soldier. "Hush! you better lie down, sir!"

The general paid no attention to the warning, but shifted his hand from the collar to the shoulder of his captive.

"Now, see here," said he kindly. "You can't help being frightened, I suppose. But there isn't nearly so much danger as you think there is. You just pick up your gun and take your position and fight and I'll stand by you till you get used to it."

Shaking like a leaf the boy raised his gun and fired a shot almost straight up in the air.

"That's a little high," said his instructor. "Try it lower, and take a little more time to aim. There's a Spaniard in that green thicket straight in front of you, I think."

After three or four shots the young soldier got his nerve, stopped trembling, and began to shoot with some accuracy and judgment.

"That's better," said Gen. Chaffee, as he moved away. "Stay there and do your best."

Nine officers out of ten would have sent the youngster to the rear in disgrace, and ruined his army career. Gen. Chaffee's method was the better in every way. The boy fought like a veteran through the afternoon, and when he came to withdraw he had to be dragged away by his companions, though he had been fighting for more than an hour with a bullet wound in his shoulder. He said that Gen. Chaffee had told him to stay there, and he was going to stay. The wound was a trifling one, and before the campaign was over the boy had the reputation of being one of the best soldiers in his company. He is now a corporal and is serving in the Philippines.

SOME WINGED RACERS.

GOOD RECORDS MADE BY PIGEONS OWNED IN LOS ANGELES.

By a Special Contributor.

IF WE are destined to witness the passing of the Belgian hare, Belgium, which seems to be a sort of huge pet-stock ranch, is ready to come forward with her various strains of the homing pigeon; the swiftest-flying domesticated bird known. Not that racing pigeons are unknown here, for the Los Angeles Homing Pigeon Club, for two years a member of the National Federation of American Pigeon Fanciers, has, for the last three or four years, regularly held its annual old and young bird races in May and June, in which records have been established fully up to the standard of those of the eastern birds, when the different conditions of the two sections are taken into consideration.

While the eastern pigeon has a level country, fields of corn and wheat, and numerous springs and streams for his course, and usually with a strong, steady wind in his



"REDDING," WINNER OF 500-MILE RACE.

favor, the California bird has deserts, borax fields, foothills and 8000 and 10,000-foot mountains for his "fly," and many a pigeon, baffled by contrary winds and lack of water, has never returned to his loft.

Notwithstanding these adverse conditions, some really phenomenal flights have been made, notably the one made by "Redding," a red-check cock, owned by O. H. Miller of this city, in the 500-mile race, given under the direction of the Los Angeles club June 23.

In this race, the first of this distance ever made within the time limit (two days) west of the Rocky Mountains, J. C. Gorton entered 31 birds; George Young, 13; L. H. Nolte, 11; Charles Chick, 6; J. S. Klein, 6; O. H. Miller, 21; and Henry Mondon, 9. The official liberator at Redding, Cal., was R. J. Dun, of Wells, Fargo & Co., who freed the birds at 5:45 Saturday morning, June 23. The first of the pigeons to reach his loft was "Redding," registered number W. 1567; the automatic timer stopping at 2:29, Sunday afternoon, June 24.



"SWEET MARIE," WINNER OF FOUR FIRSTS—100, 200 AND 400-MILE RACES.

As the pigeon, like the barn-yard fowl, goes to roost at sunset, this made the bird's actual flying time for 316 3-4 miles a little less than twenty-three hours, and this, too, over foothills, mountains and deserts, with no wind to help him in his fly. He has been awarded a first diploma by the National Federation, and is now known, in the parlance of the fancier, as a 500-mile-second-day bird. This bird, in 1907, with his left companions, established the record of 3 hours 8 minutes from San Diego, a distance of 112 1-2 miles, while in a flight from Bakersfield last May his average speed was 1115 yards per minute.

There is absolutely no chance for underhanded work in these official races, unless it be at one end of the course. The automatic timer which is proof against seductive advances, is one end of the fly, at the loft, while the official liberator, usually, in this State, the Wells, Fargo & Co. agent, is the other end; he, like the automatic timer, being above reproach, as far as "squareness" is concerned. Thus, the only way to "fix" the race would be to "fix" the agent, the witnesses, and, above all, the Racing Committee. Of course, this is impossible.

The automatic timer is a pretty bit of mechanism. In a steel box are inclosed two stop-watches, one each for the timing of first and second birds. Each bird entered has, in addition to the seamless aluminum band on his leg, a very small band of copper with the official racing number stamped thereon, which is bent loosely on the unnumbered leg. Upon the arrival of the racer at the loft his owner removes this copper band, inserts it in a small compartment of the timer, and springs a small, sliding catch, which stops the watch, registering the time of the bird's arrival and locking the steel box, so that entrance can only be effected by breaking the seal and unlocking a small padlock, also sealed to prevent tampering.

The fancier immediately takes the timer to the rooms of the club, being allowed an hour for each two miles distance his loft is from the clubrooms, where the Racing Committee unlocks the timer with all due formality, and compares the number on the copper band with the entry on the official entry sheets. If the bird has come in under the time limit, a report is made out and sent to the National Federation at Jersey City, N. J., which awards a diploma, recognized as official in England, Canada and the United States.

In preparing for these long-distance races the birds undergo a regular course of training from their birth, one may say. The old birds are mated in December or January, and are only allowed to raise one pair of young ones.

At 7 weeks of age the latter are put upon a hard diet, consisting of Canadian field peas, small, round Mexican field corn, and vetches, all of which serve as a muscle-producing food. The young birds are put in the baskets and taken out in the country a few miles, where they are liberated. As they know intuitively from birth in which direction their loft lies, this procedure is merely to accustom them to being shut up in the baskets, and not, as is popularly supposed, to assist them in learning the way home. A few weeks before their first 100-mile race they are forced to exercise about two hours a day, one each in the morning and evening.

Then their powers of endurance are tested by flights of 100, 200, 300 and 400 miles, after which they are allowed to rest for several days, with the exception of one hour's flight a day. By the day of the race they are trained down to a hard lump of muscle, while their feathers are hard and dry, with the feeling and springiness of steel.

While the Los Angeles club has only twenty members, there are at least fifty fanciers in the city, whose combined lofts contain about thirty-five hundred homing pigeons, being a much larger number than in any other city in California, if not west of the Rockies. Besides Los Angeles, San José has the only club in this State which is a member of the National Federation.

The officers of the Los Angeles Homing Pigeon Club are: President, J. C. Gorton; vice-president, C. H. Wedgewood; secretary, L. H. Nolte; treasurer, Charles Chick; race secretary, O. H. Miller; assistant secretary, H. Mondon.

G. R. WILSON.

NOT THE FIRST TIME.

INSTANCES IN WHICH MINISTERS HAVE BEEN MURDERED WHILE ABROAD.

By a Special Contributor.

The excitement of the past month that has agitated this country and Europe concerning the foreign ministers and attaches at Peking recalls the fact that from the most ancient times the person of an ambassador or minister has been held inviolable—the privilege being extended to all the personnel of his legation; so that when friendly relations are severed between his government and the one to which he is accredited, he is given passports to insure his safety until he shall have passed from the limits of the country.

Even to insult an ambassador has always been regarded as a most serious international offense. Alexander the Great destroyed the city of Troy on that account.

So strong, indeed, is the protection accorded to an envoy at all times that there are but few instances of the actual complicity of a government being traced to outrages upon his security. Chief among such, however, was the murder of Dr. Donalau, the British Minister to Holland in 1649; that of the French envoys to Austria in 1799; and in this century of the British envoys at Kabul in 1841 and 1878, respectively.

The assassination of Dr. Donalau was due principally to his connection with the trial of King Charles as one of the parliamentary counsel. A number of English Royalists had sought refuge at The Hague, and on the day after the doctor's arrival succeeded in dealing him a fatal blow. In this case the thinly-veiled sympathy of the reigning stadtholder protected the murderers from arrest and punishment, though the crime was regarded by other princes as even greater than the execution of King Charles.

The assassination of the French envoys at Bastadt in 1799 was of a particularly treacherous character. War had been declared between France and Austria, but the three French plenipotentiaries remained at their post, relying upon the protection of their office. On the night of April 28 they were suddenly ordered to leave Bastadt, and had gone but a short distance when they were ambushed by a regiment of Austrian Hussars. MM. Bonnier and Robergeot were instantly killed, but the third, Jean Debry, though wounded, succeeded in making his escape back to the city.

The massacre of Sir William Macnaghten and his companions occurred at Kabul in 1841. The British envoy and two officers of his household having been lured, unarmed, to the palace, were there ruthlessly butchered by the Amer's son. The story of the subsequent retreat of the 4500 British troops, of whom 600 were Europeans and 12,000 camp followers, is one of the most terrible in history. Among the snow-covered passes they were encompassed on all sides and attacked at every step by fanatical hordes of Afghans. Of that army only one wretched individual, Dr. Brydson, crawled into Jalalabad to tell of the horror of that march.

Again, on September 3, 1878, Kabul was the scene of the assassination of another British envoy. Sir Lewis

Cavagnari, after holding out for several days in an edency against the Amer's evicted troops, was slain by the firing of the buildings, to rally forth and by his companions. It was to avenge this outrage Lord Roberts made his famous march to Kabul and dahar.

The last serious attack upon the life of an envoy that of a Japanese fanatic upon Li Hung Chang in the class of Japan-Chinese war.

The manner in which the Japanese government visited punishment upon the perpetrator, and the satisfaction offered to the Chinese Minister, is a measure emphasized the claim of the Japanese as a civilized one of the civilized powers.

MICHAEL GIFFORD

HARPIES OF PARIS.

REAPING ENORMOUS PROFITS FROM VISITORS TO THE EXPOSITION.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "There is a tribulation among the Americans who have gone to see the exposition on a strictly economical basis, a guest at one of the hotels, who is fresh from the capital. 'A large proportion of that class is in Paris. They have 'posted themselves' in advance, from articles written by people who were evidently not so much as the big show on a dollar and a half a day. Such a person has about as much show in Paris as a spring chicken has in a pack of wolves. The poor innocents who have been told that 'everybody speaks English over there,' get out to find themselves in a Babel of foreign tongues and out the least idea of which way to turn.

"Naturally, they are at the mercy of the first man they meet, and scores of them have been picked up and there, on the pretext of changing their money, French currency. Others are lugged off to shady places and swindled in detail. Most of the unfortunates strangers expect to get rooms at \$1 a day or less, and have made their calculations accordingly.

"The cheapest quarters to be had in Parisian houses at present are 1500 a month, and one is usually lucky to strike a comfortable lodging in a good place at that figure. Everything else is in proportion, and there are no extra charges at the exposition proper. 'Midway' attractions have a footstake at every Swiss village and Old Paris, which are the two features, have a fixed price of admission and some special charges designed to catch greenhorns. If a church fair—two-bits to get in and \$2 to get out—visitor who can't speak the language will incur obligations before he knows it."

AN AMERICAN MANDARIN IN DETROIT.

[Philadelphia Post:] Dr. Heneage Gibbes, of Detroit, enjoys the distinction of being the only American to hold an American office. He was made a title after a series of adventures that would make the Sailor look to his laurels. Dr. Gibbes is a man by birth. He ran away from home when a boy and went to sea. After several years as a sailor, he was shipwrecked on the coast of China and fell into the hands of pirates, who took his clothing and turned him into the garb of nature. Finally he reached a Chinese port. Then he fell in with an Englishman, who gave him money for clothing, on condition that Gibbes would pay out the debt, and who informed him as soon as he was closed that he would be expected to go into the service of a rebel army to sell smuggled arms. The Englishman never hesitated, and became an enemy of the new government.

From that he drifted into the Chinese service, in command of a gunboat and set to patrolling the coast looking for pirates and opium smugglers. He had a crew composed of men from almost every nation. But the crew was made up of fighters, and was successful in capturing some bad outlaws.

On one occasion he made a dash up a river, and smugglers practically controlled. He seized a quantity of opium and made for the sea. But the smugglers opened on his boat from the banks and the closest kind of a call. Once they tried to capture the vessel with canoes and ran into a discharge of shot and canister that tore them to pieces. Gibbes and his crew, with an immense cargo of the captured opium, when this was reported to the government, were moved into the presence of royalty and made a hero. He went to England soon afterward to study medicine, and to India on the commission sent out to study the disease to take the chair of pathology in London.

DISAPPOINTED STUDENTS.

[New York Evening Post:] The war in China is a disappointment to a number of this year's students of eastern colleges, who had received appointments to the Chinese customs service, and who were to depart in August. The appointments were made a year ago, and young men had a year in which to complete their courses. Their salaries were to begin as soon as they started for China, and were to continue for three years allowed them to master the Chinese language. The three years' service the inspectors were to have on vacation at half pay.

HOLDS COURT AT THE RACES.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] It is not generally known that an old act, which is said to have been passed by the Chief Magistrate at Bow street in London, every race meeting there—combining business and pleasure. The late Sir John Bridges was very particular in this respect. No Ascot meeting was complete without him. He held his court during the intervals between the races, and many a pickpocket who has been caught at Bow street was surprised when the judge awarded him six months hard labor at Ascot.

Stories of the Firing Line * * Animal Stories.

Bole with Gen. Wheeler.

HERBERT M. BRACE, formerly representative of the Associated Press in the Philippines, contributes the following to this magazine.

To an American newspaper correspondent belongs the distinction of being probably the only man who ever rode a horse with a general officer of the United States army. When, in the early days of September last year, Aguinaldo decided to celebrate the christening of his infant daughter by the release of a crowd of American prisoners of war, the newspaper correspondents luxuriating at the Hotel del Oriente in Manila, rushed out to Angeles, where the prisoners were to be delivered. For days they hung around the American end of the destroyed railroad bridge watching in vain for the appearance of a white flag across the river. When at last it did appear the sentinels would allow no one through the lines. This was an obstacle unforeseen by the men who had awaited in the broiling sun for days with their cameras focused and their pencils sharpened for this moment. No amount of argument with the officer of the guard was of any use, and the crowd of disappointed writers were about to give up the contest in despair, when Gen. Joe Wheeler and his staff rode down the railroad track. Fighting Joe's universal courtesy to all is well known, and the press contingent scented in him a friend in distress.

"General, the guards won't let us across," shouted Dinwiddie of the New York Herald as the party came up.

"Is that so," answered the general, "well I guess they won't refuse me. Jump up," and he reigned in his little Filipino pony, while Dinwiddie climbed up behind. The staff followed the general's example, and across the river they all splashed, Dinwiddie short and stout, with his arms around the slight, gray hero of three wars, grinning at the ludicrous picture his companions made, himself the most ludicrous figure of all.

Panic After Battle.

"SPEAKING of panics," said the captain, "I believe they were caused largely by nervous exhaustion or prostration resulting from some form of indigestion. In battle men were compelled to go without coffee, to gulp their ill-prepared food down under strong excitement, and they were not themselves. The panic in Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek came before breakfast and when the men were relaxed. The panic at Stone River carried away men who had been under battle strain for two days, and who had not had opportunity to eat a nourishing meal in all that time. The panic at Chickamauga occurred after a week's hard marching, and after nearly two days' fighting."

"There was a panic at Shiloh after all the fighting was over that was one of the queerest things on record. On the morning of April 8, after it was known that the rebels had retreated, a man in front found an unexploded shell, and heedlessly buried it at a tree. It exploded with terrific noise, and killed six men. The outcome was so unexpected, so horrifying, that the soldiers near ran blindly away. Seeing them run, others hearing the noise and getting no explanation ran after the first squad. Seeing a great number of men running in the rear, the teamsters and artillerymen hurriedly hitched up horses and mules, so as to be ready for an emergency."

"So the panic grew, and it continued long after the remnants of the stampede turned back to their camp. Whole regiments became involved, and our brigade, poured some distance in the rear, saw a crowd of panic-stricken men charging down upon us. Capt. Orton Frisbie, in command of our battalion, hurriedly formed his men in line to stop the stampede. Confronted by a line of bayonets, the men, who had been running halted, but insisted on going through the line."

"All were scared, but not one could tell what had happened. Two men supporting a third asked that they be permitted to go to the hospital in the rear. In answer to questions they stated that the man they were supporting had been severely wounded in the leg just above the knee. Frisbie, after a careful examination, said, 'Well, if he was wounded, he must have changed his pants since he was shot; there is no bullet hole.' This jocular remark restored the nerve of the men. They dropped all pretence, laughed at their own fears, and turned back. The truth was they had been at high nervous tension for three days, and after the hard fighting, in which thousands had been killed and wounded, had been frightened by the explosion of one shell that killed six men."—(Chicago Inter Ocean.)

A Joke on the Boers.

EVEN in the grimmest and tightest of places the British soldier never quite loses his sense of humor and his appreciation of a joke, especially if it be at the enemy's expense, and the siege of Ladysmith has, according to a letter just received from an officer in Natal, been relieved by one incident at least which shows that the "dism" Boers are occasionally fought with their own weapons. Although there is no reason to suppose that the Boers have not a large supply of ammunition for their big guns, it is distinctly desirable to make them waste as much as possible, and it occurred to some alert spirit that something might be done in this direction. Accordingly one night a number of men were taken out to a kopje which had not been fortified, and a "fort" was hastily constructed and made to look as formidable as possible. Before daylight the men were withdrawn and the "fort" left deserted. As soon as there was sufficient light the Boer gunners discovered the new works, and the guns were directed against it, pounding away all day at the earthworks, which were somewhat knocked about. During the following night the damage was repaired, and the Boers again devoted their attention to the empty works, while the builders thereof

grinned contentedly, and reflected that the shells which were harmlessly knocking the dust about on the kopje might have been directed to their address. After a time, however, the Boers seemed to suspect that there might be something wrong, for they ceased firing, whereupon an ambulance party solemnly trotted out to remove the dead and wounded, and returned with a number of "Tommys," who keenly enjoyed the joke of "playing it off" on the wily Boers.—(London Correspondence of the Birmingham Post.)

The Duke's Son's Bit of News.

A CURIOUS little story reached us the other day from the lips of an officer invalided home from South Africa. The eldest son of a well-known Duke had a younger brother in Ladysmith, and was naturally anxious and eager for his safety. He himself was serving with the forces of Gen. Buller, and was through all the long and arduous campaign which preceded the relief of that place. When it became known that the road was at last open, the young nobleman was sent forward with the first forces to enter the town. He soon found his brother, whom his eyes had been yearning to see for so many long and weary months. "Hello, Jack!" he shouted, and then, in his excitement and pleasure, for the life of him he couldn't think what to say next. At last he blurted out, "Old Tom, the gardener, is dead." An anti-climax which, in spite of the apparently mournful character of the news, caused both the brothers to roar with laughter. Such was the first item of home news which the younger one heard after a sickening period of anxious waiting!—(Liverpool Post.)

Blouse-button Heroes in London.

THE beautiful sets of buttons which are now housed in jewelry boxes are receiving new additions. The idea came from the popular button craze, and miniature artists find that they are called upon to paint war heroes in sets which are to be mounted in a circle of jewels or plain gold and worn, in the case of the latter style, as studs, links, or connecting buttons for shirt blouses. The jeweled buttons are to adorn more dressy gowns.

It is quite curious to note that whereas the ordinary enameled or painted jeweled buttons were invariably a gift from a man, women have had to buy their "hero" button sets for themselves. Roberts and Baden-Powell come somewhere in every set, White, Kitchener, Methuen and many others making the completion. The supreme hero to the wearer is given the place of honor which is to fill the top buttonhole down the front of the skirt blouse. Very often from this point peeps the face of one, who, fighting for his country, is yet quite unknown to the outside world, but to make up for this, and in a weak endeavor to hide it from the unsympathetic, only the greatest of the commanders show in conjunction with this "hero."—(London Leader.)

ANIMAL STORIES.

A Tramp Trains Dogs to Beg.

KIRKWOOD was entertained yesterday by a tramp who was a most peculiar specimen. He had a lot of dogs which he had collected during his trip from Kansas City east, and he had these trained as expert beggars. In this way the animals secured his and their own food. The dogs would not carry off any honors at the dog show. In all there were six of them. One might have been three or four generations back a water spaniel. Two others were small, short-haired dogs that might be classed as fox terriers. The other three animals were larger and had been picked up along the Missouri Pacific somewhere between Jefferson City and Kirkwood.

The tramp, who gave his name as Charles Osborn Hermley Smith, to distinguish himself, he said, from other Smiths, struck Kirkwood about noon yesterday. The dogs filed after him in line, like so many soldiers. If one of them saw a local animal and attempted to break formation in order to make friends, the tramp would turn on him in a severe manner and say, "Right dress!" The dog would line up like a well-behaved private.

Charles, etc., Smith came to Kirkwood station and sat him down outside. The dogs all ranged about him. After resting a while the queer party started out to get dinner. The way this was done was simple enough. The tramp would go to a butcher shop. There, after forming the animals in line, he would give the signal, and all would bark in unison. The dogs would bark standing up and then bark sitting down, then all turn around together and bark.

This sort of thing soon attracted a crowd, and these were so well pleased that the dogs or the tramp did not lack for food. Smith seems as peculiar a man as his mastery over animals would imply. He is young and talks as if he had had a good education. He referred to his vagrant existence as a mode of amusement. In a casual way he said he had been all sorts of things, but had failed to find any enjoyment in making money, and had therefore quit trying.—(St. Louis Republic.)

A Laundryman Who Trains Cats.

HARRY HOPPER irons shirts all day long and trains cats at night. He is not a professional cat trainer, but he is well versed in the ailments of pussy and her kin. In the cellar of his home, No. 793 Westchester avenue, he has fourteen cats, each in a cage, spotlessly clean. Seven of these cats are already well advanced in their education of trick performances, while the others are undergoing the course of instruction.

No blue blood courses through the veins of these feline

performers. In fact, Hopper is particularly proud of the fact that they are of doubtful origin, and each has been rescued from a back fence, the stable or the gutter, and taught the ways of the righteous and peace-abiding puss, who now looks back with horror upon his companions of the past.

All cats are welcome to a home in the cellar of No. 793 Westchester avenue. No kittens are wanted. Mr. Hopper believes all cats are good cats, and that there are no bad cats.

Small boys bring him "Toms" from the back fence, and the neighbors who want to rid themselves of an unruly mouser find relief in the cat hotel and training quarters in Westchester avenue.

Laundry men are not very busy on Mondays, and some times not until Wednesday; at least, that is the case with Hopper. All his spare time is devoted to the cats. He makes apparatus upon which the cats perform, and paints the wood blue—the real kind of blue, such as the circus men use.

These feline pupils are really clever. Their performances are only on such occasions as when an interested customer talks cat. All you have to do is to say cat to Hopper, and he will immediately quit work, arm himself with six keys, and unfasten the various padlocks and bolts that secure his pets from the world, and lead you to the reception-room of the cat hotel in the cellar of No. 793.

Just now all these actor and actress cats are suffering with influenza. Some are in a very bad way. It seems to be epidemic, but each is being carefully nursed. They sneeze and cough and "meow" with a decided hoarseness. A West Indian cat presented by a neighbor is believed to be the cause of the trouble. He brought the disease with him, and all the others promptly joined him in sneezing.

These cats climb ladders, jump through flaming rings, stand on their front paws and climb along tight ropes. Hopper is preparing to house sixty cats, and is anxious and ready to accept any donation of cats or basket of cats to join the ranks of a regiment which he now proposes to form. The cats will be taught all military evolutions, and will be formed in companies.

Baby is the cleverest of the company. Dick is the champion long-distance jumper and flaming ring and obstacle leaper. Dewey is the clown. He always does the reverse of what he is told. Snow stands on a big ball and keeps it rolling. Spot walks on her front paws, while Minnie walks on her hind legs. Tiger has a ferocious maw, but he is the gentlest of them all. He swings by his front paws from the trapeze.—(New York Journal.)

The Dog Rescued the Baby.

JEROME WENDFELT and family of Jasper county, Ind., recently moved to a farm in Pulaski county. After all arrangements to start had been completed they placed in the charge of their oldest daughter for safekeeping a baby aged 7 months. The daughter, in company with her younger brothers and sisters, drove ahead of the remainder of the family.

Upon the arrival of the Wendfelt family at their new home the baby was missing. Farmer friends started back in search of the child. As the sun was setting a Newfoundland dog came trotting up the wagon road carrying a basket in his mouth. He stopped before the grief-stricken mother, laid it down before her and pulled off the quilt with his paw, revealing the baby.

The oldest daughter had given the baby to one of her brothers to take to its mother. He laid the child down under a lilac bush and covered it with a quilt. Ned, a Newfoundland dog that belonged to the family, discovered the sleeping child and brought it back to safety. Then he lay down and died of exhaustion.—(Chicago Chronicle.)

Race Between Pigeon and Train.

THERE is a pigeon in Belgium which regularly flies with the morning train that goes from Liege to Waremme. It began to accompany the train toward the end of January, and it has done so every day since then, excepting on three occasions. The train starts at 9:57 a.m., and a crowd gathers daily to see the pigeon go with it. The bird wheels around the station while the passengers are taking their seats, and as soon as the whistle is blown and the journey begins, it takes up a position a little behind the engine, and there it flies surrounded by the moist, though warm, steam, which it evidently enjoys. It retains this position even while the train is passing through tunnels, and apparently is not incommoded in the least by the warm vapor. When the train reaches its destination the bird flies swiftly along the railroad track back to Liege, where it arrives about 11:30 o'clock.

This pigeon was born at the railroad station in Liege, and consequently is familiar with trains, smoke and steam. A singular fact is that on the three days when it failed to accompany the train, a Belgian engine was used instead of an English one, and the assumption is that the fuel consumed by the latter gives forth a steam which the bird prefers to that from a Belgian engine.—(Boston Herald.)

Children Caught by a Monkey Trick.

MONKEYS are very amusing creatures, but one hardly thinks of them as useful in educational work. However, their aid has lately been sought by the London school officers, with admirable results. It seems that in one of the school districts there were not as many children reported by the parents as being of school age as the officers knew there ought to be—so, to ascertain the real number they called in the monkeys to help them, in this way:

Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing sweets to youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that sixty parents kept their children from school. This ingenious method brought to school about two hundred boys and girls.—(Indian Witness.)

A VAGABOND IN PARIS.

II—HOW BULROYD SAW THE EXHIBITION.

By John Foster Fraser.

"WELL," said Bulroyd, the next morning, "what is the programme? I'm in your hands, and what you propose I'll carry with acclamation."

I had spent a restless, fidgety night, cogitating what this big bluff Britisher would be doing to assert his nationality and show his contempt for the French. As Bulroyd is three parts defiance and one part lamb, it would have been characteristic had he worn a "blaser" made out of a Union Jack, and then insisted he did so because it was cool and becoming. I had pictured a Parisian mob attacking him, of Bulroyd having his "blaser" snatched from his back, rent in small pieces, and these pieces decorating the boulevard, while the air rang with shouts of "Defeat of the English." I knew that the London papers would resound with this insult to a peaceful tourist; that there would be diplomatic correspondence; that the British Ambassador would withdraw from Paris, and that the French Ambassador would take the night train from London to Dover, and that there would be war, and the smashing up of empires.

And, having reached the point of the world in ashes, I argued backwards till I saw, with horrible conviction, that I should be the culprit, simply because I dragged Bulroyd off to Paris instead of letting him go and peacefully throw pebbles in the sea at Slingshot.

So I took Bulroyd at his word. "Let us do the exhibition!" I said.

Bulroyd threw away his cigar. "Look here," he snarled, "I never thought you would suggest that. I thought we were here to be lazy. A ride in a cab all day, or a little lunch under the trees, is about all the physical exertion I feel capable of. I once went to an exhibition in London. The only things that interested me were the buffet and the band. The band was not bad, but the buffet was execrable. They had English waiters. I love my country, and, under provocation might die for it; but I object to an English waiter's thumb when he puts the soup before you that spoils appetite. But the exhibition—I have a hazy notion of seeing a lot of polished slabs of wood down all one side, of little saucers full of seeds and a big barn full of agricultural implements. Now, do I look like an agriculturist?"

"But this Paris show has everything on earth. It is not only beautiful, but it is instructive."

"I don't want to be instructed," said Bulroyd. "I have no idea of making myself a bore to my friends. There's a hygienic and sanitary section. Do you want me to believe that pushing up and down a patent window or looking through drain-pipes are amusing occupations?"

You see the sort of man Bulroyd is. Had I suggested going for a drive and having lunch under the trees, he would have indulged in a diatribe against Parisian drivers, and the disadvantages of having small green insects alighting on the meat chicken.

However, we snuffed forth. We had on our light gray clothes and straw hats, and we smoked the cigars that I smuggled into the country. They seemed to have improved as flavor from that very act.

Bulroyd was in one of his musing moods, and his comments on Paris were a series of "Humphs!" I babbled joyously.

"My dear Fraser," he remarked at last, "you're the best fellow in the world when you don't talk. But you're too enthusiastic. One would imagine you liked Paris. It is all right, of course, but the dignity of your native land should be maintained. You should remember there is no place like London."

I ceased my exultation. Still, I had an idea that the stroll down the Champs Elysees was not disagreeable to Bulroyd. Had it been really objectionable, he would have said so in unambiguous words.

Yes, the world, and especially the little corner of it called Paris, was agreeable. It was some years since I was here last, and it was like re-reading a book that I had three parts forgotten, but knew I liked. The air was fresh and aromatic. Bulroyd hinted the latter was defective drainage, but I fancied it was the wood burnt instead of the coal. The sun streamed from a pure-blue sky. It was too early in the day to be hot, and the wide-stretching trees seemed to give off a sweet odor.

The mimosaes were out with their charges, and they were occupying the benches within the shade. There is much similarity among children of all nations, and the nurses were telling the little girls the equivalent in French for "Mardi, do come away from that. You'll get your dress in a frightful mess. Do you hear me? I shall tell your ma if you don't come away at once."

Bulroyd remarked the French nurses. An English nurse-girl is a miffy demure in a white frock, clear-skinned and ostensibly modest. She reads Miss Braddon's novels, and in the time she spares from the enthralling page she looks up and calls her charge either "a dirty little beast" or "a sweet pet."

The French nurse is usually about 40, and would never be loved by the park gardener for her winsomeness. There is something suggestive of the early Gothic about her. She wears a long, dark cloak and a gauzy cap, from which suspend huge streamers of tarian, bars of green and yellow across bright reds, reaching close to the ground. "She is picturesque, if you don't see her features," remarked my friend, ungalantly.

The cafe was as yet deserted. But the waiters were

licking the round marble tables with their napkins, and were alternately arranging bottles of water and boxes of matches upon them. There were folks strolling on the boulevard, leisurely. The men were smoking cigarettes, and the women were glancing at one another's bonnets.

Before huge, white, glaring gates we came.

"The exhibition!" I exclaimed, and Bulroyd growled. Twelve men threw themselves at us. They were sellers of tickets. We hired the biggest man to beat the others off, and gave him a franc for doing so. Then we bought two tickets from him, and gave him a franc apiece for them. Afterward we learned we might have bought them from any of the other eleven for 50 centimes. So we lost nearly 1.5 by the transaction.

Once within the gates we bought a map of the exhibition—another franc. We sat down on a seat and decided to study that map and get our bearings before we went any further.

You want a special bump for a map to be any use to you. You spread it out, and are at once confused with the masses of lines—heavy, showing railways; thin and double, indicating roads; squiggles, meaning hills, and the whole thing covered with names, and no indication whether the place is at the beginning of the word, by the capital letter, or six miles off (according to scale measurement,) alongside the final letter. You usually regard the map wrong side up and get out of temper. Then you tear it in turning it around, and wonder why the dense people don't print maps on better paper. If you are by yourself, you end by rolling the thing into a ball and pitching it away. If you are with anybody, you say it is entirely his fault, and you would have found out the way long ago had he not played the goat and pulled the map away from you just when you were beginning to get on the right tack.

If Bulroyd had left it to me, I should have discovered our exact situation at once. I saw he was all wrong, and told him so.

"Now, do sit quiet," he said, "and don't interfere. I never saw a chap like you for interfering. If you know more about maps than I do, take the blasted thing, and don't talk so much."

I told him that as he had started he had better finish. Then I whistled and looked at the statue of a syphilis, in extremely light attire, standing in the face of the wind.

Bulroyd grumbled about "silly art, meaning about."

Suddenly he gave an exclamation and dug his finger at the paper, and his finger went through it. I leant against him and stared. "Yes," he said, "that little circle is a fountain—that's it on our right—and this wiggling thing, the Seine—running under that bridge—and—well, it's just about here that we're sitting."

"It is satisfactory to know that we are where we are," I observed, intending to be sarcastic. But it missed fire. Besides, I am always a poor hand alongside Bulroyd.

There was no shade near where we were sitting. Close by were a few trees that looked as though they had been put in the week before last and didn't like it. Also there was some grass, long and straight, and the blades far apart, giving indications it had grown in a hurry.

The buildings round about were colossal Bath-brick-colored structures, and stone ladies, with no garments, hung about the doorways and peeped down from above in a way that was embarrassing to a modest man.

The walks for the use of visitors had been covered with all the refuse of a granite quarry, masses of small stones, sharp and sole-penetrating. Walking on the pebbles of a beach was a Turkish carpet in comparison.

"Ah!" said Bulroyd, "I shouldn't be surprised if the authorities who put down this foot-lacerating shingle were actuated by humanitarian motives. It's evidently a big place, is this exhibition, and they don't want folks to do it in a hurry. They want people to take their time. They don't want people's heads to get overfull with wonders and then explode. They'd rather cut your feet than burst your head, which, I must say, is considerate."

It was getting hot now. The sun was spreading itself as though it were part of the show and didn't want to be missed. There were crowds of people going by, all perspiring freely. The air became sultry and we got languid. I took out my guidebook. "Well, let us make a start," I observed. "We needn't rush, but if we move along quickly we'll see a good deal."

"I don't want to see anything," drawled Bulroyd, "but I wonder what those R's mean dotted all over this map."

"Better look at the explanation at the bottom," I suggested.

"Restaurant!" shouted Bulroyd; "that's it; let us go to a restaurant round that corner, and, while eating, gaze upon the wonders of the exhibition from a balcony."

"But, Bulroyd, it is not quite 11 o'clock!"

"And has the hour of the day got anything to do with me being hungry? At home I take a modest breakfast, a little fish, ham and eggs, maybe a filleted steak, three cups of coffee, toast, butter, a little marmalade, some fruit—nothing to speak of, but just enough to keep one going until the luncheon hour. But, here!—good gracious, man, I've only had a cup of coffee and a roll this morning! The French are degenerate because they don't eat bacon and eggs. Breakfast bacon is the backbone of the Anglo-Saxon race."

We moved to the restaurant. There were hungry ones there before us. But we got a corner table on the balcony, and a waiter began to throw plates and knives and salt-cellars at us from a distance. He was a very clever waiter and only missed once, when the top of the mustard-pot came off and struck Bulroyd on the ear.

The view was good. We looked across at a Corinthian-pillared building that rustled with flags, making the place gay. We looked another way and there was the curving Seine, with two-see steamboats crowding their way up and down. On one side the river was a gorgeous array of the buildings of all nations, built in national style, and ablaze with their particular flags. Just beneath us were rows of circular tin tables, and around them sat hot people on tin chairs, shouting "Carree!" and demanding quantities of hock. Also, there was an Italian band—fat men in brown velvet knickerbockers and red smokes round their

waists and frilled shirts. They twanged on and sang "Lully ti-ti, ti-ti," and one of them cracked castanets.

The lunch was good. In an incautious moment said the salad was capital. Later on he looked glass and said: "Now, this is a good drop of beer." He admitted the Chartreuse had a nice bouquet, and wondering why on earth Parliament didn't appoint a commission to come over to France, so that English might learn to make coffee, he remarked: "Now, a much better style of doing the exhibition than what can be made out of India rubber or the advances in manufacturing antique furniture. By the way, I'll have one of those smuggled cigars."

A satisfactory lunch makes any man have a appreciation of this old world. It does him good in his chair and any: "Now, I am comfortable," what Bulroyd did.

Modestly I suggested that we had been in the half a day, and hadn't seen a single thing.

"Seen!" said Bulroyd; "what more do you want than all these folks wandering about, and here a river, and watch the flags, and listen to the never saw such a discontented chap! You're the other fellows who go for a holiday. You're content if you are not tearing from one place to another absolutely fagged out. Why, some people go for a holiday work six times harder than what are supposed to be busy at home."

Then he spread the crumpled remains of the map table. It got stained with coffee.

"Look here," he remarked, "you open the ground 'Forestry,' and read out all about the wood on show, and I'll tick it off on the map. Or, on the other hand, I'll stroke that off. Or if you are really to know how horse-clothes are colored, turn up the and read about it. You'll know more about the that way than walking through stuffy halls. You're thing in comfort, and not get tired."

I growled that I really wanted to see something.

Bulroyd became grumpy. "You brought me here on pretences. We were to be lazy; we were to be we were to do nothing except what inclination. There are only two things which, in my judgment, appeal to me in this show: one is the staircase, and on the continuous move, so that you are landed without a single effort on your own part, and the is the moving platform, so that you may go a walk without taking a step."

The moving platform we went to. We paid a franc to a man at a turnstile, went up some found ourselves on the platform. Indeed, there were platforms. One was stationary. The second was form about eight feet wide, traveling along at an hour. The third was traveling the same way miles an hour.

The chief object of the visitors was to provide other visitors by suddenly sitting down with a and exclaiming "Oh."

It looked ridiculously easy. Boldly you would left foot on the first platform. But your right foot forget to come also. Your left foot having made no effort to go off by itself didn't go far before you lurch, and down you went with a crack. No wonder you picked yourself up you snarled at the silly were grinning.

Before anybody tries this moving platform, have a series of lessons in jumping on express. Clivefolk took a run along the stationary by the side of the moving one and jumped. Shout and why is it stout ladies always do the wrong (good topic for a debating society, this)—without the platform, gave a mellow gurgle and a constantly their feet were carried under them, and came with a flop.

One stout English lady who did this fell in and that two gendarmes ran up and said she had split parts beneath the platform, and, if she fell again same place, the platform would have to be stopped for a week till iron bars had been fastened to strength.

Bulroyd, who, for the first time, began to show a set, hastened up to one fellow-countrywoman, declaring it was a base trick on the part of the make English visitors ridiculous, and explained to have got on facing the other way.

"Oh, yes, of course, and get off the way I did," instantly she sprang from the three-mile-an-hour in the opposite way it was going, and down she went. There was noise of breaking timber. She immediately Bulroyd was no gentleman, and four gendarmes trotting along. They weren't angry. They were excessively polite. They told madame that if she tell them where she wanted to get off they would mattresses, so that she might do so with her herself.

But she was shaking her fist at Bulroyd. He toward, and he landed on the six-mile platform, running along it at another six, so that he had been twelve miles an hour. It was with gasp I caught him up.

"Now, I like this," said Bulroyd. "By the way, you take a stroll at six miles an hour. Or you can it and you go nine miles an hour. Or you can go other platform, and by walking in the opposite leisurely pace you manage to always keep in the as you were at the beginning. When you want to still you've got to move, and when you want to remain just where you are."

Having relieved himself of these paradoxes, again showed signs of boredom. The moving platform, however, went rolling along streets outside the affording unrestricted views into bedrooms, jumped and tumbled and splintered their shoes and their clothes. I was told that the authorities, for courage traveling and patience, offer a reward to who can do the complete journey without original coconut is yet unclaimed.

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GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Lost His Mental Bearings.

IT'S strange how a man of ordinary common sense and possessed of an active brain that is generally alert and in good working order will sometimes get dithered in a clough of forgetfulness," remarked a certain detective at the Police Station a few days ago. "Take my case, for instance. As a rule, when any complication arises I can think my way out of it all right, and I believe the Chief gives me credit for having a pinch or two of shrewdness. But the other day I was floored completely by a problem that a child could have figured out, and he wouldn't have had to live on brain food for any length of time to have reached a conclusion. I had been watching for some time for a fellow I suspected of doing the midnight act among alleyways, etc., and one day spied him on a car. I got on the other end. I didn't want to pull him then, for I thought maybe he would lead me to where he cached his goods. I forgot all about my star and paid my fare. After riding down Spring street a ways I saw the conductor hand him a transfer, and when the conductor came back I asked him where the fellow was going. He looked wise and wouldn't tell me. Thought I was crooked, I guess. Nor would he give me a transfer to the same line unless I named the one I wanted. I never saw such a stubborn cuss. Well, I took his number, intending to make all kinds of trouble for him. Just then my game left the car. I hopped off, too. He got on the line that runs down Ninth street and I had the corner thinking. I had the crazy idea in my head that I couldn't follow him without a transfer. My partner came along just then and I set the case before him. He looked at me suspiciously, as though he thought I was crazy or drunk.

"Don't stand there looking at me like a fool! Think!" I yelled at him.

"Well, if I were in your place," he replied, slowly, "I'd either flash my star or pay my fare."

"Say, you could have knocked me down with a feather. When the full truth of his statement burst upon me I grew as weak as a cat. I leaned against a telegraph pole and gasped for breath, and let that car go without making an effort to catch it. I couldn't have run if I'd tried."

"Did you catch your man?" a brother officer asked.

"You bet; caught him dead to rights the next day. And, say, the next time I'm on a shadow I'll remember that a star or a nickel can always ride without a transfer."

A Scout's Idea of Comfort.

WHEN Jim Bridger, the famous scout of the plains, grew old, he thought he would like to retire from the somewhat arduous life of a plainsman and settle down to the ease of the East—which meant to him Missouri. So he and his best endeavor to find a competent man to take his place and went back to Missouri. A year or two passed, and one day Capt. Russell, the commandant of the post which Bridger had left, was surprised to see the old scout leave in sight. When he came in the captain asked:

"Well, Bridger, what brings you back here?"

"Captain," said Bridger, "I want to go back to scouting again."

"Indeed? Why, I thought you had settled down in the East for the rest of your life."

"Well, cap'n, I'll tell you how it is. I went back to old Missouri, and if you'll believe it, they've got a railroad station within ten miles of the old place—yes, sir, a railroad station. And what's more, they've got a ranch now in every four miles. I tell you what, cap'n, the air ain't pure down there no more."

"Is that possible? But I thought you'd like the good things to eat they have down there—you like good things to eat, I remember."

"Good things to eat! Why, cap'n, I didn't have a briled heart till the whole time I was there!"—[New York Tribune.]

Gen. Miles on Good Roads.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES tells the story of an old teamster out West, who was driving over a very rough road in the Rocky Mountains shortly after the German campaign. He had the general for a passenger. The wagon was an old prairie schooner, without springs or cushions, and the general was vainly attempting to fall asleep.

"But there was no sleep for me on that trip," says Gen. Miles, "for the old rascal drove over every boulder in the road; in fact, he seemed to be doing it purposely. Finally I became interested and began to count the number of rocks over which the wheels of the wagon passed or which they struck. Suddenly to my consternation he missed one—a big boulder in the middle of the roadway."

"What! Hey!" I cried. "Back up! Back up!"

"He quietly followed my instructions, seeming to be not at all surprised by them. When he had the wagon in the proper position I said: 'Now, drive over the rock, confound you! It's the only one you've missed.'"

"Without as much as a glance in my direction, he replied: 'Cut, pard. Never noticed it. Ain't got a chew about yer?'"

"I got out and walked the remaining eight miles."

Gen. Miles used this story as an argument for the construction of the great trans-continental highway which is being advocated by automobilists and cyclists throughout the country.—[New York Mail and Express.]

Brave Girl of the School.

IN ONE of the public schools of a large city, while the school was in session, a transient window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of "Fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the

teachers also, one of whom actually jumped from the window.

Among hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded, was one girl, among the best in the school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The color, indeed, flushed her cheeks; her lips quivered, the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked how she came to sit so still, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," said she, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in the school I must just sit still."—[London Sunday-school Times.]

She Dazed a Conductor.

A WOMAN who had come out of the West, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform, when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobble.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes, eyes that had looked undimmed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—[New York Sun.]

Grosvenor and Harrison.

THE striking resemblance between Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Congressman Grosvenor, the famous political prophet, has been remarked by just as many people as have seen the two men. Both are dish-faced. The main difference is in the eyes, Grosvenor's being those of a squirrel. One day a caller in the Congressman's apartments in the Dewey, Washington, was asked what he thought of a large crayon portrait that had just been presented to the Athens statesman. "It certainly is a good likeness, general," was the reply, "but you know I never did have any use for a dish-faced man. It may be prejudice, but that is one of the reasons why I never could get along with him. But it certainly is a splendid likeness, a speaking likeness." Grosvenor, astounded at the frankness of the criticism, asked: "What do you mean by 'him'?" "Why, President Harrison, of course. Didn't you ask what I thought of the picture?" "That isn't Harrison; it's me—Grosvenor." Tabliss, apologies.—[Victor Smith in New York Press.]

Forgot All About His Horse.

CONGRESSMAN LITTLEFIELD of Maine, the successor of the late Nelson Dingley in the House, who has twice distinguished himself by brilliantly taking a firm stand against the "machine" majority of his party there, was at the University Club the other night, the guest of a party of New York friends.

There was little doubt of his nomination last summer by the special Republican convention that had been called, but Littlefield thought it best to look very closely after his fences. So he "shook" his office and practice for about a month in order to "mail" delegates. During this period he was traveling over the district a good deal, and his family didn't see much of him.

On the evening following the adjournment of the nominating convention, Littlefield was besieged at his home by hosts of callers, who came to congratulate him. While the punch was going around at the liveliest pace and the room was blue with cigar smoke, Mrs. Littlefield appeared at the door. She shook hands cordially with all her husband's assembled friends and neighbors, and then, turning to the hero of the hour, said:

"Well, Charlie, you got the nomination, did you?"

"Yes. It was more than unanimous; it was overwhelming. I really needn't have fretted over the thing at all."

"You are quite sure that you are all through with politics for the present?"

"Yes."

"Then, please, before you settle yourself in the office again, go down to the stable and water the horses. I've been doing it myself for a month back, whenever I happened to think of it, and I'm tired of it!"

It was necessary to explain to the diners who heard the story that there are a good many thrifty people in Maine owning elegant private "turnouts" who never dreamed of the luxury of a groom or a coachman.—[New York Commercial.]

Secretary Long's Idea of Informality.

THE story relates to Secretary of the Navy Long's idea of social formality. Just before the first Cabinet dinner was given last season Mr. May had a private talk with his colleagues in the Cabinet, in which the proposition was agreed to that the irritating precedent question at Cabinet dinners should be abolished. Each hostess must simply be careful not to put the same people together through the season. The Secretary of State was to inaugurate the plan. No one expressed himself as much rejoiced over the change than the Secretary of the Navy. He talked about it constantly between the agreement and the dinner.

When he arrived at the man's drawing-room the evening of the dinner the man servant handed him the usual small envelope with the name of the lady whom he was to take into dinner. Mr. Long read it aloud to the other members

of the Cabinet in the room. He looked puzzled and distressed. The other members showed that they also had cards.

Mr. Long sat heavily down in a chair and looked around as one who had lost his last friend. "I thought," he said mournfully, "that May told us this was going to be an informal affair."

"What did you expect?" asked a Cabinet Minister.

"Why, I thought every fellow would come in and just go to the lady he liked best, take her out to dinner and sit down in the chair nearest him. That's my idea of informality."—[Philadelphia Post.]

The Absent-Minded Man.

ANY stories are told of the absent-mindedness of the late Dr. McAllister, rector of Trinity Church, Elizabeth, and brother of the late Ward McAllister. One night he was returning to Elizabeth from New York, and took a train which was not scheduled to stop at his station. Discovering his mistake he appealed to the conductor, being anxious to get word to his wife.

Presently the conductor came back to the doctor and said that a railroad official was on the train, and that it would make an extra stop at Elizabeth.

"That is good," said Dr. McAllister, with great relief.

"When you stop at Elizabeth, won't you send a message to my wife that I have been carried through to Trenton?"

"Why don't you get off yourself?" suggested the conductor.

"Oh, I never thought of that," said the doctor.—[New York Times.]

Couldn't Name All of the Apostles.

AT A DINNER party in Washington, composed of prominent men, one of them remarked that he once sat in the Union League Club at New York with Roscoe Conkling, Chester A. Arthur, and several other distinguished gentlemen, who had been carefully educated in religious families, and that none of them was able to name the twelve apostles.

"That's easy," said a Senator, brashly, beginning, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bless the bed that I lie on, Paul, the two Jameses, Jude, Barnabas—" And there he stopped, with some embarrassment.

"Timothy," suggested a major-general, who is a vestryman in an Episcopal Church.

"Nonsense," answered a Senator. "Timothy was a disciple of Paul's. He wasn't one of the twelve apostles."

"Nicodemus," suggested one of the company.

"Jeremiah," suggested the third.

"Judas was one of the apostles," meekly came from a voice in the corner.

"I'll be blamed if he was. He was a disciple," came the curt reply.

"Weren't the disciples and the apostles the same thing?" inquired the meek voice, getting a little bolder.

Bartholomew was suggested and accepted by several.

"What's the matter with Peter?" exclaimed a modest young member of the diplomatic corps, who had hitherto been silent.

"How many does that make?" somebody asked, and they counted up ten for sure, with as many more doubtful.

"Let's look in the Bible," somebody suggested, and the Good Book was overhauled in vain. Then an encyclopedia was appealed to, but it was not entirely satisfactory, for it included Thomas and Andrew in the list, and the Justice of the Supreme Court and two of the Senators were positive that Andrew was not an apostle. All of which teaches the great usefulness and need of Sunday-schools.—[Chicago Record.]

A Matter of Taste.

IN A COUNTRY charge a young minister was settled where his house was a long way from the church. He was fond of horses and not only drove about the district tandem fashion during the week, but shocked some of his conservative people by driving tandem also to and from church on Sunday. One of his elders went into the vestry at the close of the service on Sunday to remonstrate with him.

"Why," said the minister, "what is there wrong in driving them tandem more than in driving them abreast?"

"It disna' look weel on the Sabbath," replied the elder.

"Look! What about the 'look'?" said the minister. "It's a mere matter of taste."

"But," persisted the elder, "there's something even in the look of a thing. Now, when ye're g'in' the benediction ye haud up yer hands so"—and the elder imitated the minister's gesture with outspread and uplifted hands. "But suppose ye put yer thumb to yer nose and spread out yer hands tandem fashion in front—this way—wad there no be a guid deal in the 'look' o' that?"—[Chicago News.]

Should Not Lack a Name.

KATE'S place was in the dining-room. She was not the cook, but she had a fine talent for desserts, and often went into the kitchen to make up some special dainty.

So it happened that when the mistress had a clerical dinner, with the bishop and two or three other churchmen, Kate was author of the pudding. She was very much pleased when the bishop praised the dish and the other clergymen echoed his opinion, but she masked her enjoyment of the situation behind the solemn face which she always wore when waiting on the table.

"Pray tell me," said the bishop, "what is the name of this wonderful pudding?"

"I really don't know," said the mistress. "What is the name of it, Kate?"

Kate, very proud of the importance bestowed upon her, but with features unmoved, said: "Well, ma'am, to tell ye the truth, I've been so busy today that I hadn't time to name it; but, sure, with so many of the covered cler here this evening it'll not be long before 'tis christened."—[Worcester Gazette.]

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

COFFEE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

IT WILL GROW IN ALL THE ISLANDS AND THEY MIGHT SUPPLY THE UNITED STATES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

JOLO (Island of Sulu,) June 4, 1900.—The United States uses as much coffee as all the rest of the world put together. We import more than \$80,000,000 worth every year, and annually consume more than eleven pounds to every man, woman and child in our country. We are increasing our consumption every year, and the Brazilians and other coffee-producing peoples of the world are fattening themselves on our appetite. There is a bare probability, however, that the days of their fatness will cease. I saw excellent coffee grown in all parts of Porto Rico and Cuba, and there are evidences here which lead to the belief that the Philippines might supply a great share of the world's product. I saw an experimental plantation today which surpasses in its luxuriant growth any coffee plantation of Brazil. I found excellent coffee trees about Zamboanga and in other parts of Mindanao, and there are scattering plants as far north as the upper end of Luzon.

The Coffee Belt of the Philippines.

The Philippines lie in one of the great coffee belts of the world. Those who have paid most attention to the cultivation of this crop have decided that the best coffee grows within 15 deg. of the equator, although in some places an excellent article is produced as far from it as 25 or 30 deg. In America, for instance, we find good coffee all the way from Mexico to Paraguay and Southern Brazil. The bulk of the Brazilian product is grown in Santos and Rio Janeiro, fully as far from the equator as Northern Luzon, and the plants thrive best at an altitude of from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea. In Java, just below here and between this and the equator, some of the best coffee known to the world is found, so that the whole of the Philippines may be said to be in the coffee-producing zone.

The lands here are of a nature adapted to the product. They are rolling and mountainous, so that almost any desired altitude can be secured. The plantation which I visited here in Sulu is only 100 feet above sea level, but there is no doubt that the berries will ripen in this climate as high as 5000 feet. The fact that the mountainous regions are the best places for coffee culture is a very important one to the United States, for as yet little more than the lowlands of the Philippine Islands have been taken up by the people, and almost all of the mountain lands belong to our government.

Where the Coffee Industry was Born.

It is in this part of the world that the coffee industry as one of the great world products was born. We usually think of coffee as originating in Arabia, but the Arabian trees came from Abyssinia, and their product was so small that coffee was not generally used until the plantations of Java were started. This was just about two hundred and ten years ago. At that time an old Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies got some Arabian coffee seeds from a sailor and planted them in his garden in Batavia. They sprouted, and within four years were each producing from two to three pounds per year. From their seeds other trees were set out, and Java became the coffee country of the world. From its plantations seeds were taken to the West Indies, Mexico, Venezuela and Brazil, so that Java is really the mother of the great coffee industry of today. Since then the child has so far outstripped its parent that today Java produces only about one-eighteenth of the coffee consumed by man. Her annual product is not now much more than 200,000,000 pounds, whereas last year the world's production amounted to about 2,000,000,000 pounds.

The Coffee Blight.

The Java coffee trees have been seriously affected during recent years by the blight, so that today there are not more than half as many plantations as there were some years ago. The blight has also afflicted the Hawaiian Islands, and it has practically ruined the coffee industry of the Northern Philippines. In 1883 15,000,000 pounds of coffee were shipped away from Manila, and now the shipments do not exceed 200,000 pounds.

Java is trying to avoid the blight by planting a species of Liberian coffee which is said to resist it, and this is the character of the coffee here at Jolo. I met a coffee planter in Honolulu who told me they had recently discovered an antidote for the blight. I think it was of a parasitical nature, a little worm or bug, which attacks the parasite which causes the blight and kills it, and which multiplies so rapidly that it will in a short time drive out the blight parasite and free the plantation of them. The new parasite does not injure the trees. Experiments with it are now being made in the Hawaiian Islands, and it is said successfully. On the ship which brought me to Manila said successfully. On the ship which brought me to Manila said successfully. On the ship which brought me to Manila said successfully.

They Paid 25 Per Cent.

In the past coffee raising has paid very well, the planters and shippers making about 25 per cent. out of their investments. Good coffee lands with the trees in bearing were until lately worth about \$90 gold per acre. At present their value is only nominal, and some of the planters have been pulling up the coffee trees and putting in sugar cane.

Up to the time of the appearance of the blight the most of the coffee was grown in the provinces below and about Manila. The best came from Batangas, quite a lot was raised about Laguna de Bay, and also in Cavite. Many of the plantations were large, containing numerous trees.

The trees were shaded. They were set out so closely that 1728 trees were grown on one acre, and it may have been this close planting that caused the low yield per tree. The amount produced averaged not more than ten ounces or 1000 pounds to the acre. This, at 12 cents a pound, a low rate in the past for this variety of coffee, gave an income of \$150 per acre per year. In Brazil many of the trees yield two and three pounds each.

The harvesting of the crop in Luzon was usually done on shares, women and children picking the berries and hulling the seeds for half the profits. Practically no modern machinery has been used. Much of the pulp has been allowed to dry on the berries and then pounded off with mortar and pestle. After this the chaff was removed by winnowing

The berries were in all stages of growth, some as the end of your little finger and others the size and shape of large red cherry.

Unlike the coffee of the northern part of the Philippines the berries here ripen all the year round, so that the blossoms and berries on the same stem at the same time. The blossoms are white, much like the Japanese cherry, emitting a perfume which is almost sickening in sweetness. Here and there among the coffee plants I saw the trunks of great trees which had been cut down for the clearing of the land and left to rot. There were few signs of cultivation. The grass had evidently been chopped off with bolos. I was told that the grass

SWEETING UP
COFFEE GRAINS.
CANAL DOCK MANILA

MORO COFFEE SLAVE
COFFEE TREES IN
BACKGROUND



the seeds in the wind. Some of the planters hired their work done, but nearly all were more or less in debt, so that there has not yet been a practical test of coffee raising in this part of the world with modern machinery and plenty of capital.

How They Raise Coffee in Sulu.

The coffee conditions in the Sulu Islands are far different, however, from those of Luzon. Here there is only one plantation, but it covers seventy acres, and it now has 35,000 trees. It is owned by two Germans, who have married Moros. They have a large tract of land, and are testing coffee raising as an experiment. Their trees are now only 3 years old, and they are so loaded with berries that the limbs are breaking down with the weight. They will get one pound per tree this year, and they tell me that they have been already offered 8 cents silver or 14 cents gold per pound for their crop. Within two years from now they think the trees will be producing at least three and a half pounds each, and it looks as though they had a fortune in sight.

I spent some time in going over the plantation. It lies about three miles back of Jolo, on the foothills of the mountains, and is reached by a bridle path through the fields. The lands surrounding it are like a natural park filled with tall forest trees and overgrown with a tall growth of luxuriant grass. The grass in many places was taller than my head as I sat on my pony. The earth of the path where the grass was worn off was as black as that of the valley of the Nile, until we came to the plantation itself, where it assumed the reddish tinge so common to good coffee lands. Nearer the plantation the scenery grew wilder. We crossed several streams and wound our way in and out through the jungle, until at last, mounting a low hill, the whole seventy acres of coffee bushes rising and falling with the land in wide graceful lines of burnished green lay before us.

I cannot describe the luxuriance of the growth and the healthy look of the trees. They were as big around as a man's wrist at the ground, with branches coming out on all sides, loaded with green and red berries and blossoms.

mowed every month, but that no hoeing or weeding had been done during the past year.

Only White Landowner in the Sulu Islands.

I went over the plantation with one of the sons of Charles Schuck, and later spent some time with his family. Both he and his brother, Edward, have Moro wives and a number of half-breed children. Their wives are the daughters of some of the Moros, and their relations with the people are so friendly that they have been of considerable assistance to the Germans in arranging our peaceful occupation of the island. Our visit to the Sultan, Charles Schuck was interpreter, and his sister, Mrs. Fexer, and his brother, a Moro Princess, accompanied the party.

The Schuck family have lived in Sulu for nearly a century ago and established such relations with the old Sultan that he decided him about one-third of the best land of the island, of which this plantation is a part.

How the Germans Lost North Borneo.

The story of how Mr. Schuck came to get the land was told me by his son. The old Sultan owned the whole of North Borneo, comprising the Sultanate of Sulu and the vast tract now leased to the German Company. Being in a friendly mood one day he decided of all this land to Mr. Schuck, telling him to sell what he chose of it to the Germans. Not understanding, I suppose, that Schuck was a German, and Schuck wrote to Prince Bismarck, asking him to him for a German colony. At that time Germany was not the greed for Asiatic possessions she now is, and Bismarck replied that Germany was not yet ready to propose a colonial policy, and that he could not accept the proposition. Mr. Schuck reported the result of his correspondence to the Sultan, and His Majesty made a remark which Schuck did not like. It may have been an insulting reference to Prince Bismarck.

July 26, 1906.]

He made Schuck so angry that he took the deed granting him North Borneo, tore it in two, and threw it at the feet of His Majesty, telling him he could keep his old land and that neither the Germans nor himself wanted it.

The Sultan, in order to appease him, gave him a deed to this land just outside of Jolo. He kept the Borneo property, and a short time later rented it out to an English syndicate known as the North Borneo Company for the colossal payment of \$5000. This sum the present Sultan is still receiving from the company. The lands have been developed and quite a town has grown up about the harbor of Sandakan and several lines of steamers make it a regular port of call to bring goods and take away the opium.

Planting the Plantation.

During our chat Mr. Schuck told me how he happened to start his coffee plantation. Said he, "My father had planted a few trees. They were not well cared for, but they grew very fast, and are now twenty feet high, with trunks ranging in size from the thickness of your thigh to that of your waist. They are all in full bearing, but it is almost impossible to pick the coffee on account of the height. When my father died, a few years ago, my brothers and myself found that we had this land, but that it was in such a condition that it produced no income. We left the Sulu Islands for a time and went to Borneo, Singapore and elsewhere to earn enough to develop the property. In Borneo we became interested in coffee planting, and, knowing what father had done with the old plantation, we thought that a new one could be started at a profit. My brothers then clubbed together and sent me back to Sulu to set out the trees. The first thing I did was to lay out the plantation. I cut down the jungle and burned it and later on set out the plants in the regular order you see them. We got the seed from Borneo, choosing Liberian coffee, in order that it might better resist the blight. The seeds were first sown in seed beds, and when the plants were eight inches high we set them out. Each plant was given a tube of bamboo, and so transplanted without disturbing the roots. After a short time the bamboo tubes rotted and the roots came through on all sides. We set the sprouts out without shade, and they grew from the start. We had no particular time for planting, putting them out from day to day throughout several months.

"Our labor was made up of natives, some of whom were slaves. At first I lived with the workmen, often sleeping with fifty of them in the same house. I use such men and women on the estate today. They are Moros. I find they work very well, although I pay even my slaves for their labor, doing so, as far as possible, by the piece. I have many women who each earn from 25 to 40 cents in silver a day, and men who do even better than this. I have made it a point to be friends with the Moros. I employ any of them who will work, and so far I have had no trouble in getting good labor.

"At first I kept the plantation very clean, hoeing the weeds and pulling out the weeds, but when the Americans came they so disarranged things that I had to let much of my work go. I have now a little disease among some of the trees, but I think it chiefly comes from the foul condition of the land."

Pulping Coffee with Human Teeth.

Later on I went to Mr. Schuck's house and watched the pulping of the coffee or the getting the seeds out of the berries. It was a curious sight. The plantation house is a building covering perhaps half an acre, with a heavy, thatched roof. It is high up from the ground—upon posts, so that you can easily walk under the first floor without touching it with your head. Upon the ground below the house there were about two dozen women and ten children, the most of them girls. Each woman had a basket of coffee berries and a dirty pan or a worn-out brassone can before her. They were all brown skinned, all half naked, and all had teeth as black as the blackest of ink. Some of the women were wrinkled, and there was hardly one that was not disgusting. All were busy. They were working their jaws, making a crunch, crunch, crunch, as they bit into the berries and rolling their tongues around the seeds, chewed off the pulp and spit out coffee beans and pulp into the pan. They worked wonderfully fast, making a stream of this spittle flow from their mouths to the pans and grinding away at about six movements of the jaw to the second. I was told that they received about 1-2 cents of our money for a gallon of the chewed mixture. This was the result of one day of working, from morning until night, and it seemed to me that they well earned the money. I picked up one of the berries and went through the process. The shell was quite hard, but the pulp and seed tasted sweet, and the operation tried only once was not particularly unpleasant.

It is in this way that all of the pulping is done, although I am told that the process is so expensive that machines have been ordered.

Pressed Out with Clubs.

After this the mass of pulp and seeds is placed for some days in the sun to ferment. It is next taken to the creek and washed and the beans are then laid out upon mats in the yard. They remain for five or six days in the sun, and are then ready to be hulled. Every coffee bean has still two skins upon it, which must be taken off before it is ready for sale. There is an outer skin as thick as your finger nail, and an inner one as thin as fine tissue paper. In order to remove these the beans are put into a mortar made by gouging out a hole in the upright end of a log and a native pounds upon them with a pestle-like wooden club, breaking the skins. The coffee and shells and skins are then winnowed by throwing them up in the air, just as our pioneer fathers winnowed their wheat, and the coffee beans which remain are ready for the market. They are bagged and carried to the seacoast on the back of a water buffalo, and then shipped to Manila for sale.

Such is coffee raising as it is carried on in Jolo, and such coffee can be produced in this way, I am told, at a profit. If this is true it certainly should pay after modern methods and with modern machinery. In the meantime it must be remembered that all of the land here in Sulu belongs to the Sultan, and that as yet none is for sale.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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"A GOOD FELLER."

By a Staff Writer.

"LOO'S a good feller, but he'll do yer," said my neighbor, the philosopher of "The Lucky Nugget" saloon; and with a reminiscent air he added, tipping back his sombrero, "It's the good fellers that ginally does do yer."

But how did he happen to be my neighbor? And how did I, hot from the university oven, ready for the bar, burning with ambition, happen to be proprietor and general manager of an out-door cigar stand in a little desert town? Ah! that may be a long story or a short, and I'll make it short.

Climate!

What a story there is in that one word! What a story of shattered fortunes, patched-up lives, joy, defeat, hope, chagrin! But it is not the story of Loo Fook.

Loo was either a versatile son of toil or an all-around sport, as you chuse. He was adjustable to his environment, therefore well educated. We recognized him as one of the most useful inhabitants of Santiamen—a name we had bestowed upon our adolescent city because it had grown up in little more than the time required by a devout Meijiceno to count a bead and skip across a prayer. Loo would lend a hand at your washing or your game of poker, though he preferred fantan—"lat sklare game!" He could pack as many oranges in a day as any three girls in Santiamen and get tight besides. He was a semi-American citizen. He wore a pig-tail and tan shoes, enjoyed cigarettes better than opium, went to Sunday-school obtrusively and worked the juke-machine on the sly.

When I had opened up in Santiamen, sick and disheartened, Loo was the first settler to give me his heart.

"Hello!" said he, laying down a two-bit piece, "where you klum foom? Yes, me savvy. Me got heap plenty flens in Chicago. You savvy Misser Woodbelly, him good man keep um ding store on Bash avenue, que? Me work for him see muna."

Many a friendship besides ours has started in this way. It was a little spark of affinity, lighting up existence in the wilderness. We spent hours talking over "old times," Loo and I. He confessed to sharing my predilection for paving stones rather than tar road, and in his most confidential moods he intimated that they were not climatic reasons which impelled him from curbstones of delight to wastes of greasewood and yucca.

When after one of his more than half-Americanized spree, Loo appealed to me for a temporary loan of "five plunks," to adjust the very reasonable fine which the town justice had imposed upon him, I accepted it as a new token of regard, and of course I advanced the cash. Did he not know somebody whom I used to know? He soon repaid the money with orientally extravagant expressions of gratitude.

"Look out for him!" protested the cynic next door. "He's lookin' out for you all right!"

Late one Saturday night, after the other boys had quit the slot machine and it looked as though business was over for the day, Loo's smile suddenly illumined my pagoda. I was putting up the wire screens with which at night I used to fence in my stock, that by day was sufficiently protected by draperies of fig leaves.

"Hello, Misser Lacey. Me catch squasin' for you," said Loo, and I saw that, saving the smile, he was sober. He laid down on my cigar case a queer little square of tissue, which looked like a soiled paper doll, decorated with Chinese characters in green with splashes of purple spattered here and there.

"Lottly ticklet!" said he. "You buy um!"

I shook my head. The warnings of "The Lucky Nugget" instantly recurred to me.

Loo laughed. "Sure ting!" said he.

I laughed.

He pressed the paper napkin upon me and I curiously studied the hieroglyphics. They were arranged like verse, the blankest verse I ever scanned.

"Me engage um for you," said Loo. "Me your agent. Me know clombination. Ticket claw fifty dollar sure. Me your agent, me catch um twenty-five, you catch um twenty-five. No catch um, me pay you back."

"What are those splashes?" I asked.

"Lat's um clombination," he answered. He saw that I was getting interested, that the psychological moment had come, and he pressed his case. Furthermore he won it. I bought the ticket and passed over my money simply because he used to know somebody that I used to know "back East." Men have drunk too much with each other and done other foolish things, for such a reason.

Loo went off to cook for a railroad camp and I didn't see him again for three weeks.

"Tenderfoot!" contemptuously commented the proprietor of the adjoining place of business, to whom I showed the paper napkin one afternoon. Trade had been slow and he was rather blue and I had a philanthropic desire to amuse him. "Worth six for a nickel," he added with a grin which gratified me. A philanthropist likes to see his philanthropy take. "I could have told you it was no good," he went on. "Don't you see it ain't punched? Here's a sure-enough ticket," and he drew from his till a flimsy document similar to mine, in which round holes had been bored.

"But the splashes!" I suggested.

"Just splashes!" said the philosopher, and I could not confute him. It was one of those cold, bare, crushing statements of fact, with which knowledge overwhelms speculation.

One day I was cutting a half-pound slab of tobacco into nickel chunks, when I heard a familiar voice behind me. "Hello, Misser Lacey!" There was Loo, grinning cordially and exultantly.

"Me catch um," said he, slamming three gold coins down

on the counter. There were two eagles and a five.

It was so unexpected that I couldn't speak.

"Twenty-five for you and twenty-five for your agent," he chuckled as I stared at the gold which he pushed over to me. I could figure out the cash, but not the rest. Was it pure gratitude on Loo's part?

It seemed to me that my monitor next door had been unduly puffed up by recent waves of prosperity, and it would be a kindness to take him down. Almost any nature is improved by chastening. So I told the saloon-keeper of my good fortune and showed him the gold.

"Say!" said he, his eyes sticking out, "send that Chinese in here! I reckon he's square!"

Ah, ha! Of course the story spread, but Loo had gone back to camp and could not improve the numerous opportunities to become the agent of the would-be investors of Santiamen.

There came a warm December day without a cloud in the sky, when the sand of the Mojave came rolling into town in fog banks. One could not distinguish a face half a block away. I locked up most of my goods and anchored the rest. The street was full of paper sacks, berry baskets, leaves and back yards, driven to a merry dance by the riotous wind. A "norther" was upon us. A norther, on the edge of the desert is a blizzard, red-peppered with dirt. As I gazed into the thick of it, something with flapping wings sailed out of the confusion and bore down on me. At first I thought it was a blowaway from a laundry, but I soon saw that it was alive—and was Loo Fook. Another Chinaman was trailing behind him. Loo looked rather frayed, but his trailer would have been smart if he hadn't been storm-swept. His blue blouse was of the newest and brightest, while his stuffed shoes stamped him as either a newcomer or a conservative.

"Hello!" said I. "How's my agent?"

Loo Fook grinned and the other heathen echoed it. "Me belly well. Bossee tink me belly good agent?"

"Boss agent," said I, with enthusiasm.

Loo laid down two-bits and I passed him a box of Royal Egyptian. He smoked no others.

"How's business?" he asked socially.

"Bum," I answered.

"Want um sell out?"

"Yes—and get out!" I was in bad humor. There is nothing more inviting or depressing than a norther.

Loo laughed immoderately, and after he had exchanged a few tones in contra-tenor and contralto with his trailer, the latter seemed to grasp the humor of the situation. They poked around the pagoda for a while, picking up one thing and another, peering into the cases and gratifying Chinese curiosity, which might be deemed impertinent if it were not so unconscious.

"Good-by!" said Loo, finally, breaking out of his dialogue in his vernacular. "See you tomorra!"

"All right, come again! Who's your friend, Loo?"

"Him name Joe Sing. Him good boy."

"Good-by," said Sing. "Loo say you nice man. How much money you got?"

"Oh, Loo'll tell you," said I, laughing. "He's my agent."

"All right," said Sing. I saw that he didn't appreciate the joke.

They trailed off, chattering, and I forgot them.

"So you want to quit, do yer?" inquired my neighbor of "The Lucky Nugget," that night.

"You bet!" said I. Loo Fook evidently had gossiped between drinks.

"You're a goat," said my neighbor with unconcealed friendliness.

"Why?"

"You've got a good thing."

"Can't help it! I want to get out."

There is no reasoning with a man in such a mood. Any philosopher knows that, and he of "The Lucky Nugget" sauntered away, saying nothing, but apparently reflecting upon the defects of my character.

I had no sooner opened shop the next morning than Joe Sing dawned upon me in a tunic of royal purple and handed me another illustrated napkin.

"Well?" I asked blandly, glancing at the hieroglyphics.

"Blade all made," said Sing, grinning confidently.

"What trade?"

"Me buy you out. Loo Fook catch um money."

"The devil!"

Sing's face turned a sicklier shade of yellow and his grin took on a slight quiver.

"Sure! Me pay your agent two hundred dollar for your business!" he explained in a weird key.

"The scoundrel!" I roared.

My excitement, rather than my words, aided Sing's tardy penetration to go to the depths of his friend's perfidy. The fuse burned slowly, but when the cracker exploded, my pagoda was filled with red shrieks and yellow cuss words. Sing had lost his grip on his meager knowledge of English, and his native intonations issued in fragments shockingly inadequate to express his emotions.

The uproar immediately attracted my neighbor of "The Lucky Nugget."

"Shoot the blanked heathen? What's the matter with him?" said he. Such methods of investigation are not uncommon in the cactus country.

After the constable had led Sing away, I told the dark story. As I proceeded, I noticed that my neighbor grew feverish. He turned red, then pale. "The yellor robber!" he cried with an oath. "He done me!"

"Whew! You? Who?"

"Loo Fook! I put up for him to buy you out!"

"You put up?"

"Yes, I was going to let him run the stand for me and I let him have \$300 to make the trade with you. Say, pard! If you never saw a specimen of the Great American Chump, take a good look at me!"

Though his distress was ludicrous, I could not laugh. His humiliation was a r'd culcus, but I could not smile. He asked me to do the usual thing under such circumstances, but I could not drink. I wanted to be alone. I felt as one who has caught a glimpse of the stupendous and the sublime. I desired to sit in contemplation the genius of Loo Fook. He had sold me out twice, had made off with proceeds amounting to \$400, and had not disposed of me of a cent. But was there not a mystical bond between Loo and me? Did he not know somebody that I used to know "back East?"

HARRY E. ANDREW

Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

FICTION.

The New Batch of Bret Harte's California Stories.

ALL of the early days, these short stories, when California was as picturesque as a wild man's dream. Because of his love of these days Mr. Harte was introduced to fame. We have been much entertained in following him through these many years. And now the latest volume from him makes us think of the new legendary nights that went flickering away at dawn over "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and the tales which had much of the perfume of pine and were gilded with the paradise visions of gold.

Gold slept in peace with the dirt in the days of these tales. And in these tales—in every one of them—we are amazed to meet with so many rough-hewn diamonds—charming women whose surroundings and attire are as fascinating and broken as their rhetoric and grammar, and who burst upon the astonished eyes of a green expressman as Flora, "A Niece of Snapshot Harry's," and of bad miners as "Tinka," "A Treasure of the Redwoods," and Eugenia, a daughter of a wealthy San Franciscan, like so many good apparitions who look, for all the world, a second edition of the much-storied Alpine fairies, and who bring to them so much luck. And the author has sketched charmingly as well as truthfully certain traits so peculiar to the young women of the West, in "A Belle of Canada City," and in the character of Cota.

I would like to comment—as if I had never known them before—upon the vividness of Mr. Harte's descriptive passages of the California of the goodly and early days, of the ever-genial, half-serious, playful humor which plays the sunshine-upon-the-ripple throughout his pages; the touches which are all his own, and which tell you so much and so many things for which there is no tongue; and upon the easy grace with which the author assumes the difficult role of a good story-teller, and many other things. But wisdom cries obscurely, darkly, with the voice of a coward, that I better not. Which shows you—all the loud talk of the jealous to the contrary notwithstanding—that in this world, even the all-wise, all-spoiled race of critics cannot have their own way in everything.

These pages do not show the serious work and polish of a conscientious artist of the highest type, and they have too much paper about them. These are not serious enough to afford you a lasting shock to your nerves, nor to give your memory a deep scar. A slight love story and a picture of the life that was unique—every one of them. And perhaps that is a good thing. For the summer is here with us, and its hot hours do not pass over us with any too swift wings. As a companion of the demoralized, thoughtless, boracoon hours, beside the far-walling sea and your snoring Susan, the volume is a very gracious one.

[From Sandhill to Pina. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.25.]

Romances which are Romantic.

Egerton Castle has—in his small measure I mean; at least he does not show it in a great manner in this volume—the gifts of the great. In this string of fantastic short stories, three of which are made to hang about a very uncommon character of Marshfield, you see the eye for the romantic and melodramatic which was once older Dumas'; that dog-eared of narrative prose which you see in the laborious volumes of Balzac, and that leap of imagination of which a good farmer's mare knows nothing, for it takes a steed with a pair of wings to make it, and which the common and the weak hated in the virile pages of Edgar Allan Poe—all these in a limited way.

"Mrs. Tollmire"—the first of the series, and which is the story of an audacious abduction of an archdeacon's wife under his very nose by Cosmo Cameron, is a fascinating character, by the bye, if he has too much of fire, fog, and a toy in his make-up to suit this workaday world—is a much-needed sermon on a certain Anglo-Saxon notion on marriage. It will do a great deal of good if only proper persons would read it, and the good Lord would supply them with a bit of brain necessary to understand the lesson contained therein.

Some of these—especially the two of them with which the singular character of Marshfield has nothing to do—are meaningless. And the only thing there is to them is a sort of fascination which comes from a mild horror of the tales. At the touch of a magic wand of a really great artist these two—"The Devil's Whisper" and "The Herd Widdiehow"—could be made intensely horrible and soul thrilling; especially the latter of the two, which is the story of a savage Highland chief, who brutally carries off a young girl, and marries her through an infernally base deception. And this is one of the things which makes me think that, after all, the accomplishment of Mr. Castle is as yet nothing but a promise. A very bright one—if you would have it so, I shall not object to it, heaven knows.

Besides those grouped under the general title of "Marshfield, the Observer," there is added another—"The Death Dance." It is reminiscent of an Englishman, who at the time was "clad in the cream-white of the Royal Imperial Chevaulegers," in the trouble of '48-'49, when Austria tried to suppress the Hungarian rebellion.

All in all, the volume is not a mere summer reading. These pages are stamped all over with the mark of a brain that does something more than the office of a camera; moreover, the author takes the art of telling stories more than the art of writing, very seriously. He has already given us quite a number of readable volumes, this author, and yet the greatest pleasure he affords us is to make us stretch our eyes for more. One can pay this compliment to a very limited number of writers of the day.

[Marshfield, The Observer and The Death Dance. By

Egerton Castle. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.50.]

M. Zola's Sermon.

Very few people think of calling Mr. Zola a preacher. It is not the fault of M. Zola, however. A few people whom I know are trying to preach as tirelessly, conscientiously, and whole-heartedly as M. Zola; but very few. Emile Zola, a preacher!—there is a vague touch of humor in it to so many; so many people do not take the trouble of stopping to think a little now and then.

He has preached with an amazing industry, this preacher, with scandalizing frankness, also. You may say of his sermons that they are naked, filthy, and filled with rottenness. But you can hardly gainsay his wordy, laboriousness. And it is not everybody who has enough energy, even, to read all he writes.

"For some ten years now I have been haunted by the idea of a novel, etc.," M. Zola wrote. And that was in 1894. So, you see, the genesis of the many, thick-volume preachments were not of recent date. "Lourdes," "Paris," "Rome," and now we have the first of another series, "Fruitfulness," "Work," "Truth" and "Justice."

It is a treatise on marriage and family life—the factors that go into the making of the very foundation of a social life. The discussion is carried on by a series of pictures of unions that are happy and proper, of unions that are criminal and filthy, of surseries, their abuses—all, one would feel rather confident to think, copied out of the notebook which M. Zola must have carried with him through his Parisian wanderings for now many years.

I do not deny that a university student of sociology may find these pages interesting—more than interesting. But I have never been able to understand how any one could



EMILE ZOLA.
(From the Backman.)

read M. Zola for the pure literary entertainment or because of the sheer joy in the plot or story of his books.

M. Zola is an excellent reporter; he is also a very serious preacher—or, to be more exact, he is one who has an intense desire to be a preacher and with an untiring pen. But when you claim for him something more than these, however, it behooves you to look sharply to your ground of claim. It is a far cry, a pathetic cry it is, too, from M. Zola's panorama of snapshots to the height of philosophy whereupon Victor Hugo thought, or to the plane where Balzac used to water so many gardens of his theories.

However, scattered throughout the book, there are so many charming pictures of happy home life—the pictures which, if you take the trouble of hanging them on the walls of your memory, would make you much happier.

"Mathieu rose noiselessly from his little, folding, iron bed, beside the large one of mahogany, on which Marianne lay alone. He looked at her, and saw that she was awake and smiling.

"What! you are not asleep?" he said. "I hardly dared to stir for fear of waking you. It is nearly 9 o'clock, you know."

"It was Sunday morning. . . . 'Wait a moment,' resumed Mathieu; 'I will let the light in.' . . . Then Marianne called him to her, and when he had seated himself on the bed, took hold of his hand and said gayly, 'Well, I hadn't been asleep either for the last twenty minutes; and I didn't move because I wanted you to lie in bed a little late, as it's Sunday. How amusing to think that we were afraid of waking one another when we both had our eyes wide open!' 'Oh! said he, 'I was so happy to think that you were sleeping. My one delight on Sundays now is to remain in this room all the morning, and spend the whole day with you and the children.' Then he uttered a cry of surprise and remorse, 'Why! I haven't kissed you yet!'"

And in some of his descriptive passages he is happy enough to transfer upon paper the emotions that are of nature and of the human:

"Marianne, who alone coming to the district had threaded the woodland paths, explored stretched wood around the manor, and descended the path, let her eyes travel slowly over the expanse, she had visited and was fond of, though the new prevented her from doing them. In the woods an owl raised its soft, regular cry, on the pond on the right ascended a faint creaking, so far away that it sounded like the vibration of a string. And from the other side, the side of Paris, there grew a rumble which, little by little, rose above the other sounds of the night. She heard it, but her ear was nothing else. It was the train.

She sprang to her feet. The train stopped, and then its rumbles rose again, grew fainter, and away in the direction of Vieux-Bourg. She saw, and ears only for the road which wound like a path between the dark patches of corn. Her husband takes ten minutes to cover the thousand yards which separated the station from the little town. And he found her there, erect under the stars, healthy, a picture of all that is good. 'What! you come then?' Mathieu exclaimed, as soon as he saw her. 'But I begged you not to come out so late at night? She began to laugh. 'Afraid,' said she, 'the night is so mild and healthful? Besides, you rather have me here to kiss you ten minutes before you go to bed.'

In painting the happy family life of the innocent, M. Zola uses a strong contrast. He reasons why his pictures of the filthy secret world called (with more than the usual sarcasm in a life of pleasure. In France—so it is said in America—this book has a special significance, as well as a social significance. In that case I think that France must be very much larger than we see upon a map. And it will not hurt any one to care the melancholy evening of gay, pleasure-loving Angelina's life.

Frankly, the book is a gloria chanted to the love and happiness of a healthy, productive mother, when all is said, there is nothing that is so lovely, cleaner, holier, than a thoroughly happy family.

As for the expurgation of the book by the French public, it will be a good joke for a less blind hope future has in its keeping.

[Fruitfulness. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$2. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

Life, Love and Methodism.

Rather serious facts to deal with these—upon the deftness of touch, the light grace, and wisdom on almost every page of the book, and if you be anything like me, perfunctory near to wonder at its cleverness.

It is the story of the Methodist community in the middle of Sedgwick, which is in the middle of the world, and which is in the middle of England. Also, it is a record of the development of two striking characters, Elizabeth and Christopher. And incidentally, as some of you would have it—chiefly the love story brings many young men athwart the path of Elizabeth and Christopher.

As for the author's ability of painting—I do not create characters, my opinion is that you remember the names of Balzac, "Mother Bagnon," "Hanky," better than those of some of your friends. I am not saying that in the earlier days both she is not rather too nice in her metaphors, good of our faith in the reality of the fiction of the author. I do think, too, that the following quote it that you may judge for yourself—some other life (these of a gentleman who has systematic theology in a seminary, for example) than those of Balzac:

[Tremain:] "You think that religion is a thing to make people contented and happy? But I don't think that the religion to do this Christianity."

[Bateon:] "No more do I, sir; that's what a mistake, begging pardon; you go confused with persons. It isn't my love for my wife, the fire and cooks the dinner and makes my life like heaven to me—it's my wife herself; it's the children's faith in their daddy that fed 'em when they were too little to work themselves; and it isn't the religion of Christ that is straight in this world and makes us ready for it is Christ Himself."

And the reason, I am sure, that a very few of this far so forcibly upon us is because the author is so true elsewhere. Exceptions are, somewhat, in the

You may know many clever people—people of and brain—among your acquaintances, but I think course there is a chance for my being in the am rather comfortable for a man of special interests would be no easy task for you to gather as many of conversations which are so thoroughly and ingly humorous as you find them between the book. Moreover, those conversations—the most and the quaintest of them—come from the humblest. And the most remarkable thing of those wise and witty things worthy the tongue mythical Punch are perfectly at home with Mrs. Bateon and Mrs. Hanky, and their husbands fit them as perfectly as a tailor-made suit.

It is true that the author laughs good naturedly at the

of a century ago. But, then, to be fair with the author, I do not pretend to claim any such benefit of view from a certain minority of Methodists, even of the theologically loose and skeptically enlightened—there are a very few things in the usages and views of the Methodist that ought to be treated lightly. With it all there is that deep, and perhaps more than deep—something that is tenderly sweet—reverence for the things that are sacred. Look, for example, at the touchingly eloquent passages that Caleb Bateson addresses to Theodore (now the paragraph which I have already quoted, and which commits double offense—of being illogical and being violence to the general run of the character of Caleb.) The author might have made a huge theological smoke-house like that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's, and made a name and fortune for her troubles. But, happily for the public, the author has her own taste about the subject.

It is one of the rare books of which you read every page and every sentence of it; and even the critic does not like to skip a single paragraph of it, and when he does so under certain pressure, he feels very badly about it—with a sensation of having lost something good.

Not great, perhaps, but, all in all, an exceedingly clever and readable book. And there are those who think this is much better than her "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." (The Farringtons. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Appleton, New York. Price, \$1.50.)

TRAVEL.

From a Consul-General's Diary.

The author, the United States Consul-General to Switzerland and Italy, has gathered in this book his recollections of noted people he met during his European stay of about twenty years. And those twenty years happened to be some of the most eventful periods of European history. Two great wars took place; one great empire was born; another became a republic; and the country of Victor Emmanuel changed from a lot of petty dukedoms to a free Italy. Naturally he met many people whom you and I would love to meet also. And since we are unable, most of us, to have the opportunity, we feel very grateful for many a glimpse, charming, instructive and otherwise, of the great and notable people of the time. I dare say that some future historian would find this book of much importance. For sidelights sometimes prove to be much more enlightening than the broad and direct one. And the volume is full of the sidelights that are entertaining as well as enlightening. Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo, Gambetta, Napoleon III, Garibaldi, Joaquin Miller, Bret Harte, Eliot, Mark Twain, Ibsen, Marion Crawford, are some of the famous or the great upon whom the chatty remarks in the volume are made.

The author knew Dr. J. Marmar, a retired linen merchant and a boyhood friend of Napoleon III. The author had many a chat with M. Marmar, and this is one of the things he told him:

"No one in Constance will forget the day when Napoleon, at the height of his power, came from Paris to visit the home of his childhood. What grand preparations there were; what decorations, banners, bands, cannon; what a gilded equipage for the Emperor to head procession in! Suddenly the train whistle shrieks. 'The Emperor! The Emperor!' cries the crowd, as he descends to the carpeted platform. The big gilded carriage and the flunkies wait. 'Where is my friend, Dr. Marmar?' asks the Emperor. He is sitting out there in his old one-horse buggy, looking at the scene, hoping for just a glance at Napoleon, as he will pass among the self-appointed big wigs and flunkies. Suddenly the Emperor sees him, grasps him by the hand, and, springing into the old buggy, cries, 'Drive on. Today I ride with Marmar.'"

The large portion of the book is devoted to the letters from Gen. Sherman to the author.

[Twenty Years in Europe. By S. E. M. Byers. Rand, McNally Company, Chicago.]

LITERARY NOTES.

The announcement of Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s "Royal Academy Pictures for 1900" is a welcome one.

The Century Company announces new editions of "Deacon Brainerd" and "China; The Long-Lived Empire." Of the former work the new edition is the fifth.

"The Jay-Hawkers," Mrs. Adela E. Orpen's forthcoming romance, pictures the free-soil and border ruffian conflicts in Missouri and Kansas, and introduces the guerrilla Quantrell, together with a dramatic picture of the sack of Lawrence. It will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co.

"A Book for All Readers" is the title of a work by Aimsworth E. Spofford, former librarian of the Congressional Library. The title is certainly comprehensive, and it is not misleading. The volume should appeal to librarians, collectors, bibliomaniacs, and book people of every sort. The book is to be brought out shortly by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Personal Impressions" (San Francisco) has the taste of its own. It comes from the city, as you see, which has given us so many papers, magazines and books which are not exactly like those which other men had written, and which has played the kindly role of a foster mother to so many men of originality in American letters. And I understand that the city is not ashamed of this new publication. Looking over it, the other day, I do not see any reason why it should be.

Sir Walter Besant's article in the Century for August, dealing with "The Riverside of East London; From London Bridge to St. Katherine's Docks," will contain several striking drawings by Joseph Pennell and Phil May. The second installment of the venerable Dr. William Mason's "Memories of a Musical Life" contains anecdotes or material relating to Moecheles, Joachim, Dreychock, Prince de Rohan, Henselt, Schindler ("ami de Beethoven") and Liszt.

The many admirers of the writings of Paul Leicester Ford will be delighted to learn that in the early fall a new work from his pen will appear from the press of Dodd, Mead & Co. It is to be called "Wanted, A Matchmaker." A Christmas story will be one of the leading books of the

coming season. Aside from Mr. Ford's story, there is to be the added interest of the illustrations drawn by Mr. Christy, and with decorations by Margaret Armstrong.

W. Stearns Davis has made a remarkable success with his first novel, "A Friend of Caesar," which is running through its second edition within two weeks of publication. Its dramatic qualities have been quickly seized upon by the playwrights, and it is likely to be put on the boards during the next season. Few novels afford a better opportunity for a dramatist with an eye to the creation of telling impersonations and magnificent scenic effects.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have in press an historical romance, "A Lady of the Regency," by Mrs. Stephen Rawson, a young English woman who has already made herself felt in London literary circles. The scene of the story is laid in England of James II day, and several historical characters are introduced. The English letter in the July number of the Bookman reports Miss Beatrice Whitby's new story, "Bequeathed," which the Harpers have just published, as being one of the ten books in greatest demand during the past month in England. Miss Whitby's earlier story, "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," scored a decided success some years since, and the publishers are confident that "Bequeathed" will meet with an equal favor, as the first edition was sold out on the day of publication.

It is not usual that an American writer on European politics has a large audience in England. Prof. Paul Reinsch, however, seems to be marking a turn in the tide with his "World Politics," which contains perhaps the only full and reliable account yet published of the international questions which have culminated in the massacre at Peking, and which have made China the chessboard on which the world powers are now playing their game. Two editions have been issued in England by the Macmillans within a fortnight of its publication in New York.

Richard Harding Davis will have in the August number of Scribner's Magazine an important article on the situation in South Africa, entitled "Pretoria in War Time," and containing an interesting interview which Mr. Davis had with Kruger. This will be the third of the articles that Mr. Davis has written for Scribner's Magazine since he went to the Transvaal in January. He sees in war something more than strategy, and in the army something more than a fighting machine. He sees the human aspect of it all, and notes with fidelity the varied humorous, pathetic and dramatic touches which make us feel that war really means to the individual. He sees many things, too, that others less observing fail to catch, and his correspondence, therefore, has the freshness of new reading even to those who are already familiar with the main incidents of the war.

AN EMPEROR'S PROVISION FOR CHILDREN.

DURING a four months' visit in Berlin, Germany, last winter, I noticed numerous sand piles surrounded by happy children of all ages, and wondering why they were allowed the privilege of scattering the sand in this otherwise very tidy city, I made inquiries, and learned that, before the old Emperor William died, he ordered large piles of sand to be placed at intervals on Unter den Linden, and also in all the large parks throughout the city, for the benefit of the poor children who live in the crowded tenement houses.

The pleasure proved to be so great that the children of all classes, rich and poor, mingled together, all armed with spoons, paddles, buckets and pans. In Victoria Park, which is situated in the "poor" district, there is one solid acre of fine white sand, where, on a fine day, hundreds of children dig and play, enjoying the kindness of the old Emperor. This impressed me as the greatest kindness I ever witnessed.—[Minneapolis Journal.]

THIS BUZZARD WEARS A SLEIGH BELL.

FOR several weeks the people living in Overcup settlement, southeast of here, have heard at intervals the sound of a bell, which always seemed to come from above. The sound became more mysterious, and many began searching for the cause.

One day this week William Hane saw a huge buzzard fly overhead and light on a fence near by. He crawled up close enough to observe that the bird had swinging to its neck a good-sized sleigh bell. About two months ago a buzzard with a bell on its neck was let loose in Texas, according to reports in the papers, and the citizens of Overcup are wondering if this is not the same bird.—[Vandalia (Ill.) Correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean.]

MR. RUSKIN'S HOME NOT OPEN TO SIGHTSEERS.

TO PREVENT disappointment to the public," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn are anxious that the true state of the case in regard to Coniston house, Brantwood, should be made known. By the will of 1883 the late Mr. Ruskin left Brantwood to Mr. and Mrs. Severn, subject to permission being given to strangers to see the house and pictures during thirty consecutive days in every year. This proviso, however, was canceled by a subsequent deed of gift, by which Mr. Ruskin gave Brantwood and its contents to Mr. and Mrs. Severn "absolutely free from any condition whatever." No one, therefore, has any right to see Brantwood without their permission.—[St. James's Gazette.]

ORIGIN OF "HIKE."

"HIKE," the term used by the soldiers to describe their runs after the insurgents in Luzon, is the Kansas equivalent for "hustle." It was originally invented by the Kansas farmers when they desired to instruct their employes by giving the command, "hike yourself," with the intention of saying "get a gait on." Funston brought it to Manila, and it became so popular in the army that instead of saying "double time" or "hurry up," or anything else of that character, when an extra effort is asked of the men, they are simply told to "hike," and the cry "hike! hike!" is as common in the Philippines now as "forward" is in the drill-book.—[Omaha Bee.]

HAD "BUCK FEVER."

A FORMER CORRESPONDENT TELLS A BIT OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

HERBERT M. BRACE, at present staying in Los Angeles, tells the following incident in his experience while a correspondent of the Associated Press in the Philippine Islands:

"Hunting men is the most exciting sport afforded in this day and age. The essence of the sensation is in the Varsity football game, but after the college days are past the intense personal interest is lacking and the score board becomes the center of attraction. Not so in this other game, the sport of kings, the safety valve of the nations. To the man in the field the one object in living is to fight for his life 'and the little things he cares about.' And he is ever so steady of nerve, ever so cool and collected under fire, there always comes, if he stays in the game long enough, the moment when that which the deer hunter calls 'buck fever' will catch at his throat, start his heart a-pounding against his ribs, and destroy the marksmanship he has labored for years to make accurate.

"After eighteen months of skirmish and battle and siege, of outpost duty in the blackness of the jungle night, and scouting in the unknown country of the enemy, it caught me one morning when I wanted accurate marksmanship most.

"For months a gang of robbers, the descendants of Malay pirates, who infest the mountains of the southern islands of the Philippine Archipelago, had made life unendurable for the planters along the coast of the island of Negros. They had burned the hacienda buildings and the crops, they had outraged the women and murdered the children. They had made war upon their own people and the foreigners alike. Opposition only increased their ferocity. At last an expedition was projected with the avowed intention of slaughtering every member of the band, of destroying their villages and driving off their stock. The first point of attack was La Granga, the former Spanish government observatory, and hacienda near La Carlota, where the 'Babyloines,' as the robbers call themselves, were known to have a stronghold. All night long we marched through the rice fields and the cane fields, the jungle and the swamp until just before dawn we came within sight of the observatory. For a half hour we lay concealed in a cane field to wait for light and 'to rest,' said the commanding officer. 'To rest!' That was the most miserable half hour I have ever known. The air seemed alive with gnats and mosquitoes. Our hands, our clothes and our faces were covered with the stinking slush of the buffalo wallows. When we attempted to wipe away the stinging insects we left a streak of mud that, drying, caused an irritating itch that was torture. At the end of the half hour we were fit to be hurl against anything on earth. All the hate of the savage was ours.

"Making the attack, the first building that came in sight was a small brick camarine. I suspected an outpost.

"May I look in there?' I asked of the commanding officer.

"Certainly," he consented.

"Running ahead of the column I raised my head just above the window ledge. Directly opposite, not fifteen feet from me, sat a half-naked savage in an open doorway, with a rifle on his lap. The man must have been dreaming, as sentinels on lonely posts sometimes do, for though he was looking straight at me he did not move for a moment.

"Here was a great chance. If I could get that man quick enough to prevent his raising an alarm, we would probably bag the band. I raised my revolver and took deliberate aim, resting my hand on the window ledge. But I waited a moment. I did not want to murder him in cold blood. Then he awoke from his dreaming and half raised his rifle. The 'buck fever' caught me with a shiver. It gripped my hand and pulled the trigger. My revolver jumped upward and the man ran for his life. I, too, ran—around the opposite end of the building. We were equally good sprinters and I met him face to face. Again I fired and still he ran. Seven ran out of the building, six we buried later. My man may be still running. When I went back to examine the camarine I found where my bullet had gone into the wall three feet above where his head had been. I have his bolo in my collection now, for my last shot was more accurate. It cut his leather belt in two."

THE CLIMATE OF SAGHALIEN.

SAGHALIEN, off the eastern coast of Siberia, presents a very curious anomaly of climate. The island is bathed by two cold ocean currents, and in winter nothing protects it against the icy northwest winds coming from Siberia. At the sea level the snow falls continually and stays on the ground till the end of May, and the seashore is very cold. Farther inland, however, especially as we go higher up, the climate is modified—just the opposite to what is observed elsewhere. It has often been observed in Siberia and in Central Europe that in winter the cold is greater in the plains and valleys, and that the highlands have a sensibly milder temperature; it is as if the denser cold air accumulated in the lowlands.

The cold air accumulates in the low regions of the island, and on the coast the higher regions have a more elevated temperature. So it happens that the lower parts have an arctic vegetation, while the intermediate altitudes have the vegetation of a temperate zone, sometimes sub-tropical. The birch, the ash, the pine, the fir abound in the low regions and form often impenetrable forests, but toward the center of the island appear bamboo, hydrangeas, saeas, and other plants that one is greatly surprised to meet, and whose presence can be explained only by the altogether abnormal climatic conditions of the island.—[Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.]

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

The Family Biograph Album.

A NEW art is being practiced at the offices of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. The dull, staring, unconvincing single photograph has, say the enthusiasts in this new direction, had its day. A series of likenesses, 2800 of which can be taken in a minute, and every one of which represents the subject in a different attitude—for there is no "posing" in the new photography—has come to take its place.

In this New York studio 2800 photographs of the subject will be made at every sitting instead of a single one, as heretofore. The exposures will be of a minute duration, thirty distinct photographs being taken of the poser each second, and 360 feet of film used in the process. In these 2800 photographs every movement of the body, every twitch of the eye, every expression of the face, will be faithfully reproduced.

It will be the biograph or mutoscope process applied to ordinary photography. As a result of much experimenting devices have been perfected by which the series of photographs may be mounted on reels and revolved within happy cabinets which will be ornaments in any parlor. By looking into the cabinet the subject will appear to be animated, just like the familiar moving pictures thrown on screens by the biograph.

Think of a kicking, squirming baby being photographed as he plays with his toes; then, when he becomes a man, looking upon himself exactly as he was in those babyhood days.

A photograph of the wedding ceremony itself might be made, for these cameras can be taken anywhere.—[New York World.]

Imports Peanuts by the Ton.

ALTHOUGH Europeans seldom eat peanuts, Marseilles is the peanut center of the world. In 1899 that city imported 61,241 tons of unshelled and 9399 tons of shelled peanuts, and that was not an unusual year. Bordeaux also uses large quantities every year, but the first-named city stands in Europe at the head of the production of vegetable oils from oleaginous seeds. The chief sources of the city's peanut supply are Bombay, Mozambique and Senegal, although large quantities are received from other places.

In the Marseilles crushing mills the peanuts are pressed out into cakes, and the oil extracted. This oil, after being clarified by filtration and the admixture of fuller's earth, is put on the market and used as an illuminant, and more extensively as an adulterant in olive oil, in which latter field its chief competitor is cottonseed oil.

In the United States the raising of peanuts is not extensively engaged in, except in Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina, although a good many are grown in all the Middle Southern States. The crop for the entire country in 1899 was about four and a half million bushels of twenty-two pounds each, which was an increase of about one million bushels over the crop of 1898.

There are some twenty plants for grinding peanuts in the United States, these being chiefly situated in the States where the nuts are extensively grown. There is a single factory in Tennessee which handles five tons of peanuts daily. The output secured at this rate of consumption includes 235 gallons of refined oil, which sells at \$1 per gallon; 175 gallons of crude oil, at 50 cents; 3680 pounds of flour and meal, at 2 cents, and 3300 pounds of stock feed, at 40 cents per 100 pounds, making the gross receipts about \$475.90 per day, and at this rate the annual profit is said to average \$19,725.—[Philadelphia Manufacturer.]

Successful "Treatment."

ONE of Philadelphia's bright young surgeons recently demonstrated in a rather ridiculous manner the fact that imagination plays an important part in both ailment and cure. The president of a financial institution has for some time been laboring under the delusion that hair was growing in his throat. He visited doctor after doctor, and they all laughed at him. "The thing is preposterous," they said, after careful examination. But still the man insisted that they were wrong, and worked himself into a condition bordering on nervous prostration. Finally he went to the young surgeon in question, who at once decided upon a plan of action. "I'll fix you all right in a jiffy," he said. Then he went into an anteroom, snipped a couple of hairs from his wrist, and fastened them to the end of an instrument. Returning to the patient, he inserted the instrument down the man's throat, gave a little jab and pulled it out again. There were the hairs, sure enough. It was a stroke of genius, sure enough, for the man with an imaginary complaint at once resumed his normal condition, and the young surgeon was rewarded with a fat fee.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Trying to Take a Palace.

OUR correspondent in Rome tells of a rather amusing incident which has just taken place in connection with the tunnel that is about to be constructed under the Quirinal Palace. This tunnel will connect the lower and upper parts of the city, and will be the first example of such a main artery for traffic passing under a royal palace in the heart of a great city. The tunnel begins in Via Rasella, necessitating, among other buildings, the demolition of a part of the Palazzo del Drago, the owner of which, a member of the most ancient Roman aristocracy, is a fiery partisan of the papal party. Prince del Drago, considering that the compensation for his ruined palace, "forced" upon him by the commissioners, was insufficient, went to law about it, but, instead of having the sum raised, it was, to his intense indignation, lessened.

When the workmen and municipal authorities went to take possession they found all the doors walled up, and, on the demand for the keys, that of the roof window was

sent, with the message that if they wished to enter, it must be from there. The workmen were then sent for. They climbed in through the first-story window, to the delight of the howling crowd below, but found that the way was not yet clear. Every door in the whole house had been walled up and the place stripped of everything, including the tiles of the fireplaces, frescoes on the ceilings, shutters, and so on.

At present the honors are about divided, as the city has entered, but the prince, on his side, still holds the last-mentioned objects, which are claimed as having been in the inventory, and he refuses to give them up. The case will be carried before the courts.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The "Night Shift" at the White House.

IN THE July number of the National Magazine, Joe Mitchell Chaplin thus describes the manner in which the President and his secretary toll over important papers:

"A warm June evening in Washington is not just the time for work—but it is a busy time at the White House. Upstairs nearly all the clerks and stenographers have gone, and the doorkeeper who has charge of the door of the President's office at night, sits reading a magazine—of course it is the National. In the half-lighted room—the scene of unusual activity during the day—there is now an air of dignity and restfulness. Four clocks strike the hour in succession; first a tiny treble, then a roaring bass; later a faltering alto, and finally a screeching tenor. It seems as if they have been timed to render an hourly chime, and each has a sole, to preclude church choir jealousy. The stillness and quietude grows deeper and more pronounced each hour; the croaking frogs and chirping crickets in the Mall retard the tempo in the nocturnal chorus. In the Cabinet room President McKinley and Secretary Cortelyou concentrate their attention for hours upon the great mass of accumulated papers. A ring for a glass of water is the only call that has summoned the messenger during four hours of night work. Every detail is carefully systematized so that the least possible delay is avoided in the dispatch of public business. In these quiet, still hours of night, the important work of the Chief Executive is done, and it is very long past midnight when he passes out through the double doors to the residential portion of the White House, to obtain rest preparatory to the influx of visitors that begins as early as 9:30 or even 9 o'clock. Then, after a few more letters to be given a stenographer in the last watch, Secretary Cortelyou closes up the business of the day and the lights at the White House go out. The strenuous life of an American penetrates even the highest official places, and this is in sharp contrast to the leisurely life of royalty and aristocracy in Europe.

In the Tsung Li Yamen.

THE buildings of the Tsung Li Yamen are not of a very imposing character, but they are superior to most Chinese public buildings in this respect, they are in good repair. They consist of an external hall and a series of reception-rooms, leading finally to a small and trim Chinese garden. What they lack in appearance, however, is more than made up by the magnificence of the moral sentiments placarded upon them. The room in which I was received and which serves, I was informed, as a reception-room for the foreign powers, was a comparatively small one, containing a round table with a polished top, and a number of heavy black Chinese chairs. One one side of it were hung three scrolls, containing each a number of Chinese ideographs. The first of these reads: "When tea is half (made) the fragrance rises." This I do not profess to interpret. Perhaps it is intended as an encouragement to persevere in the tortuous and interminable paths of Chinese diplomacy.

The second declares, "To study is indeed excellent." The third occurring where it does can only be regarded in a humorous light. The most treacherous, untrustworthy and unscrupulous set of diplomats of modern times, of which the united ministers of foreign countries accredited to China have solemnly declared that no faith can be placed upon their assurances, meet their European colleagues beneath an inscription which reads, "To do good is the highest pleasure." In the large reception-room is the inscription, "May heaven and earth enjoy great peace," while the inscription over the principal doorway is formed of the characters, "Chung wai ti fu"—literally, "Center, outside, peace, happiness"—China, being the center and the rest of the world the outside. The inscription thus means, "May China and foreign countries alike enjoy peace and happiness," an admirable sentiment, one which the Tsung Li Yamen has persistently done its best to falsify.—[Henry Norman's "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East."]

Queer Money of the Mountains.

"THE strangest money I ever saw," said a commercial traveler to a Star reporter the other day, "was in the mountain districts of Kentucky and West Virginia. Early last spring I was making my semi-annual tour through this region, and I stopped one morning at a little grocery store and saloon, not to sell goods, but to get a drink of the 'mountain dew.' While I was pouring out my drink a big, husky mountaineer entered the place and called for a drink. As he finished gulping it down he reached into a large pocket and drew forth what looked to be a coonskin. He laid the skin on the counter; the bartender took the skin, and, opening a drawer, handed out a rabbit skin, which he offered as change. The mountaineer picked up the skin and started to the front part of the store, which was the grocery department. He there bought a twist of plug tobacco and tendered the rabbit skin in payment. He received a big twist of long grass, and I was surprised to see the storekeeper march in another drawer and tender him a squirrel skin. The mountaineer touched the squirrel skin

in his pocket, walked out, unhitched his horse and

away. "I became interested and engaged the proprietor's variation. He told me that sometimes he was months without seeing any real money, and mountaineers used the skins in all kinds of ways, as buying provisions, horses, etc. He said that a year a hide buyer from Lexington or Cincinnati came to the country and bought up all the skins, which were usually concentrated in the few stores in the mountains.

"But of all the queer financial transactions I have known," continued the drummer, "the oddest was the head of 'paying the fiddler.' It had been arranged that a dance was to be given a little way up the mountain, and I agreed to go along with one of the boys for fun. After going through the elaborate process of blacking his boots and putting on a white shirt, I saw my companion go to the potato bin and select a dozen nice potatoes and put them in his pocket. He sooner had we arrived at the 'music hall' than he fully surrendered his vegetables for an entrance fee. But what puzzled me the most was that, upon entering after dancing all night, he was given two coonskins. I have been trying to make up my mind ever since what that dance was worth in the 'mountain realm.'—[Washington Star.]

Showering Away the Cook.

ONE new apartment house not to be opened in New York until next autumn exhibits a new scheme of saving space. The tenants of these apartments will rent for several thousand dollars a year, and will presumably require the attendance of several of the domestic staff it was necessary to provide without limiting the accommodations in the apartment. So the rooms set aside for the use of the tenants are provided with bunks of the kind to be found on a shipboard, and the apartment which contains the most of these bunks is in one of the most expensive buildings in the city.—[New York Evening Sun.]

Ran an Automobile by Liquid Air.

LIQUID air was successfully used one day in propelling an automobile. A gallon of the liquid was poured into a tank, the aperture through which it had been poured was closed, and away went the car as you please. The gallon would carry the car seven miles, said G. A. Bobrick, chief chemist for Prof. Tripler's Liquid Air Company, who was the inventor. He gave Senator John F. Jones of New York and others invited to the exhibition a ride in the car on the boulevard.

The automobile is controlled and otherwise in the same way as steam or oil gas was being used, and it is noticed that the vehicle moved noiselessly and smoothly, there being no thumping or any of the kind heard when some of the new-fangled vegetable oils are used.

Prof. Tripler declared that eventually the liquid air can be sold at 15 cents a gallon, which would cost now of propelling an automobile about one mile.—[Chicago Times-Herald's New York Letter.]

Passengers Sent by Wire.

THE first suspension railway for the conveyance of passengers ever built has recently been constructed in Germany. It is a little over eight miles long and has eighteen stations.

The road commences at Barmen-Ritterbusch and follows the River Kupper through the thickly populated district of Barmen-Eilberfeld. Beyond Eilberfeld it runs toward the west as far as Vohwinkel, leaving the main line at Sonborn, and running over the public highway to Vohwinkel.

The iron framework over the river is supported by steel pillars of iron inclined toward each other, and public highways the structure is supported by iron columns, which require no more space than posts.

The cars are suspended on trucks twenty-two feet long. Each truck has two axles. Between the two axles is a motor of thirty-six horse power 1500 volts. The frame surrounds the rail-carrier in such a way that the wheels cannot rise over the rails and the car will slip off in case a fitting breaks or there is any mishap. The current is fed by a contact shoe.

The traveling speed is twenty-five miles per hour. Each car holds fifty passengers. Each train at present consists of two cars. The station platforms are so arranged that four-car trains can receive and unload passengers. The speed of the trains is not dependent on the number of cars as each car has its own motor.

The spans of the piers are very wide, owing to the difficulty of finding solid foundation on the river banks, and avoid interrupting traffic on the public road. The spans average ninety-eight feet, the total width of the double rail line over the river, including the approach, is about 325 pounds to the foot, and over 700 pounds.

This makes the cost of construction from \$250,000 per mile, including the foundation and the rolling stock—trains run at intervals of ten minutes—the cost would be about \$250,000 per mile. The underground railways of London involved a cost of about 1,500,000 per mile.—[New York Mail and Express.]

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

TWO PICTURE WINDOWS SHOWING CORRECT TREATMENT.

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In the United States the raising of peanuts is not extensively engaged in, except in Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina, although a good many are grown in all the Middle Southern States. The crop for the entire country in 1899 was about four and a half million bushels of twenty-two pounds each, which was an increase of about one million bushels over the crop of 1898.

There are some twenty plants for grinding peanuts in the United States, these being chiefly situated in the States where the nuts are extensively grown. There is a single factory in Tennessee which handles five tons of peanuts daily. The output secured at this rate of consumption includes 235 gallons of refined oil, which sells at \$1 per gallon; 175 gallons of crude oil, at 50 cents; 3680 pounds of flour and meal, at 2 cents, and 3300 pounds of stock feed, at 60 cents per 100 pounds, making the gross receipts about \$475.90 per day, and at this rate the annual profit is said to average \$19,725.—[Philadelphia Manufacturer.]

Successful "Treatment."

ONE of Philadelphia's bright young surgeons recently demonstrated in a rather ridiculous manner the fact that imagination plays an important part in both ailment and cure. The president of a financial institution has for some time been laboring under the delusion that hair was growing in his throat. He visited doctor after doctor, and they all laughed at him. "The thing is preposterous," they said, after careful examination. But still the man insisted that they were wrong, and worked himself into a condition bordering on nervous prostration. Finally he went to the young surgeon in question, who at once decided upon a plan of action. "I'll fix you all right in a jiffy," he said. Then he went into an anteroom, snipped a couple of hairs from his wrist, and fastened them to the end of an instrument. Returning to the patient, he inserted the instrument down the man's throat, gave a little jab and pulled it out again. There were the hairs, sure enough. It was a stroke of genius, sure enough, for the man with an imaginary complaint at once resumed his normal condition, and the young surgeon was rewarded with a fat fee.—[Kansas City Journal.]

Trying to Take a Palace.

OUR correspondent in Rome tells of a rather amusing incident which has just taken place in connection with the tunnel that is about to be constructed under the Quirinal Palace. This tunnel will connect the lower and upper parts of the city, and will be the first example of such a main artery for traffic passing under a royal palace in the heart of a great city. The tunnel begins in Via Rasella, necessitating, among other buildings, the demolition of a part of the Palazzo del Drago, the owner of which, a member of the most ancient Roman aristocracy, is a fiery partisan of the papal party. Prince del Drago, considering that the compensation for his ruined palace, "forced" upon him by the commissioners, was insufficient, went to law about it, but, instead of having the sum raised, it was, to his intense indignation, lessened.

When the workmen and municipal authorities went to take possession they found all the doors walled up, and, on the demand for the keys, that of the roof window was

sent, with the message that if they wished to enter, it must be from there. The firemen were then sent for. They climbed in through the first-story windows, to the delight of the howling crowd below, but found that the way was not yet clear. Every door in the whole house had been walled up and the place stripped of everything, including the tiles of the fireplaces, frescoes on the ceilings, shutters, and so on.

At present the honors are about divided, as the city has entered, but the prince, on his side, still holds the last-mentioned objects, which are claimed as having been in the inventory, and he refuses to give them up. The case will be carried before the courts.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

The "Night Shift" at the White House.

IN THE July number of the National Magazine, Joe Mitchell Chapple thus describes the manner in which the President and his secretary toil over important papers:

"A warm June evening in Washington is not just the time for work—but it is a busy time at the White House. Upstairs nearly all the clerks and stenographers have gone, and the doorkeeper who has charge of the door of the President's office at night, sits reading a magazine—of course it is the National. In the half-lighted room the scene of unusual activity during the day—there is now an air of dignity and restfulness. Four clocks strike the hour in succession; first a tiny treble, then a roaring bass; later a faltering alto, and finally a screeching tenor. It seems as if they have been timed to render an hourly chime, and each has a solo, to preclude church choir jealousy. The stillness and quietude grows deeper and more pronounced each hour; the croaking frogs and chirping crickets in the Mall retard the tempo in the natural chorus. In the Cabinet room President McKinley and Secretary Cortelyou concentrate their attention for hours upon the great mass of accumulated papers. A ring for a glass of water is the only call that has summoned the messenger during four hours of night work. Every detail is carefully systemized so that the least possible delay is avoided in the dispatch of public business. In these quiet, still hours of night, the important work of the Chief Executive is done, and it is very long past midnight when he passes out through the double doors to the residential portion of the White House, to obtain rest preparatory to the influx of visitors that begins as early as 9:30 or even 9 o'clock. Then, after a few more letters to be given a stenographer in the last watch, Secretary Cortelyou closes up the business of the day and the lights at the White House go out. The strenuous life of an American penetrates even the highest official places, and this is in sharp contrast to the leisurely life of royalty and aristocracy in Europe."

In the Tsung Li Yamen.

THE buildings of the Tsung Li Yamen are not of a very imposing character, but they are superior to most Chinese public buildings in this respect, they are in good repair. They consist of an external hall and a series of reception-rooms, leading finally to a small and trim Chinese garden. What they lack in appearance, however, is more than made up by the magnificence of the moral sentiments placarded upon them. The room in which I was received and which serves, I was informed, as a reception-room for the foreign powers, was a comparatively small one, containing a round table with a polished top, and a number of heavy black Chinese chairs. One side of it were hung three scrolls, containing each a number of Chinese ideographs. The first of these reads: "When tea is half (made) the fragrance rises." This I do not profess to interpret. Perhaps it is intended as an encouragement to persevere in the tortuous and interminable paths of Chinese diplomacy.

The second declares, "To study is indeed excellent." The third occurring where it does can only be regarded in a humorous light. The most treacherous, untrustworthy and unscrupulous set of diplomats of modern times, of which the united ministers of foreign countries accredited to China have solemnly declared that no faith can be placed upon their assurances, meet their European colleagues beneath an inscription which reads, "To do good is the highest pleasure." In the large reception-room is the inscription, "May heaven and earth enjoy great peace," while the inscription over the principal doorway is formed of the characters, "Chung wai ti fu"—literally, "Center, outside, peace, happiness"—China, being the center and the rest of the world the outside. The inscription thus means, "May China and foreign countries alike enjoy peace and happiness," an admirable sentiment, one which the Tsung Li Yamen has persistently done its best to falsify.—[Henry Norman's "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East."]

Queer Money of the Mountains.

"THE strangest money I ever saw," said a commercial traveler to a Star reporter the other day, "was in the mountain districts of Kentucky and West Virginia. Early last spring I was making my semi-annual tour through this region, and I stopped one morning at a little grocery store and saloon, not to sell goods, but to get a drink of the 'mountain dew.' While I was pouring out my drink a big, husky mountaineer entered the place and called for a drink. As he finished gulping it down he reached into a large pocket and drew forth what looked to be a coon skin. He laid the skin on the counter; the bartender took the skin, and, opening a drawer, handed out a rabbit skin, which he offered as change. The mountaineer picked up the skin and started to the front part of the store, which was the grocery department. He there bought a twist of plug tobacco and tendered the rabbit skin in payment. He received a big twist of long green, and I was surprised to see the storekeeper reach in another drawer and tender him a squirrel skin. The mountaineer tucked the squirrel skin

in his pocket, walked out, unhitched his horse and

away. "I became interested and engaged the proprietor's conversation. He told me that sometimes he would months without seeing any real money, and the mountaineers used the skins in all kinds of ways, as buying provisions, horses, etc. He said that he was a year a hide buyer from Lexington or Cincinnati, the country and bought up all the skins, which were really concentrated in the few stores in the vicinity."

"But of all the queer financial transactions I have known," continued the drummer, "the oddest one was the head of 'paying the fiddler.' It had been agreed that a dance was to be given a little way up the mountain and I agreed to go along with one of the boys to be fun. After going through the elaborate process of blacking his boots and putting on a white shirt and I saw my companion go to the potato bin and select a dozen nice potatoes and put them in his pocket. No sooner had we arrived at the 'music hall' than he fully surrendered his vegetables for an entrance. But what puzzled me the most was that, upon our offer dancing all night, he was given two onions. I have been trying to make up my mind ever since what that dance was worth in the 'currency' realm."—[Washington Star.]

Stowing Away the Cook.

THE new apartment house not to be opened to the public until next autumn exhibits a new scheme for stowing away the tenants. The tenants of these apartments will rent for several thousand dollars a year, but will require the attendance of several servants. The domestic staff it was necessary to provide without limiting the accommodations in the apartments. So the rooms set aside for the servants provided with bunks of the kind to be found on a steamer. There are an upper and a lower bunk, differ in no detail of arrangement from the bunks on a shipboard, and the apartment which contains the device is in one of the most expensive buildings in the city.—[New York Evening Sun.]

Ran an Automobile by Liquid Air.

LIQUID air was successfully used one day last week in propelling an automobile. A gallon of the gas was poured into a tank, the aperture through which it had been poured was closed, and away went the vehicle as you please. The gallon would carry the car seven miles, said G. A. Bobrick, chief chemist for Prof. Tripler's Liquid Air Company, who was the lever. He gave Senator John P. Jones of Nevada and other others invited to the exhibition a ride of half a mile or so on the boulevard.

The automobile is controlled and otherwise operated through steam or oil gases were being used, but noticed that the vehicle moved noiselessly as if on wheels, there being no thumping nor any of the noise heard when some of the new-fangled wagons are started.

Prof. Tripler declared that eventually the car would be manufactured as one toured along. At present it can be sold at 15 cents a gallon, which would cost now of propelling an automobile about a mile.—[Chicago Times-Herald's New York Letter.]

Passengers Sent by Wire.

THE first suspension railway for the conveyance of passengers ever built has recently been constructed in Germany. It is a little over eight miles long and has eighteen stations.

The road commences at Barmen-Rittershausen and follows the River Kupper through the thickly populated district of Barmen-Eilberfeld. Beyond Eilberfeld the line toward the west as far as Vohwinkel, leaving the main line at Sonnborn, and running over the public highway to Vohwinkel.

The iron framework over the river is supported by tress piers of iron inclined toward each other; but the public highways the structure is supported by iron columns, which require no more space than the posts.

The cars are suspended on trucks twenty-four feet long. Each truck has two axles. Between and under the motor of thirty-six horse power 2500 volts. The frame surrounds the rail-carrier in such a manner that the wheels cannot rise over the rails and the cars slip off in case a fitting breaks or there is some mishap. The current is fed by a contact shoe from the overhead wire.

The traveling speed is twenty-five miles per hour. Each car holds fifty passengers. Each train at present consists of two cars. The station platforms are so arranged that four-car trains can receive and unload passengers. The speed of the trains is not dependent on the number of cars as each car has its own motor.

The spans of the piers are very wide, owing to the difficulty of finding solid foundation on the river banks. To avoid interrupting traffic on the public road, the spans average ninety-eight feet, the total weight of the double rail line over the river, including the piers, is about 835 pounds to the foot, and over the spans 783 pounds.

This makes the cost of construction from \$225,000 per mile, including the foundations and the rolling stock—trains run at intervals of five minutes—the cost would be about \$265,000 per mile. The underground railway of London involved an expenditure of about 1,500,000 per mile.—[New York Mail and Express.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

Music-room.

M. C. D. Pasadena, says: "First, please give suggestion for inexpensive but artistic furnishing for a living-room, which is also music-room. I want blue and green in it, but feel that I could not combine the two unless you will tell me just the shades to use. I am very fond of indigo or old blue. Silk sample inclosed is to be main color in a couch cover for this room (woven like rag portieres) with delicate tints mingled with the green. What kind of cushions shall I have? I thought of having a rag rug for the floor. Would indigo blue, with white warp, go well with the green couch cover? Can I use old blue safely? Will I need yellow to brighten the room? I have a number of musical pictures—a bust of Beethoven, a 'Marshall Rhodes' roses painting in a green, wood frame, and would like to have potted ferns in this room. In rag rugs, do you not think a solid color with very of same hue is more artistic than stripes? Are portieres ever made of cotton rags?"

The green you inclosed that is to be used in your couch cover is a little dark. However, you say there are to be delicate colors intermingled. Now the color of your cushions should depend upon these "delicate" ones, if these are light, dull blue, or even vivid blue, old rose, yellow, or a lighter and brighter shade of green (red I do not admit as a possibility.) Make your cushions of the same shades, thus picking out and emphasizing the various tones. As you have used this green you can render the effect much better by using the lighter shade also, in vari-

ous ways in the room. One should always use the illuminating shade of a color, if there is a dull, soft background, in bits about the room. If you neglect this you will experience a feeling of disappointment with the result, which you probably cannot account for.

Plants will assist to give this feeling to a room, therefore we feel that they fill an inexplicable need. The light shines through the green of their leaves, or the color of their flowers, and a room which seemed dead and cold seems suddenly to spring to life, to have gayety and charm, simply by their introduction into it. You can accomplish the same miracle with colors if you understand their possibilities. I am not sure, from your letter, that you do not confuse indigo blue with old blue. "Old blue," and this goes well with green, is a soft, dull tone, which may be very light in shade, it always has a white light in it at any rate, but it is entirely free from the underlying purple which is in indigo. If your couch cover is of mingled effect, I would advise you to have your rug as nearly of one shade as possible. Otherwise, I think they would confuse each other. You could make the rug of two shades of blue, or all of dark blue. I have never seen the rag-rug weave used for a couch cover, but should think it might be quite pretty if it will wear; that is, if it does not pull apart. I would like to know the result of your experiment. A very good effect could be obtained by using cotton rags for a portiere, but it would only be in a room which is furnished in accordance with them. That is, it should have plain, wooden furniture, a rag carpet, denim or some other cotton hangings, etc. That really countrified, old-fashioned effect, which in certain places is worth striving for, because of its charming simplicity, is the scheme in which they could be used with impunity. This treatment imparts an air of homely comfort, which is extremely desirable in a cheap ranch-house. A wide fireplace for logs, a well-planned, smoothly-finished and cleanly-scrubbed floor, heavy wooden chairs, with cotton cushions in bright colors, etc. Such a room may have

rough, unfinished beams overhead, while the finish and furnishing may all be of the cheapest description, and yet there will be the charm of comfort and a certain refinement, if it is properly handled.

A Tent Bedroom.

Second, the same writer says: "I have two cousins who are going to have a tent bedroom built on to their house, and they thought of having green for the color scheme. Rag rug, inside of the tent walls, etc. Can you give some ideas about smaller things of the room, curtains, draperies, etc., and what other colors to introduce?"

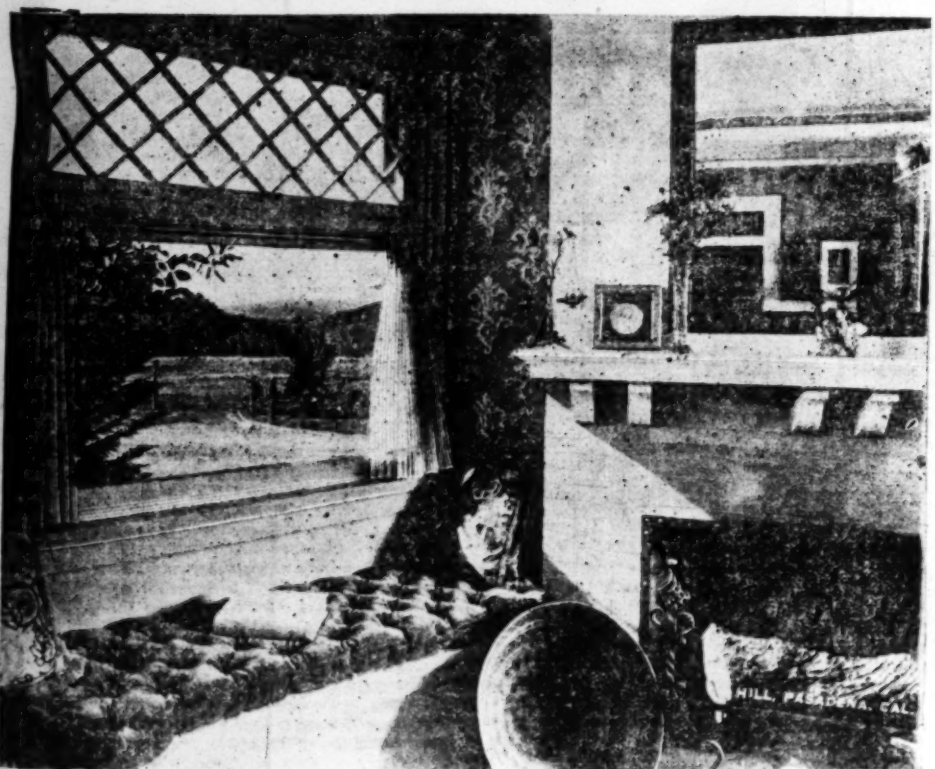
Your cousins could not, I think, select a more refreshing and restful color for their tentroom than green, especially if they use a rather light, cold shade. This, with white-dotted muslin curtains filling in their windows and their white furniture, will be charming. They can use with light green, scarlet or crimson cushions and accessories on the toilette table, orange or pink. I think, perhaps, they would find a strong orange the best color to intermingle, as there is more or less wear and tear in a tentroom and a great deal of strong light. Though to be sure, the green walls will temper the light most pleasantly. I would have a slipper box which is also a low seat in here, covered, if you use red, with Turkey-red calico; also, supposing the red used, a hammock chair, with red and white-striped awning goods stretched on it. If you use orange you can have this chair of orange and white and your stool can be covered with the material used on the walls. What you will feel the need of in such a room is color, strong and cheery, yet not glaring, and materials which will stand hard wear. The spring and comfort in seats which canvas gives, rather than many stuffed cushions. Bamboo or wicker chairs are extremely satisfactory for each use.

A Flat.

F. E. F., Los Angeles, says: "We are living in a rented flat, upstairs. The parlor looks bare and cheerless. Will you kindly tell me in what way I could make it look more homelike? The walls are white, woodwork redwood, floor covered with light matting and Brussels rug, the center of which is old rose, with red and green border. 'Cosy corner' of good Turkish material dark red the predominating color. At the windows I have curtains of fine dotted Swiss, ruffled. Since reading your advice to another I have hung two at a window, which makes an improvement. The middle window being so much wider than the other two, the curtain is not as full, what shall I do about it? One window opens into a small porch. Furniture, oak, bamboo bookcase. I have a coverlet, dark red and black. Could I hang it in the single doorway between parlor and bedroom? If so, how could I arrange it?" If you are willing to spend \$3 or \$4 on the walls of your parlor, you can have a kalsomine or water-color wash put on which will at once remove the look of bareness and cheerlessness of which you complain. On the other hand, if your walls are left white, all of the handsome furniture to be bought in the shops will not make it look comfortable and well-furnished. I think a soft shade of robin's-egg blue, or a cold, leaf green would bring the colors you have mentioned into harmony. The old rose of your rug, the dark reds of your Turkish stuffs, and your red and black door hanging. I would use my coverlet in this way by all means. I think it will be very artistic if you put the wooden pole which holds it about a foot from top of door. If your curtain is long enough, throw one end over the pole, letting it hang down a little on the parlor side, pin it loosely with safety pins over the pole and slide it closely to one side in even folds. If it is too short for this treatment, tack it in shallow pleats to brass rings. It should escape the floor by just one inch. If, in order to make it long enough, you have to put a band of black or red across the top, it will look just as well. Place out the Swiss curtains for your large window by hanging an extra width or half width on either side next the window frame. When I hang Japanese crepe or Chinese calico in this way I never sew the strips together because the Japanese hang this material in this way and the effect is much more artistic. In muslin, however, it would look better sewed in a narrow seam. You mention that one of your windows opens on a small porch. Could you not get a good effect by setting some pretty green and flowering plants on this porch in such a way that they would show well through the window. I would also plant quick-running vines in pots out here and train them about the window. Showing through your Swiss curtains you could obtain the always-charming effect of greenery and thus add much to the refinement of your room.

An Artistic Living-Room.

Mrs. L. G. B., Riverside: From the diagram that you have sent me of your living-room, I judge that it is already artistic. The skin rugs are sure to be good in effect in such a room, and I like the arrangement of it. I think your coloring must be good, but the fault probably lies in your having too much cotton and comparatively inexpensive material. A tasteful intermingling of a few rich bits will bring out the beauty of all the other things. For instance, you say that your seat is covered with a green jute, having pink roses in it, you have a fine green matting on the floor and a painting of La France roses. You have here a pretty mingling of pink and green and I would not discard this for blue. You speak of two pillows for this of even lighter and fadier hues than the seat, and both of cotton. What you need is some cushions of silk and plush to use with the cottons. I would have one of green plush and one, at least, of a brilliant shade of old rose. One or two rugs laid between those of fur, all of blue, or having a good deal of blue in them, would be an improvement. If this seems to make your floor too patchy, throw some of the fox skins over chair backs. Your lamp table painted dark green would look well with a square of soft, old blue brocade in the center of it. This should be bound with inexpensive gold galleon. If you use this blue on your floor and tables you will find the blue denim curtains in the doorway appropriate. I wish, however, that you would afford the old blue jute, and a Bagdad. I am afraid that an hour-glass table would not be appropriate here, as they are intended for bedroom use generally or a sitting-room where white muslin would look well. Any plain little wooden stand, painted like ebony, would look well. I am delighted to learn that the garden spot I planned for you is in a fair way to prove a success.



TWO PICTURE WINDOWS SHOWING CORRECT TREATMENT.

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

BEGUILING BARGAINS.

WOMEN WILL FACE FIERCEST WEATHER FOR TEMPTATIONS NOW EXPOSED FOR SALE.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1900.—The eternal feminine does nothing but talk bargains these days. She swoops into the city by the early morning train that her husband patronizes, and struggles about in the heat from shop to shop, with eyes for none but the placarded counters. In the cool of the evening she sits on the veranda steps of the summer hotel and makes the ears of all the other women tingle while she brags of the sales she has seen and profited by.

At nearly every shop neck decorations she found marked down to prices that put the prettiest imaginable dainties within the grasp of the most scrupulously economical, and what woman ever feels her appetite for ruffs and collars and stocks and ties thoroughly appeased. She bought six, and she saw sixteen more she would gladly have added to her collection. One of her six treasures was a straight-topped, but tall neckband of black satin, closing at the

rear, and its dusky surface all but covered by a scarf of deep tea colored Louis XIV lace that fastened in a pretty butterfly bow under the chin. That was selected for use with white and colored tucked taffeta waists.

Another beauty suitable for the same purpose has the high, straight neckband of cream-colored panne, with a charming scarf of cream chiffon, printed in a design of pale green leaves and vines, drawn from the back, pulled into a four-in-hand knot in front, and a flutter with two round end sash-like tabs falling to the waist line. A tie clasp of dull gold and green enamel is to be utilized for special ornamentation at the knot, since that harmonizes well with the three rows of green velvet bebe ribbon edging the bottom of the two scarf ends.

For All Sorts of Weather.

Something more severe and useful, especially on a hot morning where a delicate collar or one of starched linen would be uncomfortable and rankly extravagant, is her washable stock of white linen, with its bow ends of striped gingham. The bow band is perfectly straight and soft as a folded handkerchief to the throat it embraces; from the back of the neck draw forward ends of perpendicularly

striped lilac and white French gingham, known in the land as toile du nord, and this, she found, is just the coolest, most becoming and easily laundered but not cravat.

For cooler days she has three possible smart neck collar trimming for her shirt waist. One is a stock of plain blue chambray, with a bow tie, and side tabs of white chambray variegated with little blue rings. Another is a stock of white silk, with a double-faced chambray satin ribbon tie, ending in white silk tassels, and a third is six little white silk wheels, and put twice around the neck is drawn in a four-in-hand knot in front.

The last and best bargain of all she thinks is a little reduced French model having a stock of lilac muslin with two deeper lilac ribbons threaded through it, and then in front a rosette of lilac muslin, from which fall nine tabs of ribbon that matches the muslin, and embroidered in a group of wee diamonds of a delicate blue. Beautiful, Yet Cheap, Lingerie.

What made the deepest impression on the mind of the shopper was the absence of high, sloped collars, the revival of the straight band, without cruel points and thrust under one's tender ears. She is also sure that she never in her life saw such wonderful lingerie as this moment offered in tucked lawn and batiste and guipure shoulder collars, nor such occasions in tempting underwear. The sweetest night robes were in palest rose and blue, as well as nainsook, the waist outlined by a broad band of lace through which lattice work a wide piped tulle ribbon runs. For such a garment the neck will be in a breeze admitting square, from which a deep embroidered lawn turns back, and from the armholes similar frills fall in graceful abundance upon the hem.

Some of these victims of fine needlework are lovely and becoming to be utilized over colored breakfast wrappers, and many of them have the feel of the finest India cotton, and the upper portions wholly from perpendicular bands of embroidery and finest lines of beading. Again, from the knees the flounce of the finest embroidery will fall.

What a reckless expenditure of loveliness on the part of the wearer's appreciative eyes are sealed sleep and her thoughts adrift in vagrant dreamland, bit of news the eternal feminine has picked up at the dressmaker's counter. This is to the effect that all the trousseaus, whether for brides or not, are made up to the very latest fashion. For example, the saleswomen emphasize an enthusiasm as possible the charm and elegance of buying one piece in each and every set differently trimmed. They chase a night dress, drawers, chemise, petticoat and cover of India cotton, embroidered in white muslin, garnished in pale green ribbons; another set trimmed with a uniform pattern of Valenciennes and pale pink, and to use the underwear set by set instead of the embroidered chemise and a lace decorated petticoat, a very, very modish thing to do.

Country Luncheon Frocks.

But if women have good and sufficient cause for trips to the shops at this languid season, as has been indicated by mention of various bargains, no less reason for congratulation over the daily opportunities for frocks that the wily merchants now put forth to gain placards. There has never been a summer, so to the very most experienced sales hunters, who pique and duck suits commanded so modest a price as a severely tailor-made, in green, or blue, or rose or pink, enriched with stitchings and worn with a coquettish straw hat of lace encrusted tulle, the linen cost of which by all odds is the first choice for country luncheon and afternoon entertainments. In contrast to the green of stitched linen the most airy fabrications of white lace upon silk are worn as bodices with the still, white-tailed coats, and a low-necked body of net, encrusted with flowers wrought of chiffon, was worn since in correct Newport at a dance, with a skirt of white linen stitched with pale green silk.

Fashions for Juveniles.

Undersleeves have come as no surprise or novelty to the nursery, for more or less that pretty method of dressing arms has held its vogue among juvenile belles. Just perhaps, its influence is exaggerated a trifle, and in summer settlements one will see pretty maids of the thirties attired in the most sensible little blue cream white mohair, the skirt laid in stitched deep pleats, allowed to fall out just at the knee, while the full-sleeved blouse waist of lawn is slipped a little below the mohair, the sleeves of which draw just to the elbow and are slashed in squares to permit a free play of restless, childish arms.

Equally commendable are the colored mohairs of lightest possible weight, made up with stitching of taffeta quiltings, as illustrated in the accompanying picture of boys and girls. The little woman to the left of the picture wears a clear blue mohair, individualized by sprinkling of big dark blue dots on the arched green white silk collar falls from her yoke of tucked white and collar and skirt bottom and cuffs are edged with a pinked quilting of white taffeta. Her hat, with its pleated brim, is of blue mohair and has a wide wing of white taffeta fastened to the front of the crown. The tureque and serviceable and not in the least opposed to the costuming of these two children, and what higher of dress can the most conscientious mother strive for?

MARY



AN ETON COAT.

An Eton coat of black taffeta applique on white silk. The inner portion of the rolled collar is of stitched black taffeta, while the outer edge shows two rows of buttons on white silk. The sleeves are of lady's cloth.

A GRACEFUL KIMONO.

A graceful Kimono lounging gown of Japanese silk. The

background is in oriental red, with a quaint floral pattern in green worked out upon it. The effect is one of great luxury and elegance.

A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST.

A smart, simple shirt waist in fine black and white percale, worn with a white muslin stock and cotton necktie to match the skirt.

July 29,

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TEMPTATIONS IN HOME DECORATION.

FUMED OAK IS THE LAST NOVELTY TO BE SEEN IN THE FURNITURE SHOPS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 23.—Fumed oak with pewter trimmings is the newest thing in house decoration. Every woman who is doing over the bedrooms especially, finds it a desperate struggle to decide between the lovely furniture made of wood colored by a process of artificially staining and seasoning and the colonial mahogany. Both are equally good in style, but the oak is less costly and exceedingly novel and good in its decorative effects, while genuine old Georgian mahogany is getting to be as rare as rubies and pretty nearly as costly. The situation, therefore, is promising for the future of this new wooden bedroom furniture that is not only novel in its material and shape, but also in its decoration.

Fumed oak is never carved, but inlaid instead, and so beautifully it is dyed, hardened and polished that it gives on its surface all the rich color and sheen and grain of the rarest natural woods known to the cabinetmaker. It may be had in glowing cedar red, teak brown, bamboo green, and pine yellow and what is yet more fascinating to the housekeeper of good taste is the excellent lines on which it is made. The most severe Jacobin and Empire forms have been adapted to this twentieth century departure in chair, table and bed making, and instead of the decoration laid upon the surface, as in the Napoleonic era, ebony and pewter are mosaiced into the skin of the oak in classic and classic patterns. Very little brass is ever employed for ornamentation, though for certain pieces made for the Princess of Wales, especially a settle carved in Norse pattern the inlay work was all done in silver, contrasted with the blackest teak.

Over the seat of the settle was flung a very thin cushion covered with scarlet atolia, a goods very like the heaviest linen, which is particularly recommended for use with fumed oak.

Along with the introduction of this new wood have come some delightful scientific and artistic discoveries in the making of bedroom furniture. For instance, the treatment given this oak in preparation renders it quite impervious to germs, and therefore it is to be as highly recommended for beds as the hygienic iron. As a matter of fact, the fumed oak beds are built on iron frames, with admirable spiral spring mattresses resting on corrugated copper wire foundations and then the head of the artistic oak bed is not made solidly of wood. Instead, a frame like that often put at the back of a washstand, springs up at the head of the couch and from this hangs a charming drapery of green, or blue, or tawny yellow Ruskin linen, heavily embroidered with a flight of birds or more attractively still, with the owner's coat of arms. Over the bed, when dressed for the day, is then flung a counterpane of atolia, or linen, matching in color the drapery at the bed's head, and bearing in its center the arms embroidered again, but in larger and more elaborate design.

Even more of a departure from the orthodox is the very modern fumed oak dressing table, which is often in ebony and polished bone inlaid in domino pattern, provided with pewter handles and an eight-sided pivoted mirror. The top of this type of dressing table is always covered with a heavy sheet of proven glass, on which hot curling tongs and drops of cologne have no effect, and beside every convenience for stowing all the dainty utensils of the toilet there are one or two secret drawers to which the mysterious and most precious agents for beauty can be confided in perfect security. The washstand, quite unlike the common-place "lavabo," as the French call it, is topped and backed with the most beautiful transparent tiles of glass, emerald green when the oak is bamboo color, or ruby red for cedar wood, and according to the new mode in furniture building, a wardrobe or what is better described as a clothes cabinet, forms an important item in a fumed oak set.

It is hardly more than a common-place chiffonier, but provided with wings that serve especially as hanging receptacles for delicate dress waists. Down the center of the base and ebony inlaid pewter handled clothes cabinet runs a row of shallow, delightful bow fronted drawers for holding lace, and gloves, and handkerchiefs, and fans, and things, while in the wings is hanging space for possessions too delicate to swing among heavy skirts, or if shelves are wanted, it is perfectly easy to slip in a series of the very highest woven wire trays that take up so little space that they add nothing to the weight of the wardrobe and are the admirable inventions for the simple conversion of a press into a hanging closet at a moment's notice. The trays have locks on their edges that fasten in little screw eyelets along the wall of the press and when the shelves are not in use they present no difficulties in storage.

While the charms of this entirely modern discovery in cabinet making are revolutionizing the fitting of bedrooms, there has come into existence a revival on lawns of the use of complete sets of Dutch bowling green furniture. A set of seven remarkable and attractive pieces is necessary, according to the newest notion, for adequately fitting a garden. These pieces consist of low benches, garden footstools, two-a-dos seats and tea tables, and if you possess a lovely garden or a fine lawn they must be distributed about under arbors and trees or beside fountains, in order to give the out of doors a thoroughly habited and inviting expression.

Most of this furniture is made of cypress or locust wood, and is soaked in a chemical preparation to make it impervious to dews and rains, and then painted an agreeable green. These ponderous benches are always arranged in groups of three to form a half circle about a tea table and secure a sociable effect, and denim cushions and a straining little dole the rest to produce an al fresco air. In the days of Dutch King William they first introduced this ponderous open-air furniture into England, along with Dutch gardens and today, for the American as well as the English garden, the stout seats and tables have been revived and introduced on a croquet lawn or near a tennis court. The result striven for is that produced two centuries ago in European back lawns, when the men collected on the half cir-

cle of benches, drank their ale and watched the progress of a game of bowling on the green. FANNY ENDERS.

ELEGANT DETAILS OF WOMAN'S DRESS

HIGH COLLARS ARE DISAPPEARING AND SILK AND SATIN JACKETS SUGGEST IDEAS FOR AUTUMN.

By a Special Contributor.

It is not always necessary, in order that a woman should be well gowned, for her to gather her clothes entirely from the renowned importers of fashions. The expense thus incurred would be much too great for the majority of women to stand up against. Many, therefore, to keep pace with the changes of fashion, use, instead of money, their own ingenuity. Or, as one woman has cleverly summed up the situation: "If one hasn't the money, one must have taste."

A decided and pretty innovation this year has been the jackets of silk which are worn with light-weight cloth skirts. They are of either taffeta, corded or heavy gros-grain silk, and in plain black or a small black and white plaid. The latter, those of the shepherd's plaid, are regarded as being particularly smart. In the design of the making up they are quite plain, snugly fitted and strapped on the seams with stitched bands of cloth that match the material of the skirt with which they are worn. Below the waist line in the back they taper into a point, or long, oval scallop. In front they mostly hang sufficiently open to show that they are faced with black cloth, and have revers of the same cloth, which are solidly stitched. Whether the stitching is done with white or black silk is entirely a matter of taste. Should it be with white, however, it is very attractive to have the skirt similarly done.

There are also seen black satin jackets that are made plainly and strapped with stitched bands of cloth. The stitching on them is always done with black, and they are invariably lined with white satin. On the contrary, the black taffeta and corded silk jackets are made in very fancy styles. Eton, Zouave and Pigaro suggestions are desired as well as the longer effects. Almost invariably, however, they are all short in the back and long in the front. One sees them entirely side plaited, or with tiny box plaits that run from the neck to the bottom of the waist line. Sometimes across the shoulders a fanciful stitching on cloth holds the plaits in place, and almost without exception they have a belt of cloth made on the same lines. As long as one has the idea, these jackets are readily made at home or by any tasteful dressmaker. Old silk skirts, even, can be renovated and made into them, when the disguise would indeed be complete.

Black and white, it is a point worth remembering, is the combination par excellence this season. Smart white taffeta bodices are decorated in places with innumerable small black beads, looking somewhat like pinheads. They are sewed on by hand, and individually, the desire being to simply cover with them a given space. Even when used only upon the pointed collar or cuffs of a bodice, they give to it an indescribable air of distinction.

Fashionable light summer gowns, those that will be worn in the afternoon and at the theaters, will have upon them no high collars. This is one of the very new features that are seen. Bodices will be drawn up and fitted closely about the bottom of the neck, leaving that part of the body entirely uncovered, with the exception, perhaps, of a string of beads, which should clasp about it tightly. High, close neck finishings are seen on few women after 4 o'clock in the day, and those that do venture to appear will be the transparent ones, wired on the under side.

White duck, peckay and mohair gowns show among other conceits a note of black. One very smart duck outing costume made in London for wear at Cowe had upon it a black cloth collar and revers which were severely braided with gold. The design was further abetted by large gilt buttons. Another very quaint little touch for such gowns is to let in about the skirt, either in scallops or straight lines, a narrow strip of checked gingham, the colors of which should be quite gay. Pastel blue and yellow are the prettiest. On either side the band is then sewed onto the gown with a fine white braid. Naturally, the jacket shows the same trimming and a shirt waist of like gingham completes the costumes.

The skirts of these outing gowns are invariably made up over white silk. To the practical mind this may seem, it must be acknowledged, a trifle incongruous. On the other hand, those that have wrestled with the problem know that one white silk slip will do duty for many gowns if it is made up separately, and therefore cover the whole range from an embroidered batiste to a peckay.

AUGUST ICES.

SIX WELL-TRIED RECIPES FOR FROZEN SWEETS

By a Special Contributor.

Pineapple Cream Served in the Shell.—Select a well-shaped ripe pineapple in perfect condition. Cut off the upper end and remove all the flesh from the center, keeping the shell in good shape. Set the rind on the ice to become chilled, and shred the pineapple, removing all core. To each pint of fruit allow three cupfuls of water and a pint of sugar. Boil all together for fifteen minutes, then add one teaspoonful of gelatine, dissolved in cold water, and press the whole through a cheesecloth. When cold add the juice of two lemons and freeze to the consistency of mush. Then add one cupful of cream, whipped stiff. Pour into the pineapple shell, heaping it lightly on top, then set the shell in the can of the freezer, or any pail of sufficient size which is tightly covered. Bury in ice and salt for an hour.

A Peach Mousse.—This velvety cream can be made a very perfect dish for either luncheon or dinner. Prepare a dozen large, ripe peaches, remove the stones, reduce them to a pulp and then strain. Soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in cold water, dissolve it in a tablespoonful of hot water, and add to the peach pulp. Then set the whole on ice to become cold. Sweeten one pint of cream whipped to a stiff

froth, then fold in the peach pulp and pour into a mold. Cover tightly and pack in ice for three hours.

Mint Sherbet.—This delicious ice serves well for an evening collation. To make it to perfection macerate the leaves of a bunch of fresh mint, adding afterward the juice of two lemons. Cover and let stand for fifteen minutes, put two cups full of sugar and a pint of water in a porcelain kettle and stand over the fire. Stir until the sugar dissolves, and then cook until the sugar threads; remove from the fire. Add one-half cupful of orange juice and the prepared lemon. When cold, strain and add curacao to taste; then freeze. Serve in glasses.

A Bisque Ice Cream.—This is guaranteed to be a delightful dessert, it surpasses those generally made, and can be frozen in one large mold or any number of smaller ones. Make a custard with one quart of rich milk, six eggs and one large cup of sugar. Let it stand on ice for twenty-four hours, then add one teaspoonful of vanilla and two wine glasses of sherry wine, also a dozen almond macaroons, which have been dried in the oven and crushed, but not rolled to a powder. Freeze after the usual method.

Peach Souffle.—When peaches are in season don't forget a souffle. To make this to perfection pare ripe peaches, of a good quantity, chop them in a wooden bowl with a silver knife and strain. To every pint of the juice allow one pint of water, six eggs and one pound of sugar. Beat the eggs until light, then add them to the other ingredients and cook the whole in a double boiler until it becomes as thick as soft custard. Strain, set the dish in a pan of cold water and beat the mixture continuously until it becomes cold. Freeze and serve with cream slightly sweetened and flavored with peach.

MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

BIRDS, PLUMES AND FLOWERS FOR FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Birds are again to the fore, and there is a fair demand for clipped aigrette, more especially as a trimming for capotes in combination with flowers. By providing fresh series of flowers without interruption, suitable to each division of the season as it comes around, those interested in their sale hope to promote a regular demand for them all through the autumn and winter.

As matters stand at present, it seems highly probable they will be successful. The reappearance on the field of ostrich and other kinds of plumage has made no notable decrease in the sale of flowers. If trimming underneath brims is maintained, they will certainly continue in request, as in this position flowers are as applicable to winter as to summer millinery. Whether or no they will be adapted to the outside ornamentation of winter hats it is impossible as yet to tell, but there is every likelihood of their being chosen to trim some of the autumn felts. Indeed, I have already come across a model here and there, the trimming of which consists entirely, or in part, of flowers or foliage.

A soft, gray felt has no other trimming than a loose garland of large mauve orchids, and a khaki-colored felt is wreathed about with russet-tinted foliage, closed on one side by a bow of scarlet velvet.

These may be eccentricities or they may be forerunners of a coming fashion. Should the League for the Prevention of the Destruction of Birds extend its influence in the States, flowers will prove as necessary a substitute for plumage as ribbons.

UNIQUE LAWN FETE.

[Anna Wentworth in Woman's Home Companion:] We arranged a Japanese garden by making a high fence of bamboo rods stuck in the ground close together, with a high hedge of fir trees behind. Overhead bamboo rods crossed were tied to each other for a roof, and the whole was fastened to high poles to make it secure. We got a quantity of trailing vines from the woods and tied them onto the roof and the sides of the garden, and added everywhere, hanging inside, bunches of paper and cloth wisteria that we had made expressly; real flowers would have faded too soon. Around the sides of the garden seats were made by covering boards with matting, having the matting tacked to the edge, to fall over, too, and a bamboo rod fastened on where the edges joined. We hired small Japanese-straw tables and stools. All the china was of Japanese design, and for a fee we served tea or "cherry-blossom ice"—just plain strawberry ice—wafers and Japanese cakes and candied ginger and rice candy. All we girls who were in attendance were dressed in kimonos, with our sashes tied in the regular Japanese way and our hair arranged to suit our costumes, with all sorts of flowers and combs and fancy pins stuck into it. We made a lot of money for the church, besides having a most enjoyable time, and every one said that the tea was the prettiest thing imaginable.

A ROYAL DISH FOR CAMPERS.

"This rule was given me by an Idaho prospector, and he called it smothered quail," writes Sallie Joy White when giving valuable hints on cookery for camping parties in the August Woman's Home Companion. "Before dressing the quail cover them all over with hot ashes, let them remain a quarter of an hour, then remove them, and you can strip off feathers and skin together. Split them open and the entrails will drop out, and the bird, thoroughly cooked, will be ready to eat after seasoning with salt, pepper and butter."

OSTRICH FEATHERS AT THE "GRAND PRIX."

[Millinery Trade Review:] Many a former Grand Prix has been incontestably a feather day. Now, although this cannot be said of this particular occasion, ostrich certainly figured largely as a trimming; but, the feathers being arranged low, and frequently veiled with tulle, they were not very conspicuous. Ostrich will certainly be fashionable throughout the fall, the feathers most in demand being half-amazons and tips of all lengths; still, other sorts of plumage will receive equal attention, particularly small couteaux for lining upturned brims, and cock-tail plumes.

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—XXXVII. LIFE OF SOME INSECT-EATING INSECTS.

By a Staff Writer.

LAST Sunday we talked a little about some insects with very wonderful habits of supplying their babies with food. They were the strange insects that eat only vegetable food themselves, but yet collect animal food for the young. The insect world, like the world of larger animals, has many creatures that, at one time or another of their life, live upon other creatures of their own little world; besides those other insects (the fleas, for instance,) that live upon larger animals. If you have the habit of examining insects, you will be surprised to see how often you will find some much smaller insect running over the body of larger ones. Sometimes these smaller insects are so tiny that you can only just see a little speck moving; you cannot possibly make out the different parts of the body without using a microscope. There are a great many of these tiniest insects that people know very little about, so that, if you want a study in which you can find out things that nobody else has ever discovered, here is a good field for you to work in.

But among the most interesting insects that live on other insects and that people do know quite a good deal about, are a large number that provide for their young by laying their eggs on or in the young of other insects, sometimes even inside the eggs of these. The mother insect of these kinds has a slender, sharp instrument with which she pierces a hole in the skin of the creatures that are to serve as food for her young. Where the eggs are laid in insects that feed in the light (for different kinds of insect-eating insects have a different choice in the food for their young,) this instrument is short, but when they are to be laid in insects that live out of sight inside fruits or the wood of trees, the instrument is long. And one of the very strangest things in all the insect world is the way in which the insects that have these long instruments for piercing the bodies of their victims are able to find out these victims, even though they may be hidden far out of sight in fruit or tree. Nobody knows just how they do this—whether by smell or by hearing or by some other sense that we do not have and so cannot imagine. For just as we have senses that some animals and even some other human beings (Helen Keller, for instance, who is deaf and blind) do not have and could not understand if they were explained to them, so some other creatures may have senses quite different from any of ours. Hearing, however, keener than that of the dog (and the dog's hearing is very keen, you know,) or a very fine sense of touch in the feelers that insects wear, may be able to tell the mother insect hunting for her prey that the creature she seeks is grubbing away in the fruit on which she alights or in the tree trunk over which she walks.

Insects which find out their victims thus in the trunk or roots of trees, go running about on the tree trunk or on the tree roots, moving their feelers and evidently hunting for something, just as a hunting dog runs about over the ground hunting for a rabbit hole. Then, bye and bye, they stop, just as a dog does when he has found what he wants. But they do not try to dig out the wood and thus get down to their victim. Nature has provided them with a much easier way of reaching him. They simply thrust the instrument of which I spoke above down through the wood and through the skin of the soft boring insect which is working below, send the eggs down through this instrument which is hollow—and the work is done. Marvelous work, though. The sharp, long instrument must be very sharp indeed and very long, in order to reach the hidden grub through the hard wood. Its owner has to brace herself with her feet against the bark of the tree and to thrust with all her might in order to succeed in her undertaking.

When the young of the insects that lay their eggs inside the bodies of others are hatched, these young seem to have some habits about as wonderful as those of their mothers. For they appear to know enough not to kill the insect in which they live by eating the parts of it that are most necessary to its life, until they are old enough not to need it any more; until they themselves are ready to turn into winged insects. Up to that time they eat the juices of the body, indeed, but in such a manner that their prey does not die. Very often they give a great surprise to people who collect caterpillars and feed them until they do themselves up in cocoons or that collect the cocoons themselves and wait for them to turn out their winged prisoners; for instead of the beautiful butterfly that these people expected to see, out pop a number of slender, large winged flies—very pretty things, to be sure, but not at all what the student of insects wanted. When the caterpillar is a rare one, the disappointment is great. If you find a caterpillar with a small black spot on its body that does not belong to the regular markings, you are pretty safe in concluding that it is the place where another insect thrust its sharp tool through the skin to lay eggs within.

The hairs that a great many caterpillars have on their body are a sort of armor to protect them against the enemies that might like thus to use them as an egg storehouse and pantry. This armor is not a perfect protection, but it helps, and it is also disagreeable to the birds that eat insects.

Of course these insects that live inside other living creatures appear very cruel. Yet they are useful to human beings, since they destroy so many of the plant-eating insects that destroy our crops. Therefore the farmer ought to read up on these insects in order to know how the different kinds look, and take care not to kill any in mistake for

harmful sorts. It has been noticed that sometimes, when there are a great many caterpillars one year, there will be a large number of these insect-eating flies the next year, and fewer caterpillars. A very few of the flies are able to lay a great many eggs and of course this kills many of the caterpillars before they reach the winged state in which their kind lays eggs. The flies will thus increase in number, while the caterpillars grow fewer. The great number of flies will then kill off, the second year, the most of the new crop of caterpillars. But as there are no longer so many caterpillars to furnish food, this year, the crop of young flies will be smaller; and the next year there will not be many at all. Unfortunately, this is not the way things always go. The insect-eating insects do not always come to our rescue when caterpillars appear.

The Chicago papers have lately printed a story that the insects that lay their eggs in the bodies of other insects have been puncturing bicycle tires in that city. The men who mend cycles say they have heard a number of complaints of this sort. It is possible that the insects may mistake the cycle tire for a fine fat caterpillar. Still, no student of insects has reported any cycle puncturing of this kind, and it is best to wait until we hear more before feeling sure that the story is true.

CONALAND DONAL AND TAIG.

THE STORY OF THREE BROTHERS WHO COULD NOT AGREE AND WENT TO COURT.

By a Special Contributor.

Once there were three brothers, named Conal, Donald and Taig, and they fell out regarding which of them owned a field of land. One of them had as good a claim to it as the other, and the claims of all of them were so equal that none of the judges ever they went before could decide in favor of one more than the other.

At length they went to one judge who was very wise indeed, and had a great name, and every one of them stated his case to him.

He sat on the bench and heard Conal's case and Donald's case and Taig's case, all through, with very great patience. When the three of them had finished he said he would take a day and a night to think it all over, and on the day after when they were all called into court again, the judge said that he had weighed the evidence on all sides, with all the deliberation it was possible to give it, and he decided that one of them hadn't the shadow of a shade of a claim more than the other, so that he found himself facing the greatest puzzle he had ever faced in his life.

"But," says he, "no puzzle puzzles me long. I'll very soon decide which of you will get the field. You seem to me to be three pretty lazy-looking fellows, and I'll give the field to whichever of the three of you is the laziest."

"Well, at that rate," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I'm the laziest man of the lot."

"How lazy are you?" says the judge.

"Well," says Conal, "if I was lying in the middle of the road and there was a regiment of troopers coming galloping down it, I'd sooner let them ride over me than take the bother of getting up and going to the one side."

"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you are a lazy man surely, and I doubt if Donald or Taig can be as lazy as that."

"Oh, faith," says Donald, "I'm just every bit as lazy."

"Are you?" says the judge. "How lazy are you?"

"Well," says Donald, "if I was sitting right close to a big fire and you piled on it all the turf in a townland and all the wood in a barony, sooner than have to move, I'd sit there till the boiling marrow would run out of my bones."

"Well," says the judge, "you're a pretty lazy man, Donald, and I doubt if Taig is as lazy as either of you."

"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."

"How can that be?" says the judge.

"Well," says Taig, "if I was lying on the broad of my back in the middle of the floor and looking up at the rafters, and if soot drops were falling as thick as hailstones from the rafters into my eye, I would let them drop there for the length of the lee-long day sooner than have the bother of closing the eye."

"Well," says the judge, "that's very wonderful entirely," and says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as before, for I see you're the three laziest men that ever were known since the world began, and which of you is the laziest it certainly beats me to say."

"Oh, I'll tell you what I'll do," says the judge, "I'll give the field to the oldest man of you."

"Then," says Conal, "it's me gets the field."

"How is that?" says the judge. "How old are you?"

"Well, I'm that old," says Conal, "that when I was 21 years of age I got a shipload of awls, and never lost nor broke one of them. I wore out the last of them yesterday mending my shoes."

"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're surely an old man, and I doubt very much that Donald and Taig can touch up to you."

"Can't I," says Donald, "Take care of that."

"Why," said the judge, "how old are you?"

"When I was 21 years of age," says Donald, "I got a shipload of needles, and yesterday I wore out the last of them mending my clothes."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're two very, very old men, to be sure, and I'm afraid poor Taig is out of his chance, anyhow."

"Take care of that," says Taig.

"Why," said the judge, "how old are you, Taig?"

Says Taig, "When I was 21 years of age I got a shipload of razors, and yesterday I had the last of them worn to a stump shaving myself."

"Well," says the judge, says he, "I've often heard of old men," he says, "but anything as old as these three are never was known since Methusalem's time. The like of your ages," he says, "I never heard tell of which of you is the oldest that surely beats me to say, and I am in a quandary again."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the judge, "I'll give the field to whichever of you minds (I mean brains) the longest."

"Well, if that's it," says Conal, "it's me gets the field for I mend the time when if a man tramped on a usen't to give it a kick to console it."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, "that must be mind entirely; and I'm afraid, Conal, you have the field."

"Not so quick," says Donald, says he, "for I mind when a woman wouldn't speak an ill word of her friend."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, "your memory must certainly be a very wonderful one, if you can mind that time."

"Taig," says the judge, says he, "I'm afraid you can't compare with Conal and Donald's."

"Can't it," says Taig, says he, "take care of the I mind the time when you wouldn't mind nine hundred and ten men."

"Oh, oh, oh," says the judge, says he, "that memory, Taig, must be a wonderful one." Says he, "memories as you three men have were never known, and which of you has the greatest memory beats me to say."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do now," says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you has the keenest sight."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "it's me gets the field. Because," says he, "if there was a fly perched on the top of your mountain, ten miles away, I could tell you where he blinks."

"You have wonderful sight, Conal," says the judge, says he, "and I'm afraid you've got the field."

"Take care," says Donald, says he, "but I've got the field for I could tell you whether it was a mote in his eye that made him blink or not."

"Ah, ha, ha," says the judge, says he, "this is very sight surely. Taig," says he, "I pity you, for you have no chance for the field now."

"Have I not?" says Taig. "I could tell you whether that fly was in good health or not by the way his heart beats."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you great a quandary as ever. You are three of the most wonderful men that ever I met, and no mistake."

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," says he, "I'll give the field to the supplest man of you."

"Thank you," says Conal. "Then the field is mine."

"Why so?" says the judge.

"Because," says Conal, says he, "if you filled the field with hares and put a dog into the middle of it, then tied one of my legs up my back I would not let the hares get out."

"Then, Conal," says the judge, says he, "I think it is yours."

"By the leave of your judgeship, not yet," says Donald. "Why, Donald," says the judge, says he, "surely you are not as supple as that?"

"Am not I?" says Donald. "Do you see that dog over there without door, or window, or roof in it, with wind blowing in and out through it like an iron pipe?"

"I do," says the judge. "What about that?"

"Well," says Donald, says he, "if on the stormiest year you had that cattle filled with feathers, not let a feather be lost, or go ten yards from the field until I would have caught and put it in again."

"Well, surely," says the judge, says he, "you are a supple man, Donald, and no mistake."

"Taig," says he, "there's no chance for you now."

"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the judge, "you couldn't surely do it to equal them things, Taig?"

Says Taig, says he, "I can chase the swiftest animal in the land when he is galloping at his topmost speed, driving a nail every time he lifts his foot."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you are the three most wonderful men that ever I met. The likes of you never were known before, and I don't think the likes of you will never be on the earth again."

"There is only one other trial," says he, "and I don't decide, I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field to the cleverest man among you."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "you may as well give it to me at once."

"Why? Are you that clever, Conal?" says the judge, says he.

"I am that clever," says Conal, "I am that clever that I would make a skiff suit of clothes for a man with any more measurement than to tell me the color of his hair."

"Then, boys," says the judge, says he, "I think it is decided."

"Not so quick, my friend," says Donald, "let me hear him cough."

"Why, Donald," says the judge, says he, "you are not cleverer than that?"

"Am not I?" says Donald.

"Why," says the judge, says he, "what can Donald?"

"Why," says Donald, says he, "I would make a suit for a man and give me no more measurement than to hear him cough."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you are of you two boys beats all I ever heard of."

"Taig," says he, "poor Taig, whatever chance he has, he's lost it."

them two may have for the field, I'm very, very sorry for you, for you have no chance."

"Don't be so very sure of that," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the judge, says he, "surely, Taig, you can't be as clever as either of them. How clever are you, Taig?"

"Well," says Taig, says he, "if I was a judge, and too stupid to decide a case that came up before me, I'd be that clever that I'd look wise and give some decision."

"Taig," says the judge, says he, "I've gone into this case and deliberated on it, and by all the laws of right and justice, I find and decide that you get the field."

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

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HOW TO UNDERSTAND HORSES.

THEY SEEM TO KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT MEN AS MEN KNOW ABOUT THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

You can never even begin to understand horses until you have watched them at grass throughout long summer days. The understanding is more perfect if the watching begins early—say when the foal is trotting after his sleek, full-ordered dam, going all the gaits, though he may be no more than a week old, nipping grass daintily, or nuzzling in the feed trough on the ground, making a pretense of eating grain the same as his mother. It is only a pretense until the weary fellow is a month old. He is foaled with teeth, but does not for a while learn the use of them.

Horses are said to wear their souls in the pineal gland. Horses, if they have souls, no doubt locate them in the upper lip. It is a wonderful efficient lip, soft as velvet to the touch and sensitive to the least inequality. A horse sweeps the manger with it almost the instant he begins feeding, and if it touches upon knots or splinters, keeps away of them afterward. Before wallowing, even the dull horse puts down his head until the upper lip touches the ground, and turns slowly round and round, feeling thus all the space upon which he means to fling himself down and roll with all his force. If he finds sharp stones, or stubs, or sticks, he lifts his head and goes in search of another place. The lip also tells him when the ground is mellow enough to make wallowing a supreme pleasure. Though horses wallow in wet weather, sometimes coming up coated with mud, they do it apparently from a sense of duty, with none of the abandon they display, tossing and tumbling upon light, sun-warm earth. Often, indeed, they jump from pasture into plow land solely for a wallow exactly to their minds. The wherefore of wallowing is still a mystery. It belongs in the category of involuntary motions, along with stretching and yawning.

It strains credulity to hear how far a horse will thrust his lip through an opening to reach and bring in a coveted tit-bit. Thus he gets apples lying just inside a fence, first pawing a hole in the earth upon his side, then half kneeling to reach under his substitute for fingers. Thus, too, he brings to mouth lush grass springing up beneath the net of a dead brier clump. A thrust of the lip also flips up a gate latch, when he wishes to go through, as many thrusts, jarring up and down, work loose the pin that fastens his stall door.

Draw bars he learns to take down with his teeth, catching the bar fast and shaking his head sidewise until one end is jiggled from its socket. Sometimes, if experience has taught him that a gate is weak in either latch or hinges, he goes violently against it, bears it down, and is off. Horses in herd have spells when jumping out or in is a necessity. They may be full fed, have shade and water, everything tried to satisfy a reasonable animal, not to say a well-bred one, yet out they go. Where there is a big range—that is to say, wide commons—they often run for ten miles as hard as they can leg it, then come trotting back in the most innocent fashion to their own proper quarters.

It is not only blood horses that race among themselves, free of girth or rein. When a storm threatens, horses of every sort grow so full of running, needs must they race and jump. Then in a wide pasture you may see sights such as no course can offer. In every herd there is a leader, usually a mare, and oftener than not a barren one. As the cloud mounts and the air grows thick and lifeless, she stops grazing, turns her nose to the wind, snorts, then falls again to feeding, but only for a minute. Her snort was a sort of bugle call. The rest answer it, some with low whinnies. She whinnies back, flings up her head and starts off in a trot, looking over her shoulder to see if she is followed. The rest come streaming after—she breaks into a sweeping run. Round, round, faster, faster, always faster, the herd follows. It is a race for blood, where the best horse always wins. Generally it is not the leader. She may even be distanced in the second round or the third. Sometimes the pasture's circuit is made twenty times before stopping. The best horse gains sometimes a whole round upon his mates. It is he who ends the heat. When he has had enough he slacks up, turns sidewise, lifts head and tail, and whinnies shrill triumph. But the triumph never goes to his head. After it he is submissive as ever, coming or going, jumping out or staying meekly at home, quite as the lead mare ordains.

Until foals are a week old, they are not safe in the company of grown-up horses. Barren mares, especially, will attack the little creatures, biting, kicking, and trampling them to death. That is not infallibly the case, but there is always a chance of it, hence horse breeders are careful to keep brood mares away from the other stock. It is most unusual for brood mares to harm colts, either their own or their neighbors'. But cases have been known of mares still with foal attempting to steal colts dropped in their pasture.

In size hardly any other domestic animal is so diverse as the horse. The average weight of a standard Percheron is near two thousand pounds; a Shetland, on the other hand, may weigh less than two hundred hundred. But animals cross bred between the diverse races are true horses, not hybrids, such as result from the interbreeding of Asiatic and South African asses. Thoroughbred stock all traces back to Arabia, Percherons to the Barbs left be-

hind by the Moors whom Charlemagne overthrew in battle. Only the Percheron bulk could have carried the weights of knights in armor. But it is demonstrable that, weight for weight, the thoroughbred is stronger, both in bone and muscle, than his big, handsome, feather-legged compeer.

A thoroughbred has bone something between ivory and flint, for hard, compactness. Percheron bone is soft and spongy. The big beasts pull great loads over smooth roads, but in mud soon become leg-weary. A blood cross, otherwise a thoroughbred one, gives staying power—endurance—to any sort of stock, and very often symmetry as well. Pure blood is prepotent—that is to say, it impresses itself consistently upon offspring. By thoroughbred blood one means always running blood. Trotters are in a class apart. They have been developed by judicious admixture of running blood with common road stock, and fixed and perpetuated by careful breeding for trotting confirmation from trotting stock, with still more crosses of running blood.

The young horse, kind and prankish, is the very best playfellow in the world. At least one solitary child found it so. The child was a sad tomboy. Her black mammy said, indeed, "she wouldn't nebbber git married—nebbber in dis worl'—widout she took'n stopped de boy-walk, an' boy-ways she had." But the tomboy did not very greatly mind anything so long as she had Princess—and time to frolic with her. Princess was 3 years old, a blood bay with black points, gentle as a dog, full of frolic as a kitten. She pastured all summer in a big old field, but her mistress was hardly over the fence of it before she came prancing and whickering to meet her. Then when the two of them had pow-wowed, when the sugar or apples had been eaten and the salt basket hung in a high sapling, Princess stretched herself till her back was low enough for her playmate to leap upon it, then went careering off, with her head high, her tail likewise, prancing a little as she ran, and giving the least small sidewise jumps. Sometimes she ran thrice around the field, sometimes it was half a dozen times. No matter how many, the rider never got down. Being thrown was the very best part of the fun. Princess did it so trickishly, always picking the place with the nicest care and feeling it over with her nose as though she herself meant to wallow. Commonly she chose a place slightly sloping, where the grass was thick and short. Once satisfied with it, she put her head down, kicked up her hind feet, gently but decisively, and sent her rider over her head, then stood looking at her, wagging the head up and down, and flipping a derisive lip. But once when in play the little girl lay inert, with outstretched, motionless arms for two or three minutes, Princess caught the shoulder of her frock gently between her teeth and shook her lightly, until she opened her eyes, sat up and laughed.

All this before the mare had ever been bitted. She had been raised a pet, being orphaned at little more than a month old. But when it came to regular breaking she did not belie experience, which is that a pet colt is the hardest thing in the world to break properly. The reason possibly is they have been so indulged they can hardly be made to believe the breaker means what he says.

A LEFT-HANDED PARTY.

THIS IS A CLEVER SUGGESTION FOR A SUMMER'S EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

The invitations invited us to a "left-handed party," but did not explain the term and gave no hint of the ceremonies to be observed thereat.

Of course, we puzzled over the mysterious little notes trying to discover what was in store for us at that bright Marion Willing's entertainment, but no amount of puzzling brought forth any solution.

As we had not been asked to come in any special costume or provided with any particular articles, we went empty-handed, and gowned as for an ordinary merry-making.

When we arrived, the motif of the affair began to dawn upon us. For there, in the doorway of the drawing-room, stood Marion and her receiving committee, having, each of them, the right arm in a sling.

Of course, the left hand was offered to us by all of the committee, and both Wilhelmias and I had presence of mind to stretch out our lefts also. Otherwise, as we afterward learned, we should have been called upon to pay a forfeit.

The ceremony of handshaking over, one of the committee ushered us into an anteroom, where our right arms also were arranged in slings.

We then joined the guest and enjoyed a peaceful conversation until the last guest had arrived, and been disabled in the prevailing manner.

This arrival was the signal for the beginning of the left-handed work that had been laid out for us. There were several contests planned. You can imagine how lively they were when you know that our right hands could not be used even to help. These members were to be considered as non-existent, Marion adjoined us. Our poor lefts must do all that was to be done.

One of the contests was in writing. Pencils and tablets were provided and each contestant was commanded to write twelve times over, the copybook sentence, "Writing Maketh a Ready Man."

Very few, indeed, of those present had sufficient practice in left-hand chirography to write even legibly, and this fact made the competition of the merriest kind.

The two competitors whose writing was considered most readable, received, respectively, a pretty writing portfolio in leather and a silver penholder.

Another contest was announced as soon as the awarding of prizes had taken place, and the little speeches of thanks from the different recipients were made.

For this second trial all guests were invited to step to a blackboard which hung in a convenient position on the wall, and to draw a picture of an animal in colored crayons.

No limits were set to the play of the imagination. Any animal in any position would serve.

The prizes were decided by vote, each voting for any drawing not his own.

The first prize winner received a copy of "Wild Animals I Have Known." The second a bronze paperweight for the desk, representing a sleeping lion.

The first tourney was as clever as those which preceded it. It consisted of quoit-throwing with the left hand, and proved quite difficult enough to keep the fun well on the jump.

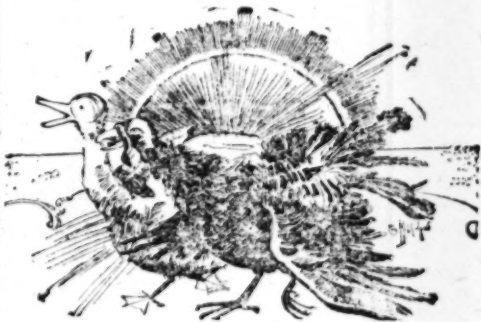
A statuette of the classic discus thrower was the trophy in this contest.

GRAY GOOSE TALES.

HE TELLS HOW HE SAVED A GOBBLER'S LIFE ONCE UPON A TIME.

By the Gray Goose Gander.

One of the best friends I ever had outside of my own flock of geese was a turkey gobbler. He wasn't hatched on the farm, but the farmer traded four hens for him and brought him home in a box. We had other turkeys, but they gave the stranger a cold welcome, and neither the



BUT WE WENT OUR WAY.

geese nor the ducks had much to say to him. It was for this reason, and because I thought him a pretty sensible fowl, that I showed the gobbler around the farm and gave him all the information I could. I soon found that he was only a year old, but he knew more than most old ganders. He had kept his ears open and heard a great deal of talk, and we were soon good friends.

You perhaps know that a goose passes most of her time swimming about on the pond or paddling in the mud after young frogs, snails and roots, while a turkey never goes near the water except to drink. I offered to teach the gobbler how to swim, but he was afraid to try it, and so, to keep him company, I had to be on land a great deal. The turkeys, geese and hens poked fun at us for being so much together, but we went our way and paid little attention to them. Once or twice, as I returned to the pond after a walk, a young gander cried out, "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" to make fun of me, but after I had cuffed his head with my wing a few times he had no more to say.

On our farm the people always used to have duck for Thanksgiving, turkey for Christmas, and goose for New Year's. As I had become old and tough I wasn't afraid of being served up, but when Christmas day was only a week off I heard some news to make me feel sad. I heard the farmer say that he would kill my friend the gobbler for that day, and that he was fat enough to make fine eating. I lost no time in telling the gobbler what I had heard. He was dreadfully upset about it, as you may believe, and he could hardly stand up as he said:

"Yes, I know I am plump and fat, but I don't want to furnish a Christmas dinner for any one. Tell me how to escape."

He could have gone away from the farm, of course, but if he had some one else might have killed him, or he might have furnished a dinner for a fox. I told him to keep quiet and wait, and he promised to obey me. I knew he would not be killed until the day before Christmas, and after he got over his first alarm he walked around as before and no one suspected that he had heard anything. Two days before Christmas I told him it was time to carry out our plan. I went with him to the cellar beneath the barn, which was a pretty dark place, and saw him safely hidden behind an old box. I could bring him food, but it was a warm, safe place, and he would not suffer for two or three days.

The next morning the farmer's wife was out looking for my friend. When she could not find him she called her husband and sons, and they searched for two long hours. Then they said the gobbler must have been carried off by a fox, and they killed another in his place. Not till the day after Christmas did my friend come out, and when the farmer caught sight of him he shouted to his wife:

"Hey, Mary, but here's that missing gobbler as big as life! I'll bet the old gray gander put him up to hide away to save his neck! Well, it's too late to eat him now, but he'd better look out for next year!"

MRS. ALLYN K. CAPRON NEVER FORGETS SOLDIERS.

[Washington Letter:] Mrs. Allyn K. Capron, widow of the late Capt. Capron, never allows a day to pass without some tribute to the soldiers of the Spanish-American war, for which she gave up both her husband and son. A few days ago an honorably-discharged soldier, Harvey Siegfried of Bethlehem, Pa., came to Washington for the express purpose of killing himself, and the body was found in a secluded part of the barracks. No friends claimed it, and yesterday the body was sent to Arlington in a plain, red box, such as the unclaimed dead of the potter's field are buried in, which was furnished by the Health Officer at the request of the War Department. As the box was being put into the Red Cross wagon for conveyance, a huge bunch of sweet peas, tied with flowing ends of ribbon, was laid upon it, and Mrs. Allyn K. Capron, who never forgets the soldier dead, dropped a tear for the army musician, who had no other friend.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

THERE are some eastern victims of recent accidents that are not meeting with much sympathy, even though the accidents came near terminating fatally. One of these victims is an Alderman of Ansonia, Ct., George Larkin by name. Mr. Larkin, when not attending to official duties as a city father, sells meat, and keeps a big refrigerator in his shop. The other day he stepped inside this refrigerator to cool off, and his clerk, seeing the door standing open and being a careful and economical young man, closed it at once, and then went out and had a shave. When he returned, the Alderman's ears and fingers were frost-bitten and he was occupying his time in alternately kicking the door and breaking the icicles from his whiskers. Amos Sheldon, a cattle dealer of Evansville, Ind., had a similar experience at the West Philadelphia stock yards, to which he had brought some stock. He walked into the ice chest belonging to the yards to inspect the meat, and following the habit acquired through some years of compliance with the sign which decorates out modern office entrances, shut the door behind him. After he had looked at the meat awhile, he began to feel a little cool and attempted to leave the place, but found that the door was locked. Through the three-frame-thick windows, closely barred with iron, he could see the panting, perspiring crowd passing on the street, but he could attract the attention of nobody, outside or inside. The thermometer was at 30 and climbing downward, and he found his hands and feet doing the January act. He got up an impromptu foot race around the meat racks and tried to put enthusiasm into it by imagining himself Duffey competing for international honors, but the plan would not work. The stiffness in his legs increased until finally he could not walk. Just at this point somebody came into the room and found him, and he was carted to a hotel across the road. As he was recovering his senses once more, he heard somebody say: "Get some whisky and bring him to." He had just strength enough to murmur faintly: "Make it three!"

These experiences may have been unpleasant enough to their victims, but the latter are not likely to get anything but envy from the heartless public, as long as the present weather lasts.

The hot wave has inspired some of the chief sufferers in the East to start a crusade in favor of the coatless negligee shirt, with belted trousers, for men. Despite the good sense of the movement, however, a large number of men (many of whom doubtless sit in their homes and their offices in a suspended negligee that is far less becoming) hesitate before the daring innovation of a coatless attire upon the street. Members of the masculine world have recently worked up a good deal of indignation over the feminine slavishness toward fashion evidenced in the continued devotion to long skirts despite the remonstrances of medical men. Now is the chance for them to demonstrate the inherent originality of the masculine intellect by defying custom for comfort and health. At a time when hundreds are dying from the heat, surely the superior sex will not place a mere dictate of convention above the categorical imperative of hygiene and humanity.

Among the other innovations that this wave of heat has brought in its train is that of free baths for horses, lately introduced in New York. Fire Chief Croker has issued a general order requiring every engine and truck house to have firemen standing by, all day long, with hose in their hands, to play on every passing horse whose driver desires the service. Drivers of trucks have been especially ready to take advantage of the refreshment offered their equine servants, and many horses were doubtless saved from sickness by this means. The idea is an excellent one and might be profitably adopted, all over the country, in the sections where the heat is most severely felt. It is a very pleasant thing to the lover of animals to note that the onward march of humane evolution is bringing with it a larger share of kindness to our dumb friends.

In some cases, however, mere thoughtlessness is causing a great deal of unnecessary suffering to animals during this heat. The small dogs following panting in the wake of scorching wheels are a notable example. Adult owners of dogs are seldom guilty of this inhumanity, but with children, who do not at all realize the suffering they are inflicting, it is very common. The length of many cycle rides undertaken by the small boy is too great for the smaller kinds of dogs, not especially made for running, even at a moderate pace, and at the speed frequently adopted it is a positive cruelty, especially at this time of year. Parents should see to it that their children are not allowed to inflict this inhumanity on their animal friends.

Another piece of thoughtlessness that strikes harshly on the senses of the lover of animals is the lack of provision, in this dry section, of places where dogs and cats may obtain water. At the drinking fountain in the W.C.T.U. building, dogs may sometimes be seen jumping upon the basin and lapping the wet stone to obtain the few drops lodged in its pores. This is not desirable from the point of view of hygiene, neither is it from that of humanity, and there seems no reason why a lower basin might not be provided in all our public drinking places where our four-footed friends could also quench their thirst. Our birds, too, often have difficulty in obtaining the refreshment of cool water and would be greatly benefited by such drinking places.

A Denver man has invented a coffee grinder worked by a bicycle attachment, which he is using in his grocery store. When a customer wants a lot of coffee ground, he jumps on the machine, and gets the benefit of a pleasant little run, at the same time that he prepares the coffee. The invention opens up a wide vista of possible similar achievement, and it appears strange that something of the kind has not

been thought of before. We all remember that Mark Twain's Yankee at King Arthur's court utilized a pedal movement of the sort, the most useful movement in mechanics, when he attached machinery to St. Simon Stylites and ran a sewing machine with it. A large amount of labor might be profitably accomplished, and many people who now do not have time for an outing afforded an opportunity of exercise, by cycle attachments of this sort.

WHEN THE HEART IS HEAVY.

DO NOT SPREAD MENTAL DEPRESSION ANY MORE THAN A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

[Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion:] Worry kills. It wears upon the brain as dropping water wears away stone. The habit must be killed by eternal vigilance, resolution and good sense. Worry, like bad air or an obnoxious person, must be driven out, and the best way to drive either out is by the introduction of the good. You can fill your mind with comforting, calming thoughts, leaving no room for the harassing ones. You can flood out the enemy, just as by pouring a stream of clear water into a tumbler filled with discolored liquid you can soon force out the muddy contents of the glass and leave it filled with liquid crystal. Don't let events depress you. Maintain your equilibrium, and let mind rule matter and good sense judge events. The emotional nature is always watching for a chance to exploit itself. Keep it in reserve, ready for every touch of human feeling, responsive to goodness, honor, cheerfulness and all healthy feeling, but do not allow it to tinge your understanding or in any way affect your sane view of business or the affairs of life. Check expression when bitter or somber feeling has the best of you. To say how sad or perplexed you feel when your heart sinks for the moment deepens your inward troubles, and at the same time spreads it to outside people. You would not spread disease; do not spread mental distress. Your desponding words, bursting impulsively from a full heart in the presence of a friend, add to the burdens of another human being—one, perhaps, already weighed down by cares and anxieties. To so speak is to allow yourself to be overcome by "things" ruled by the natural course of the world. You cannot rule the world, it is true, but you have the power to rule your part of it—that is, yourself. Don't hate and don't worry. This is the advice given by a hale and beneficent old man to those who asked him for the secret of length of days. He might have added, Don't get angry.

ALL SENATE PAGES ARE CALLED "GRAFT."

[Washington Star:] "It is well known—indeed, it is one of the legends of the Senate—that 'Graft' is the proper name for Senate pages, especially if their real name is not known or does not come to the mind instantly," explained an old official of the Senate to a Star reporter recently. "Though the origin of the name is known by very few. It came about in this way. One of the first pages ever appointed by the Senate was Grafton D. Hanson. He served several years, preceding in the service the late Capt. Isaac Bassett by nearly ten years. For a while Grafton was the only page in the Senate chamber, and the calls for 'Graft,' as he was called, were very numerous and at times urgent. As new pages came into the Senate from time to time the name 'Graft' was given them and used until their names were so well known that they could be remembered. The name 'Graft' has therefore hung on, few know how or why, and though of late years it is not heard so often, there are some Senators, especially the older ones, who use it when they cannot remember the name of the page as they call him. Capt. Bassett often told me that the day after Daniel Webster had him appointed a page he called him 'Graft,' and that for his first three or four years as a page he was oftener addressed as 'Graft' than Isaac or Ike. It may be of interest to add that Grafton D. Hanson, though over 80 years of age, is still living, active and very much in evidence, as many who have business with the Paymaster-General's office in the War Department will testify. He left the Senate in 1845, having been appointed a lieutenant in the army—Eighteenth United States Infantry. After serving through the Florida war he resigned. Mr. Hanson has held the position of chief clerk of the Paymaster-General's office for many years, and has served there as a clerk in the different grades for nearly half a century. Though he is one of the oldest officials connected with the War Department, he never seems to forget the impressions made on him by the political giants of his boyhood days, during his service in the Senate."

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.

[London Mail:] By far the greater part of the 400 toiling millions of China have never practiced kissing. In fact, the kiss is unknown to the native Chinese. When one Chinaman greets another each person clasps his hands in front of his breast and raises them to his face, slightly inclining the head as he asks if the other "has eaten rice." Or, if the salutation is to be deeply reverential, he kneels and bumps his head in the obsequious "kow-tow."

Those natives who have seen foreigners in the familiarity of their own homes look upon the kiss which is so frequently exchanged as the most disgusting of the many objectionable habits of the foreigner. Even the nurses, who sometimes attempt the kiss, share this opinion.

THE CLUB-WOMAN'S BONNET.

[Bertha Damaris Knobe in Woman's Home Companion:] Today the finest type of clubwoman refuses to wear a murdered bird on her bonnet. More than this, she is co-operating with earnest Audubonites, by petition and bird programme at the club, to save her feathered friends from the hand of the mercenary slayer. It may be surprising, but not only does thoughtless fashion lead the fair sex into a custom that borders on savagery, thus threatening the extinction of entire species of birds, but there is to be considered a serious economic side. Specialists who are members of the American Ornithologist's Union are authority for the statement that the bird population has been so reduced that the increase and ravages of insects are positively dangerous to agricultural interests.

ROYAL ROMANCES.

PRINCESSES WHO HAVE ELOPED WITH LOVERS.

[Tit-Bits:] Spain provides us with more instances of a princess of the royal blood having married her rights and position at the call of love. The Infanta, daughter of Don Carlos, left her home at the hands of a humpbacked and ill-favored Roman artist, and surely she could have chosen none more unlike a gallant of romance.

Princess Isabella, grand aunt of the present King of Spain, eloped with the Polish Count Gurovski. One night the count repaired with a carriage to Regency Paris, where his innamorata lived. Leaving her in the means of a rope ladder she soon joined him, and he escaped safely to this country, where they were married. Alas, the glamor soon faded, for after a while quarreled and a separation ultimately ensued.

Even more romantic was the elopement of her sister, Princess Josephine. A certain Señor Renda, a poet, an artist and a journalist attached to a Havana paper, was rich planter for his daughter's hand, with the result was ignominiously shown the door. Furious at the treatment, the young poet swore that he would show his worth by marrying a princess.

Quitting Cuba, he journeyed to Madrid, where, in spite of want and suffering, he gained a reputation as a poet. His genius attracted the notice of the Princess Josephine, to whom he had dedicated several of his poems. The royal lady made his acquaintance and became enamored with the poet. Her love was returned, and she fled to Paris. On hearing the news the princess' father, the king, was agitated, and strove by every means to have the union annulled. Their efforts were, however, futile, and common sense at length prevailing, the poet and his wife were forgiven and taken into favor.

Some six years since Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, fixed her eyes upon Baron Otto von Seefeld, a young infantry lieutenant. Her relatives' efforts to prevent the marriage failed, for one morning the lovers escaped to Geneva, where they were married. Another Austrian royalty, the Princess Elvira, likewise contracted a runaway marriage with a Bavarian count; while the mother of the Queen of Italy eloped with an artillery officer, who, upon turning out unhappy, committed suicide.

Some two years since, a desperate duel was fought between Lieut. Geza de Matichich and Prince Philip of Coburg, in which the latter was wounded. This was the outcome of the action taken by the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, who, driven to desperation by her husband's infidelity, after vainly appealing to her father for assistance, had thrown herself upon the honor of the Hungarian Hussars, with whom she fled to Spain.

An elopement that failed was that planned by the Duchess Olga, daughter of Nicholas I of Russia, and Prince Barantinski. At the last moment the lover's courage failed, and he made full confession. The Princess was married to Prince Charles of Wurtemberg, and the traitorous officer received such rapid promotion as to attain the highest rank in the army before he was executed.

Count Louis Batthyany, who was shot in the place of Buda-Pesth, by the imperial troops, in the place of the rising of 1848, might have escaped his fate had he consented to desert his wife and family, and elope with the Archduchess Maria, who was married to him.

A BIG MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

[London Mail:] While the British housewife is complaining of the ever-increasing scarcity of "generals" and parlormaid, the Queensland government agency is shipping young women to their thousands. Some idea of the extent to which the colony for single women in Queensland is being supplied by country districts of England, may be gathered from the fact that on last Thursday alone 215 healthy domestic servants were dispatched to the Brisbane port by the colony's agents, and with farm laborers, wives and families, the total shipment for the week priced 430 persons.

For the readiness to quit England for the new sunny south several reasons are assigned, and the most interesting of which is the prospect of marriage with a well-to-do selector who raises coffee, cotton, or sugar on his outback holding. It is the common notion of the intending emigrant—and the notion is carefully fostered by the hustling agent—that once in Cooktown, Bowen or Cairns, she will speedily capture the squatter, marry him and pass in a month from the kitchen into the best room of the home station.

For every man or woman secured by the company who travel over the United Kingdom, they are paid and for each child 3s 3d.

HINDOO TRADE SECRETS GUARDED.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Hindoo jugglers have invented a way to stimulate the growth of cotton to an altogether abnormal degree; buds expand like eyes of bystanders, and sprouts rise like the fairy-tale Jack, says a writer in the Indianapolis Commissioner McElroy of Lucknow tried to keep secret of that process, but the necromancer decided, in the risk of divulging the mysteries of his trade.

Hindoo fakirs also peddle rat-baits that cause meetings where the very existence of rodents was suspected, and, with due precautions, will occasionally poison warranted to kill like the shock of an electric machine. The fakirs employed a specific of their business purposes, and its composition was probably to Locusta, the court poison monger of the Emperor. Before administering the favorite prescription he tried it on a young slave, who almost instantly convulsions, Britannicus, the chief victim, swallowed drops in a cup of wine, the next day, and his body swelled that he fell dead like a man stabbed with a heart.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

Artificial Digestion.

THE papers abound nowadays with advertisements of "digestive tablets" and other preparations, by the consumption of which after a meal it is claimed that a person may with impunity eat and digest anything, no matter how weak their digestion may be.

All this is manifestly absurd and contrary to natural laws. Even if these remedies produce a temporary alleviation of the unpleasant symptoms that attend dyspepsia, it will only be for a short time, and then the evil will return with increased force. Most of these remedies contain soda in larger or smaller amounts. The continued use of this has an injurious effect on the lining of the stomach.

The only safe and sure way to cure dyspepsia is by attending strictly to the laws of hygiene, particularly in regard to diet, exercise and bathing. The quantity of food that is consumed is of far more importance than the variety. It is a well-known fact that some people with weak stomachs can eat and digest food which others cannot touch.

If you find an oppression after eating, eat less at the next meal and keep on diminishing the amount until you feel how much you can digest.

Among good remedies for dyspepsia are the drinking of glasses of hot water about an hour before each meal and a glass of cold distilled water, with a little lemon juice, about an hour after the meal. Many have found great relief in pounding the stomach and abdomen with the flat of the hands for twenty minutes or so after a meal, also in the morning and on retiring at night. Even when the stomach is very tender, after a little perseverance, gradually increasing the force of the blows, the patient will be astonished to find how soon the stomach becomes accustomed to this treatment.

Dietary Value of Dark and White Meats.

THE idea has generally prevailed that white meats are more suitable for the sick, owing to greater digestibility and the presence of less uric acid and nitrogenous extractives. This belief has been shaken by recent medical experiments, which show that while white meats, such as poultry and fish, do in certain cases, contain less extractives and nitrogenous derivatives, the average amount does not so differ in dark and white meats, such as poultry, veal, beef, pork, mutton, etc., to make either preferable. It is pointed out that the only way of limiting the ingestion of these deleterious extractive and nitrogenous substances is by diminishing the amount of meat taken, rather than by forbidding dark meats.

Tuberculosis in Norway.

AMONG the records of the prevalence and treatment of tuberculosis in foreign countries which have been received by the government officials who are making a study of the disease in this country, is a communication from Dr. Claus Hansen, on his experience with the disease in Norway. He states that during the last thirty years consumption has increased in the Bergen districts 80 per cent. In the year 1896, 54.5 per cent. of all deaths between 15 and 30 years of age were caused by tuberculosis, and statistics show that about seven thousand of the inhabitants of Norway die every year of this disease. That this mortality is to a great extent to be remedied there is no question, and it is proposed to introduce into Norway the medical treatment and the hygienic precautions which have been found so effective in the United States and in England. In England during the last fifty years the number of tuberculous cases have been reduced one-half, and this is attributed to the increasing cleanliness in English home life and the erection of consumptive hospitals. In this country the advocacy of greater cleanliness is supplemented by the strongest efforts to restrict the habit of expectoration, for the prevention of the spread of tuberculosis.

Prevention of Tuberculosis.

AT THE Munich meeting of the Tuberculosis Commission, Italo Tonta of Milan summarized the regulations which should be established by the authorities for the prevention of tuberculosis. Just now, when there is quite a movement in Southern California toward taking some steps to provide against the danger of infection from consumptive patients, these suggested rules will be found interesting, although it is scarcely probable that we shall be likely to adopt such an elaborate system of rules and regulations here—at least not for some time to come:

(1.) The periodic disinfection of all localities much frequented by the public, especially rooms in which many individuals congregate, such as schools, society rooms, churches, cafés, restaurants, hotels, orphanages, barracks, libraries, convents, hospitals, dispensaries, stores, tramway and railway cars and cabs. (2.) The prohibition of spitting on the floors in rooms and public conveyances; the placing of cuspidors in parks and other public places, and in vehicles of transportation. (3.) The establishment of special playgrounds for children in order to avoid their playing in localities which phthisical patients might visit. (4.) The disinfection and whitewashing of rooms where a case of phthisis or a death from that disease has occurred. (5.) The annual medical inspection of persons frequenting schools, academies, offices, factories, etc. Any cases found should be reported to the authorities. (6.) The establishment of people's sanatoriums. (7.) The hygienic instruction of the tuberculous, so that they may be able to protect themselves and those coming in contact with them. (8.) The isolation of the phthisical cases in military and general hospitals—if possible, the erection of separate pavilions. (9.) The prohibition of the bathing of tuberculous with healthy persons; the establishment of separate

bath-houses for the former, under medical supervision. (10.) The removal of all tuberculous individuals from the schools and their transfer to colonies in the country, where they may be treated. (11.) The formation of committees with the object of sending the children of poor persons that are suffering with tuberculosis, or that have died of that disease, to the country, in order to remove them from the infected houses. The children of rich families should also be removed from their homes for a certain length of time.

(12.) The improvement of the hygienic and dietetic conditions of the poorer classes, by the erection of public kitchens, wayfarers' lodges, bath-houses, etc. (13.) Philanthropists should make it their object to improve the nutrition and hygiene of individuals in poor families in which tuberculosis has occurred. (14.) The marriage of very young persons whose appearance suggests that they are inclined to tuberculosis should be opposed. Persons in whose sputum bacilli are present should be prohibited from marrying. (15.) The compulsory periodic examination of domestic animals which might become tuberculous. (16.) The monthly inspection of stables; supervision of the hygiene of the kitchen, of milking and milk vessels; scrupulous care in creameries. (17.) The supervision of markets and abattoirs. (18.) The erection of stations at the borders of counties for the inspection of imported animals. (19.) Strict regulations regarding the products of factories. (20.) The giving of weekly lessons in hygiene at all public schools. (21.) Each child at school must have its own drinking cup and its own towel. School children should not kiss each other. (22.) Instructions to second-hand dealers in books, clothing, etc., to have their wares disinfected. Disinfection of library books, as well as of objects that serve for school or general use, must also be performed at certain intervals.

How to Drink Milk.

MANY who complain that they cannot use milk would be able to do so if they would drink it in the proper way. An exchange says:

"Do not swallow milk fast and in big gulps. Sip it slowly. Take four minutes at least to finish a glassful and do not take more than a good teaspoonful at one sip. When milk goes into the stomach it is instantly curdled. If a large quantity is drunk at once it is curdled into one big mass, on the outside of which only the juices of the stomach can work. If we drink it in little sips each little sip is curdled up by itself, and the whole glassful finally finds itself in a loose lump made up of little lumps through, round and among which the stomach's juices percolate, and dissolve the whole speedily and simultaneously."

The Dust-Brush.

HERE are some sensible remarks from a hygienic exchange in regard to the irrational method which prevails among housekeepers of stirring up dust, just to let it settle in some other place:

"The duster is a nuisance. It does not clean a room, but only changes the place of the dust from furniture to the air. Only when the windows and doors are wide open and a stiff breeze blowing can the dust be driven out of doors or up the chimney. A substitute for the duster is a soft, damp cloth, which takes up the dust without carrying it into the air to be inhaled. Pasteur, who is the father of modern hygiene, once said that the dust brush and broom were more dangerous than gunpowder. Constant stirring up of dust in a house is a menace to health and a direct destroyer of life. The time will come when such a thing as a carpet will not be permitted in a civilized household and when the floor brush and broom will have disappeared. Few realize that they may bring in from the street on their shoes or skirts every form of disease that flesh is heir to. This is ground off into the carpet, the warmth of the apartment helps on the process of development, then the housemaid sets the germs in motion with her broom. They settle on the furniture and ornaments, and with the dust-brush she whisks them off again onto the carpet, where they remain probably to propagate, certainly to live, until by the next stirring up they may float into somebody's throat or lungs. Here they begin their work, and the system is soon overrun with their progeny; then there may be attacks of coughing, expectorating, and floating germs on the breath to scatter this same deadly enemy not only through this dwelling, but also all others from which visitors come and go."

Summer Outings and Sickness.

TOO often people return from their summer vacation by the seashore or among the mountains with an attack of malaria or typhoid fever, which they have to combat all winter long, and others merely feel a general weakness and lassitude that is difficult to assign any reason for. A physician writing in an eastern exchange says:

"The fact is the summer vacation does a great amount of harm in thousands of cases simply through the ignorance of those who have the right to insist upon good sanitary surroundings and through the carelessness of those who make a business of entertaining city people in hot weather. Children in particular suffer in summer through carelessness of parents and guardians, and it seems strange to some that they do not recuperate and build up in the country. Fine as country air is for us and beneficial as a change of any kind may be in stimulating our mind and body to better work, they do not offset unsanitary surroundings or carelessness in looking after the general health."

Milk from a Model Farm.

IT WOULD send a shudder through some of the milkmen and provoke their sneers and condemnation as being ultra-particular, to recite some of the steps taken at a large milk farm which supplies selected customers in New York City, and yet such steps might, in the main, be applied to every important dairy. A writer in *Healthy Homes* says:

"In the first place, the stable is kept in a state of perfect and perpetual cleanliness. The men employed wear clean uniforms of brown, and are themselves clean and healthy.

The udders of the cows are washed immediately before milking each time. The milkers wear clean uniforms of white. The pails used for the milking are sterilized, and are then locked, the milk entering through a strainer as it leaves the cow. Once in the pail, it is handed to a man who receives the full pails from the milkers, unlocks them, and puts the milk in a forty-quart can, which has also been sterilized. When this can is full, it is sent by elevated wire to the milk-house several rods away. Here it is run over a copper cooler, one side of which is in contact with ice water, and lastly it flows into another vat for bottling. The vat and the bottles are regularly sterilized by steam after having received a most careful washing with a soda solution.

"This milk will keep for a long time on ice. The difference between it and that ordinarily produced, full of all sorts of germs from the stable and elsewhere, is very marked.

"This milk has been sent to Europe and back, remaining perfectly sweet and good. It has been kept for more than two months on ice without showing any change to the taste. As every one knows, ordinary milk, even under good conditions, will keep only three or four days."

Sea Bathing.

JUST now, when so many are going to the seaside resorts for their annual vacations, the following remarks on sea bathing by Dr. A. A. Atkinson, in an eastern exchange, will prove interesting:

"The cold bath that has been so generally recommended in recent years proves too severe a shock to weak, sensitive systems, and many a person has felt the bad after effects of such daily ablutions. Not even a slight sponge bath can be stood by some. But the weakest cannot find any fault with a thorough rubbing down each morning. During this process the skin is exposed to the beneficial action of the air, and it receives a new stimulation which keeps it in healthy action all through the day. Such a dry bath is not sufficiently appreciated by those who find it impossible to take the morning plunge.

"This same principle carried to the seashore in summer will prove of great value to those who feel that a daily plunge in the ocean or bay is too great a shock to the system. A great many are deterred from entering the water on that account, and they spend their days on the sands watching others enjoy the bathing. But more people take a dry bath at the seashore than we imagine. Scattered along the whole beach front there are swimmers and bathers who are lounging on the sand rather than swimming in the water. The bathing suits of many have not yet been wet, and some may even go away without once dipping in the surf. Instead of being inimical to their health this sun bath on the sands is of great therapeutic value. They are unconsciously improving their health. If after their sun bath they would rub down the body vigorously before changing their clothing, all the effects of a dip in the ocean would be obtained. To do this requires a little energy and will power that many refuse to exert in hot weather.

"There is only one regrettable thing about this dry bathing at the seashore. Propriety compels us to clothe our bodies too thoroughly to permit the air to do the good we should like. The tendency to increase the weight and emptiness of bathing suits should be deplored. The nearer we can approach the savage state without offending propriety the more benefit we will gain from this sort of bathing. Light, cool suits through which the air can freely play are much to be preferred to the thick flannel suits that are not much better than our ordinary street or house dress. Bathing corsets and all such inventions should be generally condemned either for use in swimming or lounging on the sands.

"The impression seems to have gained some headway that it is injurious to one's health to lie around on the sands in bathing clothes, but this is due to a misconception. If one takes a bath in the ocean and then lies around in wet clothing there is a danger of contracting a chill and cold. Moreover, the blood is checked in its healthful circulation, and at the end of the season one's health may be materially injured. It is possible in this way for a fat person to lose considerable flesh in the course of two months, and it is probably one of the best anti-fat cures known. But for a thin person to indulge in such exposures is to invite something more serious than merely losing flesh. No harm, however, can be done by taking the bath at the end of the rest on the beach. Indeed, the sun bath first, and the dip at the end, with a good rub down, make the best sort of combination for the health. One can idly loaf in the sun all day in the bathing suit without harm, but not after the plunge has been taken in the surf. Only a strong, robust person can stand such a severe tax on the health without suffering some physical ill sooner or later."

Medicinal Properties of Lettuce.

VARIOUS medicinal properties have been ascribed to lettuce, and it has especially been recommended as a good soporific, inducing pleasant sleep after eating it at night. There has been some doubt in the medical world as to the value of lettuce for any medicinal purposes, and the medicinal preparations from the plant were finally dropped in England and the United States. But recent investigations and experiments show, says Dr. Atkinson, that the narcotic constituents of the plants are very noticeable and of value. That physician says:

"It is now established by the proper authorities that there is present hyoscyamine, the principal alkaloid of belladonna and henban, not only in the cabbage and cos varieties of the common lettuce, but also in the wild lettuce. The amount in young plants is not very great, but in the green extract the alkaloid occurs to the extent of over 2 per cent. The value of both the wild and cultivated lettuce for medicinal purposes has consequently increased in the minds of many. The soporific value is not in the meantime lessened by this discovery. The plants were used years ago by common people for inducing sleep, and science has simply proved that there was some truth in their belief by tracing the soporific properties to their source."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

Improvement Along the Santa Fé Lines.

TO one familiar with the development of this section but who has not traveled over it much for a few years, a trip through almost any part of Southern California's South is an inspiration. Take the country along the Santa Fé line between Los Angeles and San Diego as an example. That ground has been very familiar to the writer until a few years ago. He made frequent trips over it each year. But since 1893 these trips had been interrupted until last week.

From the time the San Gabriel River was crossed until the San Joaquin ranch was reached the mind was kept at high tension, so many were the signs of magnificent development. The walnut groves around Rivera have been greatly extended. East Whittier shows on the hillside with a wealth of verdure not known before. At Los Nietos and Santa Fé Springs and stretching up into La Habra Valley now vineyards and young olive groves have been expanding marvelously, and they are all looking well.

Andrew McNally's place at La Mirada is one of the most noted bits of development in the history of Southern California. A great transformation has been wrought there on a mesa which was little more than a burrow for squirrels. Beyond there, where the old Coyote house once stood among the old landmarks of the State, is another wonderfully handsome stretch of orchard and vineyard.

Fullerton and away up past Placentia the extension of orchard is like a chapter out of the "Arabian Nights." And so the story runs through Anaheim and into the extreme limits of Orange and Santa Ana. There the San Joaquin ranch is encountered, and grain fields at this season of the year look yellow, especially at the close of three successive seasons of scant rainfall. Yet, in spite of the shortage of water, the headers are busy going over big barley fields. The straw is short and light, but there will be a good deal of barley thrashed in many places all the way between Santa Ana and Escondido. From San Juan Capistrano to San Diego, the Santa Fé track hugs the shores of a beautiful summer sea, to enable one to see much of the back country and its development. Indeed, if there were ever so much in evidence, it would require the supreme effort of a strong will to draw the eyes from the poetical fascination of those sunlit blue waves to the prosaic interests even of orange groves.

It may incidentally be noted that the walnut crop all along the route is of the highest promise, both as to quantity and quality.

A Desirable Law.

BORING into the depths of the earth for water was in favor many centuries ago. There is a well at Lillers (Pas-de-Calais), which has flowed steadily since the year 1126.

In 1858 a French engineer commenced boring for water in the desert of Sahara and in less than a month a well was sunk from which flowed a steady stream at the rate of 1000 gallons per minute. Since that time hundreds of wells have been bored in that desert, yielding millions of gallons of water an hour. The effect of this abundant supply of water upon that once barren soil is seen in the number of villages that have been built in the midst of former solitudes, and hundreds of thousands of palm trees flourish in thousands of gardens now met with on a journey across these once trackless wastes.

In Arizona several of the best counties have been materially enriched and rendered more habitable by these artesian wells, and now comes a large number of the citizens of Maricopa county asking for encouragement to commence operations tending to bring about equally valuable and important results. petition has been filed with the Board of Supervisors asking that body to offer a reward in accordance with act No. 18 of the Fifteenth Legislative Assembly of Arizona.

It may be remembered that Cochise county got into some trouble a few years ago on account of an earnest and honest desire to take advantage of the benefits of this act, and the Supervisors did offer a reward of \$3000, and a citizen of that county pitched in to earn it. He bored for artesian water and he got it. He, of course, at once felt the \$3000 in his trousers' pocket. But some taxpaying fellow enjoined the payment. The case was carried to the Supreme Court of the Territory and that court decided that Cochise county had already created for itself an indebtedness greatly in excess of the limitation of the Harrison act, and so sustained the injunction.

There is no such drawback attached to Maricopa county, and it is generally felt and conceded on every side that the Supervisors cannot possibly do a better thing than the offering of such a reward and that the present time is the best time for the publication of the offer.—[Phoenix Gazette.]

Yuma Takes the Lead.

THE fact that the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of this portion of Arizona are almost unlimited has been fully demonstrated in two instances in West Yuma this year, says the Sun. Eight years ago Capt. F. S. Ingalls planted some pecan nuts as an experiment, and

by careful cultivation and irrigation succeeded in raising twenty strong, healthy-looking trees, several of which are now loaded with well-matured nuts, the first in Arizona, and give every indication of their successful cultivation in this climate. Aside from producing a valuable crop of nuts, the trees grow rapidly, have a beautiful foliage and are unexcelled for ornamental purposes.

The other instance is furnished by H. McPhaul, who produced six tons of onions from a little less than an acre of ground. The onions are as near perfection as could be obtained anywhere and found a ready market at \$20 per ton. The experimental stage has passed and all that now remains to make this the most productive and prosperous portion of the known world is the liberal investment of energy and capital in irrigation enterprises.—[Tombstone Prospector.]

Rich Strike Near Virginia.

ALTHOUGH rich strikes are too numerous to attract much attention in this county, says the Mohave Mineral Wealth, one of more than usual importance has occurred in the past few days that has agitated the miners all over this section. Last month Henry Loven, deputy sheriff, grubstaked a Mexican prospector to go over into the river range to search for gold. Within twenty miles of Kingman he discovered a gold ledge that is far more important than any other strike that has been made in the county for years. A ton of ore was brought in yesterday and sold to one of the sampling works. It gave a return of twenty ounces in gold. An assay taken on the ledge, which is plainly traceable a mile, 2500 feet from where this ore was mined, gave forty-seven ounces in gold. The high-grade streak is a foot wide, and a sample from eight feet gave \$32. The ledge prospects its entire length, and in many places the croppings are twenty feet above ground. The strike is on the east slope of the river range across the Sacramento Valley, due west of Kingman, and near Boundary Cone, a well-known landmark. Quite an army of prospectors have gone to the new district.

Lower California Mines.

THE San Diego Union has the following in regard to the Alamo mines in Lower California:

"Manager J. H. Packard of the Lower California Development Company is in the city on a short visit. While here he makes his home at the Hotel Brewster, and yesterday was asked for an authentication of the report that there had been a rich strike in the Alamo mines. He replied that there had been no particularly rich strike, but that a great deal of work was being done, and that the camp was looking much better than it ever did before. The men who now own the mines which were being developed by the company are continuing the development, and are making good progress in sinking. While all of the work has been development work, and while not a bit of drifting has been done, the men have been working in ore all the time, and know that there is an immense body of it there, and as soon as they have secured sufficient depth they will be in a position to take out large quantities of rock, which they know will yield gold in paying quantities.

"That, however, is something which the former owners of the mine, as well as the present owners, knew all the time, and the only strike which has been made is the knowledge that what all believe is shown by the development to be true."

Everything but Water.

WHEN work was stopped on the Thomas W. Frye well at Highland the other day the drillers had bored through most every known mineral in the category, and at last failed to find the one thing most desired—water. At a depth of 476 feet the well was abandoned, as no sign of that very useful commodity could be found. Oil-bearing sand, smelling plainly of petroleum, was brought out with the tools Friday and Saturday, and the black sand and clay in which work was stopped yielded, by assay, both gold and silver, but even these tempting discoveries did not recompense Mr. Frye for the almost \$3000 that has gone into the hole since the first tap of the drill touched the virgin soil. A pumping apparatus may be put in to test the well, but the boring apparatus from Mr. Frye's well is being moved to the property of the Domestic Water Company, where Mr. Lawrence has contracted to go 100 feet.—[Times-Index.]

New Electric Company.

ELECTRIC enterprises in this section have rather distanced all other kinds of public improvements for three or four years, and there seems no prospect of a lapse in the further extension of electric light and power propositions. One would suppose that the late dry seasons would discourage development in these lines. However, some of the largest electric plants are promised for the immediate future, the latest being referred to in a recent statement in the Redlands Facts:

"On Saturday, July 14, the incorporation papers of another large electric company were filed with the County Recorder. It is called the California Power Company. The object of the new company, as stated in the incorporation papers, is to acquire by purchase, renting, generating or otherwise, electricity, gas and electric energy, and supply therefrom from the city of Los Angeles and other cities in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange and Kern counties, as far as the supply will permit. The principal place of business will be in this city, the incorporators and directors for the first year being Henry Fisher, H. H. Sinclair, George B. Ellis, F. P. Morrison and B. O. Johnson, all of this city. The corporation is capitalized at \$2,500,000, consisting of 25,000 shares of \$100 each. Of this stock there is actually subscribed \$200,000.

"The company proposes erecting a power plant on the Kern River, a short distance about Kernville, where the

flow of the river, varying from 20,000 to 40,000 cubic inches, was recently filed on for power purposes by members of the company. The company already has in the lines for the conduit. There is, at the point where the powerhouse, an effective fall of about 100 feet, which it is expected will be able to generate for the company 20,000 horse power. This power is to be transmitted a distance of 125 miles to Los Angeles, where it is expected to be delivered with a loss of about 10 per cent. The location of the plant is some distance above the mouth of the Kern River Power Company, which has been a little work there for two or three years, but has not completed a plant for operation. It is expected that within six to nine months will be consumed in running the plant and making the preliminary work, after which the work upon the conduit and powerhouse will be begun as soon as practicable, and a year or two will be consumed in completing the work for operation."

Mountain Roads Improving.

THE San Diego Union is devoting considerable space to Julian and the surrounding country. Among the things it says:

"That prince of good story-tellers, H. F. Wilcox, is earnest in praise of Supervisor Jasper's work in improving mountain roads in the Julian district, and good roads are so much. Mr. Wilcox is one of the thrifty, hard-working men who always raises a crop because he never fails to find existing conditions to best advantage, though he has covered that apple trees planted near oak stumps to be killed by the tannic acid left in the soil by the roots. He believes in the 'Man With the Hoe' and his to good advantage, though the morning-glory ingenuity to compete with them. He has raised 'Loy' apples, a variety that took the premium at the Orleans Exposition. They are the large, sour, green variety, but his 'Ben Davis' mildew. His largest crop of the 'Pumpkin Sweet,' well suggested by its name. The Golden Pippin is the best-flavored apple on his place. Varieties from New York, 'Fillibaskets,' and other named ones are not all that is expected of them, but grown in our own State give best results. The attention on his ranch is that Julian can raise the best apples and he raises the Italian pea in preference to the for soups, though the gophers prefer them to any else."

Shall We Export Hares to England?

RECENT developments in the importation of rabbits for breeding stock from England has clearly demonstrated that the best animals and the best strains are owned by Los Angeles breeders. Late arrivals from England are inferior to earlier ones, though the prices paid are higher. Indeed, we have seen a number of imported rabbits which were not as good as the domestic stock, the better grade of earlier imported parents. This is quite generally admitted among breeders in this country. English exporters are just at present scouring the "little isle" for high-grade animals, as the American breeders have been greatly exhausted by the American market. This only portends to one thing, namely, that the Belgian hares in the world can now be only secured from the rabbitries and hutches of Los Angeles, and a mere waste of effort for American buyers to import the stock inferior to what can be secured right at home. Yankee brains, coupled with American dollars, have "gone" the English one better, by securing the best winners, until another season at least rolls around. In mean time, the show season goes on at a white heat in England, manufacturing prize winners with the view of capturing more American dollars. But the game was as threadbare as the late importations are inferior to the first ones sent over. And that reminds us of a proverb about a word to the wise being sufficient.—[Stock Tribune.]

Rare and Valuable Specimen.

DAN T. HAYES is the owner of the most beautiful specimen of meteoric iron that has ever been found in this city. He picked it up near Surprise Spring, 15 miles east of the city on the desert, last winter, and it into town, taking it to John T. Reed, the assayer. The latter is an expert in cutting the iron so as to show its crystallization, and the result of his work in this is the most perfect small specimen that local students have seen.

The meteor weighed something over three pounds, nearly egg-shaped, except for the indentation in the middle which is strongly suggestive of the theory that it was molten when it struck the earth and that the stone which made the dent in the side. It is four inches in its longest diameter.

Reed tested the meteor to find how the iron was and then sawed across it accordingly, taking a cross-section. The iron is soft, somewhat malleable iron, and the sawing has the effect of polishing the surfaces of the slabs. Then covering the exposed surfaces with wax, the assayer applied acid to the surface, eating off the polished smoothness and leaving the crystals exposed, just as they were arranged in the meteoric electric currents which probably fused the iron.

All that was left was to remove the wax from the crystals and the crystals are set in a polished frame of wood, and look for all the world as if when it is inverted, the crystals be shaken out. The illusion is perfect. The crystals are of some value, and are of unbounded interest to students.

The analysis thus far develops the elements of nickel and platinum, and there are probably other elements. Crystallization is technically known as "Widmanstätten pattern."—[San Bernardino Sun.]

July 29, 1900.]

SOUTHWEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

MAN from Newark, N. J., where I spent my school-boy days, was sitting in my room at the Athletic Club one day last week and said, in a half-inquiring way, "I suppose that a good deal of the prosperity of this southern section of the State is due to irrigation." I told him it was all due to irrigation. I was here in August, 1895, again in January, 1899, and again from October, 1898, to July, 1899, and there was not an increase of 1500 in the population of Los Angeles between the first and the last of these four dates. All the subsequent growth is due to the development of tributary country by means of irrigation.

For example, Robert S. Carlisle and myself drove over the Chico rancho two or three times in 1899, and each time we had to carry a demijohn of water in the wagon, and that our horses would become overpowered by the time before we could reach any one of the three streams that crossed our road. Now a man can start for the same destination and get all the water he wants at intervals of half a mile. That is the result of diverting those streams—the Santa Anita, the San Gabriel and the Santa Ana—into canals and ditches for irrigation purposes. Lands that could not be made to produce over \$80 per acre in barley or maize, and with the highest prices of the last twenty years, have now made to yield an annual income of from \$200 to \$600 per acre of culture, in this way.

There is a digression is pardonable. The Murray River, in Australia, is navigable, for steamers towing barges with a capacity of 250 tons of grain, from Albany to its mouth—a distance of about twenty-two hundred miles—in high water. In former years, large profits were made in carrying wool and wheat down that river. But the age is one of high speed and the colonial government built a railway out of Melbourne in every imaginable direction, so as to reach Echuca at 220 miles and Albany at 310. Now a steamboat with a load of wool or wheat could descend the river from Albany to Echuca, a distance of about sixteen hundred miles, and then her cargo would be 230 miles from Melbourne, the only great commercial city of that colony. It is that, as the farmers cannot wait for the river to rise, they are compelled to send their produce to market by rail. This has reduced steamboating on the Murray to a dead-end industry because there is nothing to go for when the river becomes navigable.

In 1880 I was one of a board of five commissioners representing the United States at the Melbourne Centennial Exposition, and in my report to the Department of State I referred to this fact, saying: "The sooner these good people awaken to the fact that river navigation is now a tradition, and take some steps to introduce a system of canals for irrigation purposes, with the Murray and its tributaries as feeders, the better it will be for the whole country." In that year occurred a fearful drought. There was little or no grass and the sheep were dying by thousands, so much so that sheep-owners were destroying their flocks in order to save the ewes. In September of that year I drove 120 miles through the Riverina country and saw never out of sight of piles of burning lambs. It was a ghastly sight as ever a civilized man beheld.

Last year, David Syme, publisher of the Melbourne Age, issued upon an investigation of the irrigation problem and issued the services of T. K. Dow, at one time Minister of Agriculture for that colony, to aid him in his researches. The selection was a most fortunate one, for Mr. Dow had visited America in 1872, at which time he spent some six weeks in California, and of that period about twenty days were spent in the vicinity of Los Angeles. In one of his letters to the Leader (the weekly edition of the Age), Mr. Dow says of Los Angeles: "I last saw this city when it was merely the market town for a Spanish population with about twelve thousand inhabitants all told. I now find it one of the most metropolitan of American cities, with a population of over one hundred thousand souls and with the best highway service on its streets that I have seen in any American city. All this wonderful development is the result of irrigation; and if such results can be attained from those insignificant streams like the Santa Anita, San Gabriel and Santa Ana, what results could we reasonably expect from an irrigation system based upon the Murray and its tributaries?"

For the benefit of the reader who is not familiar with Australian geography, I would state that the Murrumbidgee has been, on several occasions, navigated for 1120 miles above its junction with the Murray; and the Darling for 350 miles above where it empties into the Murray, while the Barwon, a tributary of the Darling, has been navigated a distance of 390 miles. Hence it will be seen that, with a good system of storage reservoirs near these rivers, what wonderful irrigation colonies could be maintained in the land of the kangaroo. It is therefore plainly to be seen that irrigation is what that country needs to avert the droughts which menace it this year for the fifth time since 1884.

Mr. Dow described our American system of canals and ditches for irrigation at great length and has certainly advertised this country thoroughly in the great south continent. When George Chaffey of Ontario went over there to found the Renmark and Mildura colonies, one of the things he had to contend with was the British antipathy to Washington navel oranges—they have "such nasty thick skins, you know." If those benighted gentlemen knew what they ought to know, they would readily have seen that the "nasty thick skin" was what protected the Washington navel from injury during shipment and made it really the best orange of commerce. Mr. Dow opened their eyes for them, however, on this proposition and showed them the true value of the Washington navel orange for export. A

letter from a friend in Melbourne informs me that the Mildura colony is turning out an article of navel oranges quite as good as we have here; and that the demand for them, at the Victorian capital, is largely in excess of the supply.

Hence we see that California has become the world's grammar school in this matter of irrigation, although Algeria has made great progress in this direction since 1895. You can go into a Paris restaurant at any time in the winter months and find Algerian artichokes, asparagus and cantaloupes in the house, provided you have the requisite cash to pay for them. Still, I expect to see the day when Australia, having followed the line of tuition marked out by Southern California, will send large quantities of olives, figs and other fruits to the English market, whither she is already exporting heavy shipments of butter, apples and potatoes, in addition to the vast cargoes of beef and mutton which she has been sending to "the mother country" for the last twenty years. And Mr. Dow was eminently correct when he said, "the man who has seen the country tributary to Los Angeles, has seen it all, so far as irrigation in America is concerned." It tells its own story.

Mr. Dow wrote fairly and intelligently about all our affairs, remembering the injunction of the Moor, "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." His letters were not only readable, but correct in every particular. He gave full credit where it was due and exaggerated nothing, either for or against us. His researches are certain to bear good fruit in the hereafter. I think they should be printed in book form, for they were all indited from the standpoint of a well-schooled and experienced public economist. Certainly no country ever received a greater amount of gratuitous advertising than Southern California got from his letters to the readers of the Melbourne Leader. It was good seed and sown, as I believe, upon good soil; and I take this method of reminding Victoria's ex-Minister of Agriculture that he can come here when every other place is shut up.

Irrigation bids fair to become a matter of more importance, north of the San Joaquin than it has ever been. The foothill counties of Shasta, Tehama, Butte, Yuba, Nevada, Placer, El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Stanislaus, Merced and Mariposa, all produce a high grade of grapes and deciduous fruits, although, owing to the broken face of the country, there are no very large bodies of land to be cultivated in this manner. Just now those counties are yielding more gold than for years past, but it is merely the working over of old piles of tailings by cyanide process; and those tailings being once exhausted, the placer mines of the argonautic period will have disappeared forever. The building of the Sierra Railroad from Stockton to Sonoma in the once-great gold-producing county of Tuolumne, has already opened up a good deal of land in that county and Stanislaus to orchard culture. Peaches grown in those foothills are always richer in flavor than those grown on the valley lands; and the writer can well remember when old Frank Medina, of the "Bay State Ranch," on the old stage road from Sonoma to Mokelumne Hill, used to come into the former town with a wagon-load of his peaches and sell them all for two-bits per pound, as fast as he could hand them out.

In the early days all those counties were traversed by long lines of ditches for gold washing, but, with the decline of placer mining, the flumes which conveyed the waters around the mountain sides and across the deep ravines were suffered to rot away and fall down altogether. In some of the old placer mining counties these flumes have been rebuilt and used for purposes of orchard irrigation. This is specially true of the country lying between Auburn and Grass Valley, which has rehabilitated all the old flumes and made irrigation a local success. The fruits grown in that vicinity are plucked a day later than those grown about San José, and can therefore be laid down in the eastern markets just one day fresher, which is quite an item with the retailers.

As time rolls along there will be extension of the Santa Fé system into the foothills probably in the direction of Knight's Ferry on the Stanislaus and thence southward into Merced and Mariposa counties. Those regions will all produce fine deciduous fruits and a quality of grapes that will be readily marketable for the table, even if they are not as good for wine-making as those grown in Napa, Sonoma and Solano, the three greatest counties for the making of dry wines. One has only to look over the figures in the Controller's office at Sacramento, see the slow and sure increase of property values in the foothill counties during the past ten years. About 1876, somebody introduced a bill in the Legislature to disincorporate the county of Tuolumne and give one-half to Stanislaus and the other to Calaveras. The bill was killed in the committee to which it was referred, and now no such bill could even go to a second reading. With the increased demand for California fruits at Manila and at the gold diggings in Alaska, the foothill counties, with a good system of irrigation, will soon be on their feet again and be reckoned as valuable producers.

It is a pleasing sight to see the way in which our police authorities are suppressing the side doors to saloons. I do not believe in prohibition, because I went East in the summer of 1893 and saw more men drunk in Maine, a Prohibition State since 1853, than I ever saw in California in the same time. The city needs the money from liquor licenses, to help defray the expenses of a municipal government, but we don't want any "wide-open town," such as they used to have in Idaho and Montana until within the last six years. Los Angeles is not a "40 towns," nor do we want it to be one. We want to hold all such matters within the bounds of wholesome restriction and compel the closing of the side doors by which young girls are lured to destruction. There is no half way stand to be taken in the matter. The liquor traffic must be licensed and regulated accordingly; and whenever men violate the conditions under which their licenses are granted, such licenses should be promptly revoked by the police authorities.

That portion of the law relating to closing up at mid-

night and on Sundays should also be rigidly enforced. No man who seeks to evade that portion of the license law can be deemed a good citizen. On the same block with The Times office is a saloon that has never given the police any trouble. It is always closed on Sundays, because its proprietor says that "it's a mighty poor man that can't get a living by working six days in the week." And what he says is true, not of himself alone, but of every other man engaged in the liquor traffic. Make a revocation of license the one invariable penalty for selling liquor on Sunday, and it will not be long before there will be uniform obedience to the law in this respect. I am aware that we have in our midst a large element of foreign-born population who regard Sunday as a holiday rather than a holy day, but these people must be taught that a proper observance of the Sabbath is the best distinguishing mark of an advanced civilization. And the sooner they find that out, the better for all concerned.

There ought to be some punishment for reckless driving on our streets—that is, some punishment that will punish. Last Friday evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, a gentleman and his wife were walking northward on Broadway. As they started across Sixth street, along came a man and a woman, evidently of the fast set, in a buggy drawn by a wild-looking black horse. To all outward appearance they were going directly south, but, on reaching Sixth street, turned so short as to nearly upset the buggy and barely missed running over the couple on foot. The driver was drunk, of course, or he would not have attempted so short a turn; and the woman's flushed face indicated also that she had been "tipping the ruby." As it was, the mud from their wheels (for the street had just been sprinkled) was dashed all over the clothing of the lady and her escort. Yet there was no policeman to arrest that fellow for fast and reckless driving, although he had come almost the entire length of Broadway at that same furious gait. I have lived in towns where a man would get shot at for a good deal less than that. Some years ago, in Golden Gate Park, an inebriated individual with a cyprian in his buggy started to drive at a breakneck pace. A policeman tried to stop him and got a blow from the reinsman's whip. He then drew his revolver and shot him dead, for which he was sent to San Quentin, which I always deemed a very unjust punishment.

The forest fires south and east of the city, are giving the rangers a great deal of trouble and causing great alarm for our supply of rain hereafter. Those which prevailed east of Pasadena, four years ago, have undoubtedly had their effect upon our rainfall already; and with two years of positive drought and one with about one-half the usual amount of rain, the farmer's outlook is not altogether a pleasant one. The casual visitor may ask, if you have such a fine system of irrigation hereabouts, what do you want of rain? Well, we need it for pasturage—on the valley lands in the spring time and in the foothills during the summer months. With plenty of rain late in the season we can fatten thousands of cattle and sheep on the slopes of the Sierra Madre, on lands fit for no other purpose. And as beef and mutton always find a ready sale, both here and in San Francisco, this item of good summer pasturage is something not to be sneezed at.

The seaside resorts were never so crowded as at the present time, and, what is the most remarkable feature, is the large number of visitors from the northern part of the State. Perhaps the destruction of the beautiful hotel at Castle Crag, in Shasta county, may have something to do with it, but I do not think so, because that hotel was one of the few failures of the late Charles Crocker's busy life. His idea was to have two big hotels, one at the seaside and the other in the high mountains, as feeders to the railroad system of the Southern Pacific. His seaside house, the Del Monte, was all he asked of it, but Castle Crag was a venture that paid only dividends of the Fenian persuasion. I do not think, from what I hear, that the house will ever be rebuilt, because its season was so short. It was often cold and rainy there as late as the 10th of June; and by the 10th of September there was always sure to be a flurry of snow there. But for a scenic hotel, nothing in America could surpass it.

One of the greatest camping expeditions I ever had was in that vicinity in 1873, in company with the late Congressman J. K. Luttrell and two other friends, all three of them now dead. It was a drive of about sixteen miles from Castle Crag over to Picayune Lake, which is the source of the Trinity River. Of all the ideal spots for a lover of woodcraft, that was the chief. The trout were quite small, none of them over twelve inches in length, but so abundant that we often took three at a cast of the flies. Then the woods were full of deer and grouse, while the undergrowth teemed with delicious whortleberries. We had to ride six miles for milk and ten miles in another direction for eggs, because our dairyman kept no chickens. But for all that, I have never seen a place to spend August that I thought could beat Picayune Lake. Even at this late day, my grateful nostrils seem to drink in the balmy incense of those towering pines and I long to be there again.

BILL THE BO'SUN.

HIS DIRECTIONS A TRIFLE INDEFINITE.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] Some time ago a well-to-do Mexican wrote for several ready-made suits to a New Orleans merchant, and, to insure a good fit, sent this description: "I am 45 years old, weigh 120 pounds, dark complexion, notary public." Another worthy subject of President Diaz sent an order for rather a curious outfit, which he said was intended for his brother. It consisted of a black suit, with one white shirt, black tie, collar, cuffs and a pair of patent-leather shoes. The day following its receipt a telegram arrived, saying: "Do not send things. Brother is getting better." It turned out afterward that the brother had been seriously ill and the garments were intended to array him for the tomb. This upset the theory of one of the clerks, who had suggested that maybe the brother was going to be hanged and had been unexpectedly reprieved.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
China is Trying to Bunco the Powers. (Cartoon).....	1	Good Short Stories. (Compiled)	15
Editorial.....	2	Coffee in the Philippines. By Frank G. Carpenter.....	16-17
"Little Mary Ann." By Robert J. Burdette.....	3	"A Good Feller." By H. E. Andrews.....	17
National Festivals in China. By Harry Forbes.....	4-5	Current Literature. By Adachi Kinosuke.....	18-19
A Notable Chinaman. By C. E. Richards.....	5	Had "Buck Fever." By Herbert M. Brace.....	19
The Situation in China. By Gen. H. C. Corbin.....	6	Graphic Pen Pictures. Sketched Far A-Field.....	20
Prickly Pears. By Belle Sumner Angier.....	7	The House Beautiful. By Kate Greenleaf Locke.....	21
Cemetery Reform. By H. J. Stewart.....	8	Woman and Home.....	22-23
The Creche Exhibit. By V. Gribayedoff.....	9	Our Boys and Girls.....	25
An Undress Performance. By L. O. Reese.....	10	Topics of the Times. By a Staff Writer.....	26
The Collie and the Pug. By Nora May French.....	11	Care of the Body. By a Staff Writer.....	27
Some Winged Racers. By G. R. Wilson.....	12	Development of the Southwest. By a Staff Writer.....	28
Stories of the Firing Line—Animal Stories. (Compiled).....	13	Southwest by South. By Bill the Bo'sun.....	29
A Vagabond in Paris. By John Foster Fraser.....	14	Through Arizona. By J. W. W.....	30

TO CHECK NOSEBLEED.

NOSEBLEED is so common in childhood that little account is ordinarily made of it. Where it occurs repeatedly, however, without apparent provocation, effort should be made not only to check the immediate attack, but to ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is well known that lung disease, congestion of the liver and other conditions affect, by affecting the circulation of blood, predispose to nosebleed, and considerable anxiety is frequently felt that the nosebleed of childhood may be the result of serious constitutional causes. Most commonly the cause is local. The Medical Journal says:

"The best means of checking the immediate attack is pressure with the finger on the upper lip, just beneath the nostrils. A small pad of absorbent cotton or a piece of handkerchief may be placed inside the lip and tightly pressed against the gum from without, thus compressing the two small arteries of the upper lip that supply the nose. This can ordinarily be felt pulsating in this locality."

"If the bleeding is profuse or prolonged the child should be placed in a recumbent position, but with the head elevated, while ice may be held to the forehead or the back of the neck. To decrease still further the blood pressure within the vessels of the nose, a mustard footbath is of service. In the mean time blowing the nose must be avoided. Plugging the nostrils both in front and back is a last resort to keep the sufferer from actual peril."

"The predisposing causes of nosebleed are, as has been said, commonly local. Careful examination of the nose by the physician is, therefore, always necessary in recurring attacks. Diseased areas in the nose are usually found in which the vessels are spongy and unnaturally turgid. The depression of the child's health caused by repeated attacks of nosebleed not infrequently require attention. If the trouble is due to systemic weakness, attention is to be specially directed to an improvement of the general condition, while if the lungs are themselves weak, repeated attacks of nosebleed are sometimes indications of the need of a change of climate or of proper physical exercise at home."

"The formation of scabs or crusts, often attended in childhood with picking of the nose, must not be overlooked as a cause of nosebleed. Watchfulness may be required to prevent the formation of an unfortunate habit, but the affected spots must also be treated with ointment or other simple means of healing."

WHERE HE WAS FROM.

CUL W. O. TOLDFORD'S ability to recognize a good story is as well known as his ability to tell one, and this fact enables him to bring back a fine assortment every time he returns from a trip. Among those he brought back from Washington last week is the following: In the national capital the Federal Constitution is regularly violated to the extent that colored people are not entertained in the restaurants. But a light colored mulatto wandered into one of the restaurants the other day, and when a waiter intimated to him in the gentlest way that he could not be served there, this conversation ensued:

"What can't he be served heah?"

"It is against the rules."

"Guess you tek me feh a colored man."

"Aren't you?"

"Me colored? No, suh, I'se uh Malay."

"Malay, eh. Let's see; where do the Malays come from?"

"Why, uh, from Malasia, ob course."—[Columbus Dispatch.]

SLAIN BY THEIR OWN SOLDIERS.

TRAGIC indeed is every incident connected with the battlefield, but more so are some of the mysterious occurrences which have oftentimes taken place during a campaign, and which might be put down as cold-blooded murders. It seems a very unlikely thing that in the heat of a hard-fought conflict the origin of a man's death can be determined—that is to say, whether he died by the hands of one of his comrades or by those of the enemy; consequently men with a grievance against their officers have often made use of such opportunities to wipe off old scores and have gone undisturbed.

A notable instance of this occurred just before the battle of Wuerth, in the Franco-Prussian war. A certain officer of considerable reputation had got himself generally disliked by his perseverance in bullying those under him. A few days before this the first great battle of the war, when the French were nearing the border in their hopeless endeavor to reach Berlin, a rumor ran through the camp late at night

that the Prussians were advancing and would shortly be up. Instantly pandemonium reigned, and scouting parties were sent out in all directions. One of these was under the officer in question, and when some way from camp he was fired upon, the bullet bringing him down. The Frenchmen, thinking they had got into an ambush, retired, firing at an invisible foe as they did so, but as no counter-shots were received they grew courageous again, and after being reinforced, advanced to the fatal spot. The body of the officer was found, but not so that of his assailant, who had evidently escaped unscathed.

On returning to the camp it was found that no trace of the enemy had been discovered; in fact, at that time the Prussians were far away from the spot on the other side of Wuerth. Accordingly a post-mortem examination was held on the officer's body, and a French service bullet was extracted therefrom, but the murderer was never detected, although he was doubtless in the camp and had slipped out unawares to commit the crime.—[London Tit-Bits.]

TOOK THE WRONG SIGN.

QUITE a humorous mistake, due to the haste of a motor-man to get his car out on schedule time, occurred the other day on an uptown trolley car. The motorman had just enough time to get out of the depot. Once out he remembered that he had failed to put the sign "Baseball Today" on the front of his car.

As it was against orders to go out without the sign, he ran back to the place where they are usually piled up, grabbed one and put it on his car. All the way along his route he noticed that the people looked at him in a peculiar manner and smiled repeatedly.

It was one of those mornings when it was very cool, and the day before had been real hot. The joke was finally explained when a man yelled to the motorman:

"Quite a contrast," and at the same time pointed to a van that had "Swimming at ——" painted on its side and then on the front of the car. The motorman leaned over and found that his "baseball" sign bore the words, "Skating on Centennial Lake."—[Philadelphia Call.]

READY FOR EXPANSION.

A LITTLE girl on Madison street had just finished a new house dress and called in one of her friends to admire it, as is customary even among girls of a larger growth.

By way of explanation to her friends she pointed out that the waistband had three buttonholes at intervals of about an inch, so that the skirt could be let out or taken up at pleasure.

"What on earth is that for?" asked her friend.

"The first hole is to be used in the morning, the second after dinner, and the third after watermelons," promptly replied the owner of the dress.—[Memphis Scimitar.]

FIVE HOURS FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK.

[Chicago Record:] Five hours between Chicago and New York, or 200 miles an hour is the speed the American Railway Company of New York proposes to give to a new line of cars for mail and express traffic. The cars are to be the shape of a naval projectile and are to be operated on elevated tracks by electricity. They will be built of aluminum and will accommodate fifty people in separate compartments holding four each. They will travel on a single rail and will be operated by one man at the head of a gearless motor at the fore end of the train.

A novel feature is a magnetic brake which will enable the motorman to bring the car to a standstill in forty

feet, or in one-seventh of a second. The cars are to be noiseless. Generating subpower-houses are to be stationed at intervals of about one hundred miles and this will do away with all burned-out fuses and electric flames in the cars. Lina Beecher of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the inventor. He is operating a small railroad of the same kind in Ontario, near Buffalo. It is said the road between New York and Chicago will be finished by December 1, 1901.

Charles G. Armstrong, a prominent electrical engineer, in speaking of the project last night, said:

"I think it is along the right lines. I think we will have to look to the elevated system for increased speed. I do not believe that 200 miles an hour can be attained, but I believe a very much greater speed than is maintained on the ground roads can be reached—perhaps as high as 125 or 150 miles an hour."

George H. Bliss said:

"In my opinion the project is visionary, if not absurd. Two hundred miles an hour on such a road is out of the question."

THE ANTICS OF A PALACE CAR.

A REMARKABLE accident happened on the international passenger train when within ten miles of Larida, Tex. The train was coming down a steep grade, running forty miles an hour, when the Pullman rear coach, because of spreading rails, left the track, ran the length of two telegraph poles outside of the cross ties, was jerked back across to the other side of the track, and ran for some distance at an angle of 15 deg. on a twenty-foot embankment. When a culvert twenty feet across was reached, the Pullman returned to the track and crossed on the cross ties, cutting nearly every one of them in two pieces. Four telegraph poles beyond the culvert was a switch, upon which the Pullman regained the rails, just as the engineer succeeded in bringing his train to a standstill. The Pullman was full of passengers, and not one of them was hurt.—[Galveston News.]

TWO-AND-A-HALF-CENT BATHS FOR GIRLS.

M. MILLERAND has provided the lady telephonists of the central and Rue des Renaudes offices in Paris with hot and cold baths. He had been told long before he was a Minister, the trying effect on the nerves of telephoning many hours in the day. Since he entered office he has been himself, accompanied by the postoffice doctor, to see whether things were as bad as had been represented. He found them worse. How to give relief to strained nerves was the problem he submitted to a commission. The answer was shorter hours and the refreshment of bathing. The baths he has provided are not gratis. A bath, hot or cold, costs three halfpence (2½ cents), and the towels a halfpenny more. The Minister hopes to endow the district postoffices with bathing places for the lady telephonists.—[Paris Letter to London News.]

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